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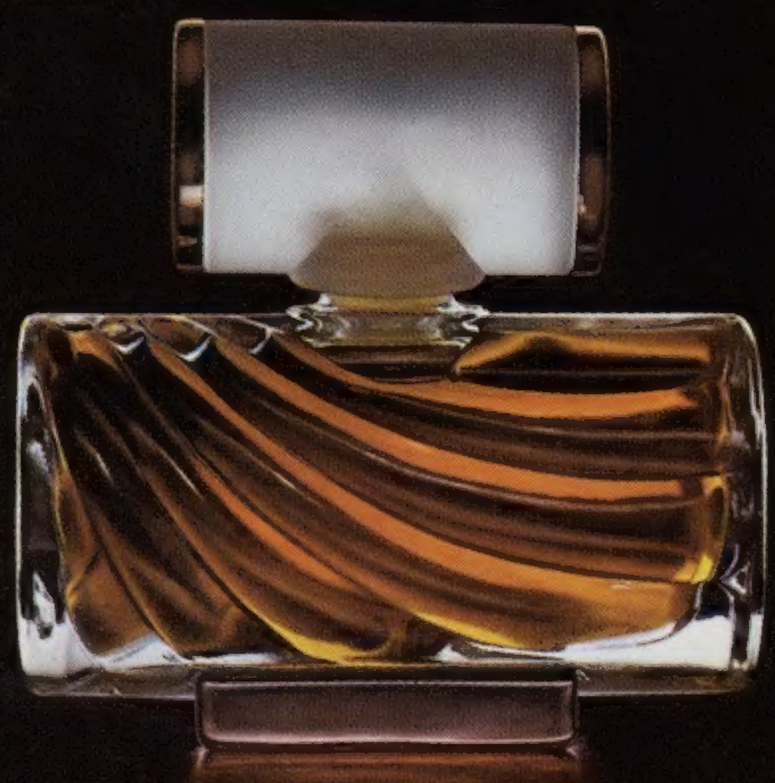

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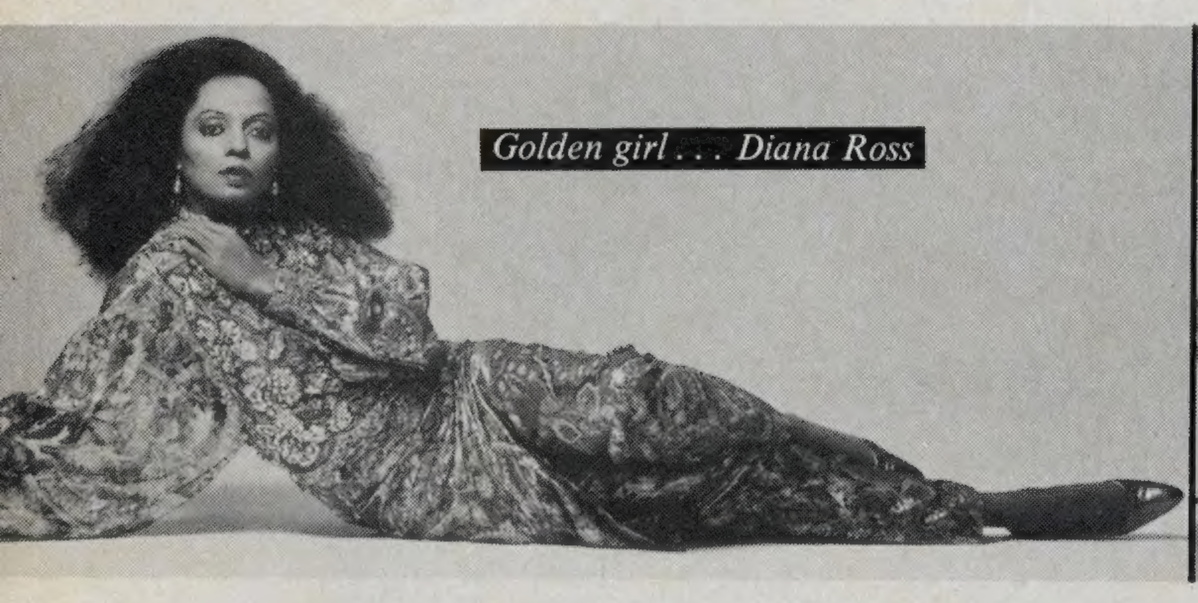
Golden girl . . . Diana Ross

Allure!

New hero—Bill Hurt

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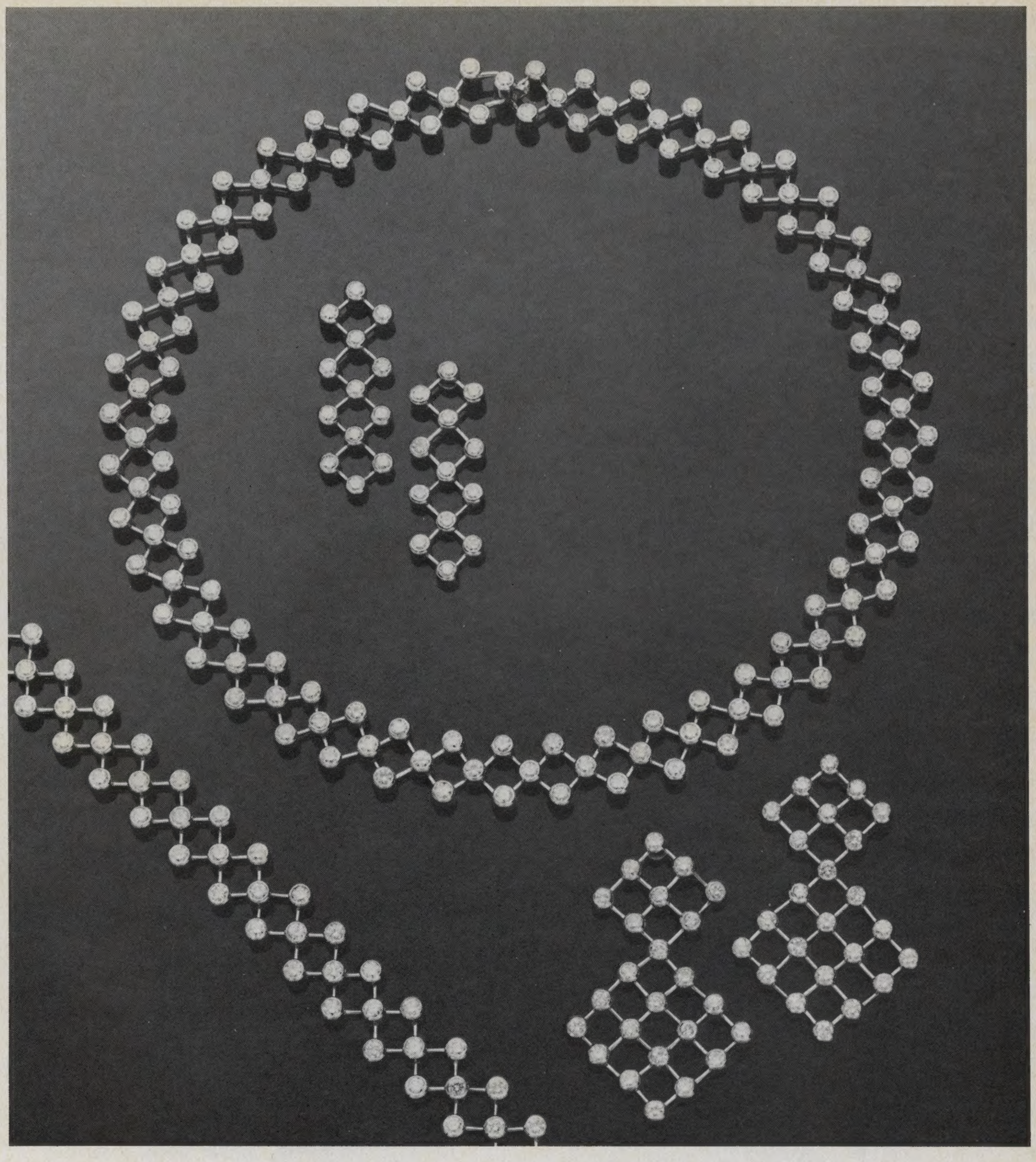

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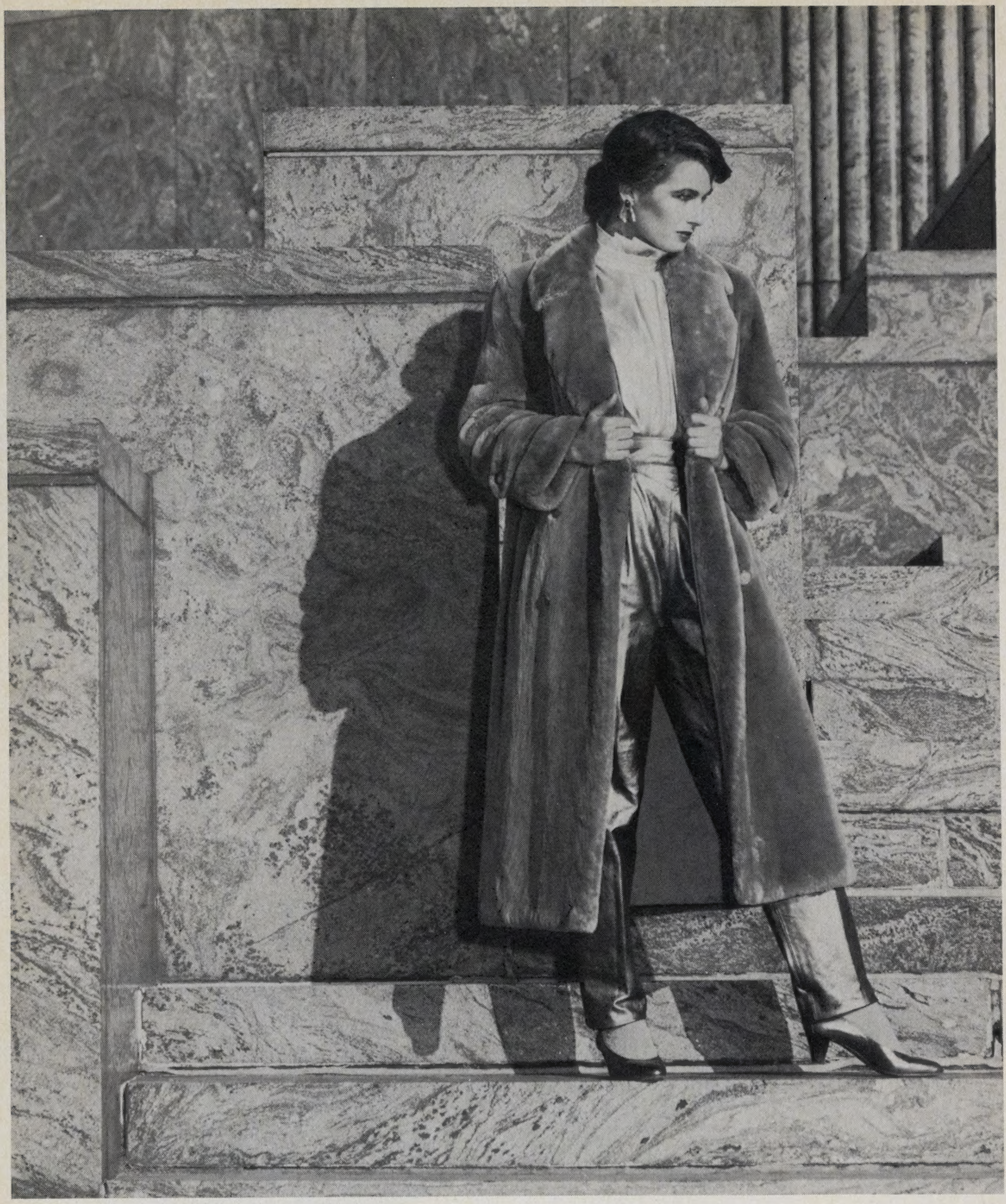

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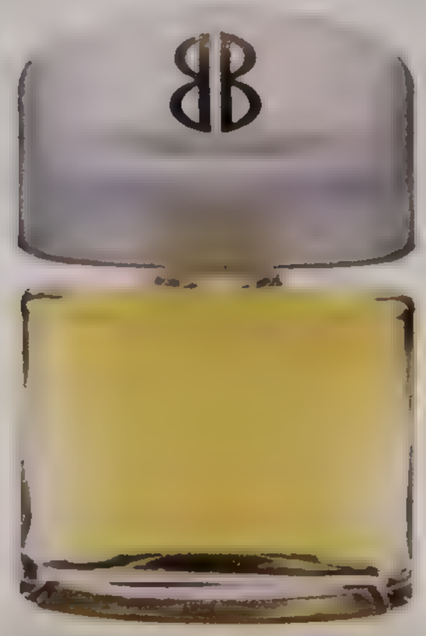

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Your Letters

Abortion answers
Thank you for your wonderful, honest, straightforward and especially true articles about human life and abortion rights. I have appreciated your support for the ERA and am even more impressed by your stand on this most controversial of issues. You have proven to me that you have the true interests of your readers at heart. Though I may continue to differ on smaller issues with your editorial policy, I will always be a proud and faithful reader of Vogue.
Sarah Roberts
Philadelphia PA

Barbara Rose's timely article ("Who will Control Your Body?", September, 1981) was excellent but, as a social worker, I must take issue with her assumption that most abused and neglected children are the product of unwanted pregnancies. Many of these children are indeed "wanted" and even planned but later become victims because of a parent's pathology, unrealistic expectations, poverty, alcohol, drug abuse, etc.

To suggest that women who are not allowed to terminate a pregnancy will later become "abusive" or "incompetent" parents has no basis in fact and is a rather weak argument at a time when the arguments we present to the public need to be valid and convincing.
Ellen S. Rardin MSSW
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Passing judgment
My sincere thanks to Vogue for the excellent profile of the outstanding U.S. Supreme Court Justice Sandra *(Continued on page 108)*

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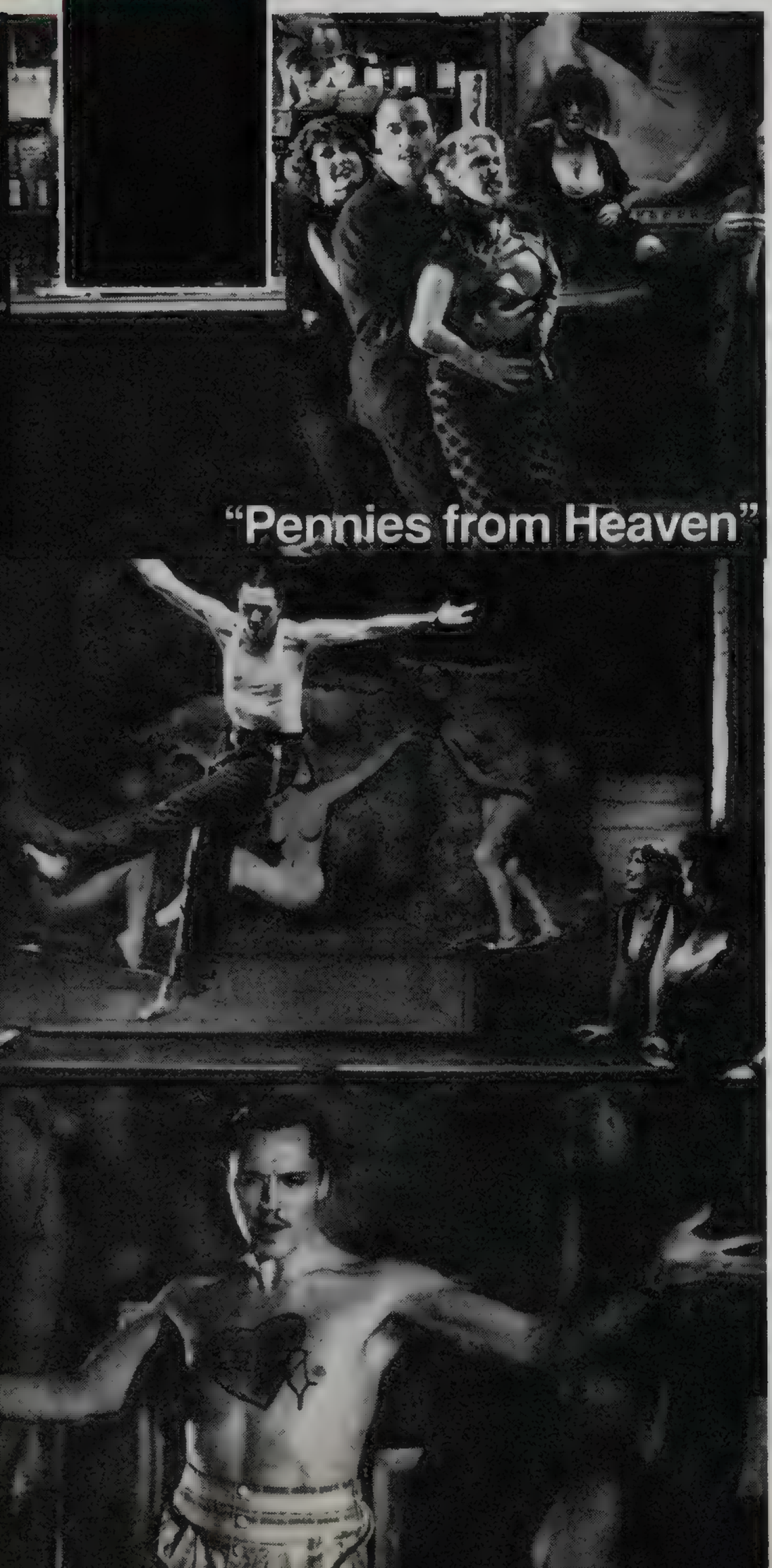
What's News

WHAT'S COMING

People are talking about...

On these nine pages, a deep, quick look-see at what's news, what's coming in movies, art, books, theater, music, restaurants, TV, radio



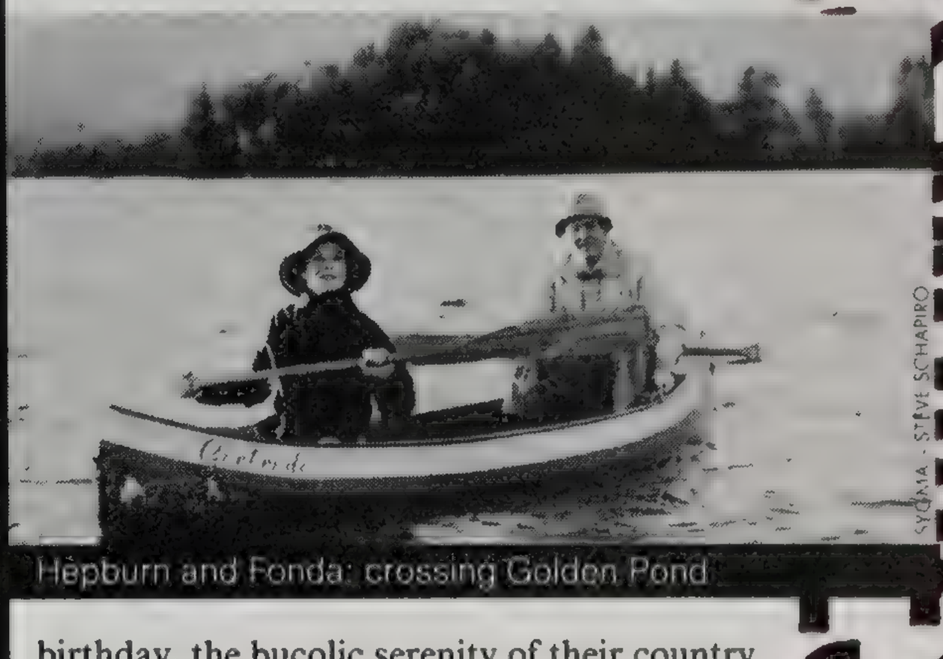
"Pennies from Heaven"

MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES

Big news out of Hollywood: a genuine razzle-dazzle, deeply thoughty MGM movie musical. It's all '30s flighty, heart-tighty show tunes throughout "Pennies from Heaven." Striptease sequence, left. Broadway award-winning serious actor Christopher Walken (also got an Oscar for "The Deer Hunter") takes it off to Cole Porter's libidinous "Let's Misbehave!" The way Herbert Ross directed, you get right inside the heads of "Pennies" people. And what goes on there is music! music! —the cockeyed optimistic, singing heart of Depression America. —L.L.

MEL TRAXEL

On Golden Pond, a new movie starring Henry Fonda, Katharine Hepburn, and Jane Fonda, is a warm, easygoing, sometimes funny, often deeply touching look at the mysteries and adventures of two people in the autumn of their years. For forty-eight summers, Norman and Ethel Thayer have retired to their rustic New England lakeside cottage "on Golden Pond" to fish, relax, and look at life through binoculars in slow, measured glances. This peaceful summer of Norman's eightieth



SYDAMA - STEVE SCHAPIRO

Hepburn and Fonda: crossing Golden Pond

birthday, the bucolic serenity of their country landscape is invaded by their daughter Chelsea, her new dentist boyfriend, and the man's defensive, street-tough kid, with all the baggage of heavy-duty jargon and permissive psychology in tow. Leaving behind the unwanted thirteen-year-old Billy in the old-folks' care, the lovers fly to Europe, and it's up to Norman and Ethel to teach the boy what real life is like "on Golden Pond." Like all good human dramas, this remarkably unclouded work explores with wisdom and subtlety a wide spectrum of intensely felt relationships—the conflict between father and daughter, between the confused young brat and the two old turkeys, and between the two old people on the verge of their last days together and not wanting to see the green *(Continued on page 50)*

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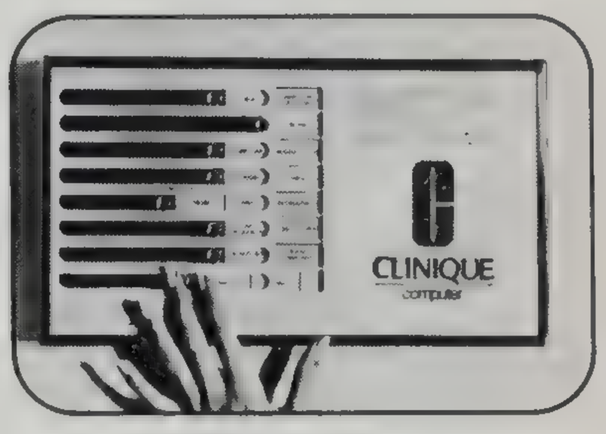

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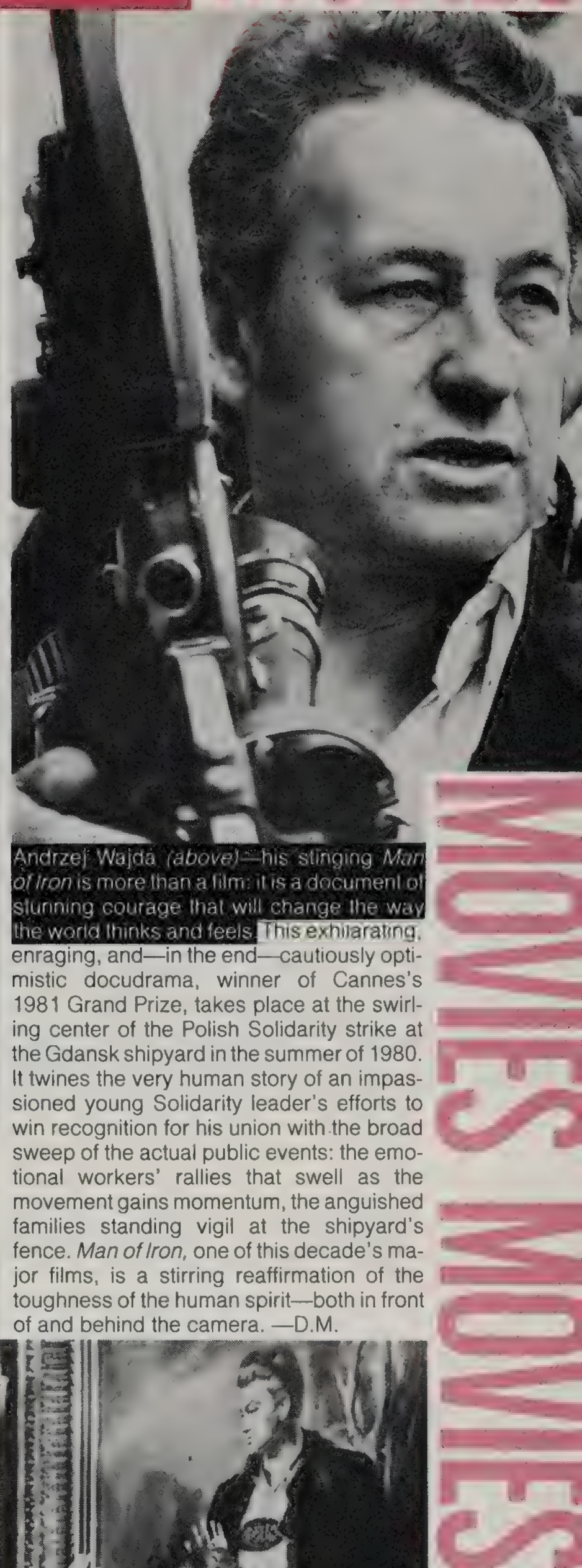
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES

("Golden Pond" continued) of summer end. None of these complex relationships—nor the ways in which they are comfortably resolved—are ever maudlin or sentimental, and there isn't a cliché in sight. But *On Golden Pond* still manages to touch the heart of anyone who has one.

When I first saw Ernest Thompson's play on Broadway, I kept thinking what a tragedy of bad timing it was that Spencer Tracy was no longer around to make the inevitable movie version with Katharine Hepburn. I kept seeing Tracy in the part of Norman, breathing life into every scene, like the one in which the old man is convinced he's living on borrowed time, ranting cantankerously as he reads the want ads aloud, muttering to himself, "I think I'll read a new book—see if I can finish it before I'm finished. Maybe a novelette." Henry Fonda fills his shoes brilliantly. It's a perfect role for him because it's about strength of mind when the body gives up and the apple won't bite. It's also a perfect role for Hepburn because it's full of courage and spunk and indomitable human spirit. I'll wager there won't be a dry eye in the theater during the scene in which Norman has a heart attack and Ethel rages pathetically in her futile attempts to cradle him in her arms while trying vainly to rouse the sleepy country telephone operator. These two majestic stars work vigorously, but with restraint, starchy good sense, and riveting honesty. Just watching the two of them together, under Mark Rydell's generous, loving direction, is one of the most magical experiences the contemporary motion-picture screen will ever offer. The supporting players are perfect, working homogenously to give the film life and dimension. Jane Fonda has luminous moments as the troubled daughter, Dabney Coleman adds a spark of manly strength as the suitor who won't be intimidated by the eccentric parents, and Doug McKeon displays a sensitivity beyond his years as the surrogate grandson.

Hepburn's voice comes and goes like static on a radio tuned to a distant station, and Fonda has never seemed more physically frail, yet they support each other in more ways than I thought possible, touching, watching each other, sharing the camera unselfishly until they teach us all something indelible about the joy of living and the dignity of aging. —REX REED



Andrzej Wajda *(above)*—his stinging *Man of Iron* is more than a film: it is a document of stunning courage that will change the way the world thinks and feels. This exhilarating, enraging, and—in the end—cautiously optimistic docudrama, winner of Cannes's 1981 Grand Prize, takes place at the swirling center of the Polish Solidarity strike at the Gdansk shipyard in the summer of 1980. It twines the very human story of an impassioned young Solidarity leader's efforts to win recognition for his union with the broad sweep of the actual public events: the emotional workers' rallies that swell as the movement gains momentum, the anguished families standing vigil at the shipyard's fence. *Man of Iron,* one of this decade's major films, is a stirring reaffirmation of the toughness of the human spirit—both in front of and behind the camera. —D.M.

Once eclipsed by Hollywood, French cinema dazzled from 1930 to 1960. "Rediscovering French Films," in NYC's Museum of Modern Art this month, touring after January 2, is a chance to view greatness. Sampling: magical stars Signoret, Raimu, Feuillere . . . filmmaking by L'Herbier, Pagnol, Ophuls, or Cocteau (from "L'Aigle a Deux Têtes," right).

French film festival gem: actress Edwige Feuillère

MOMA FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

Magie noire

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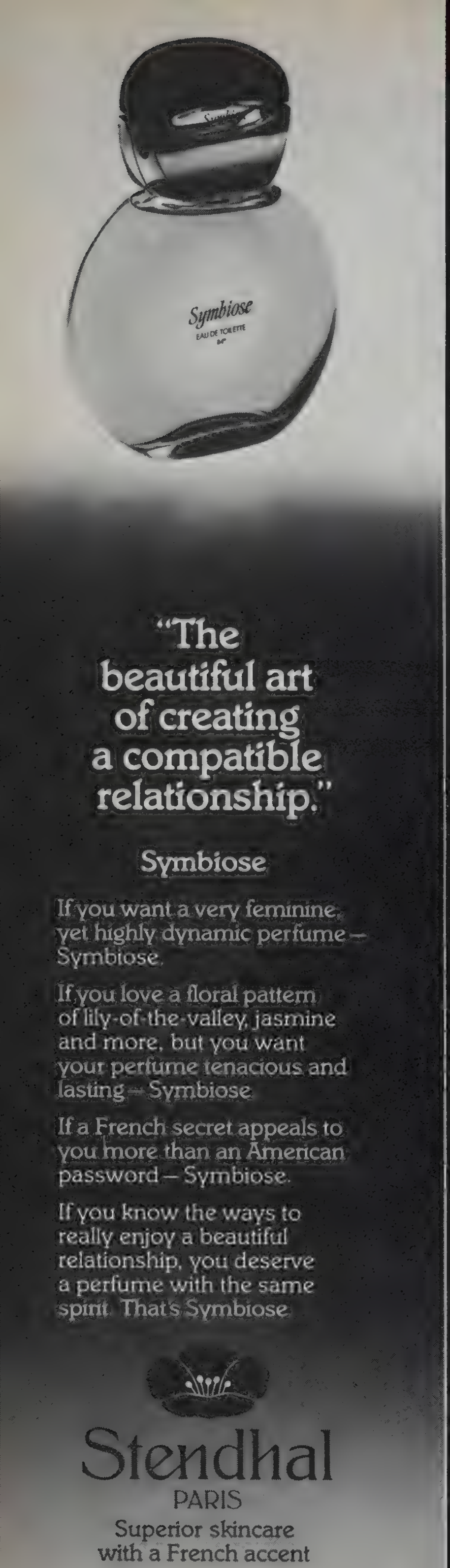
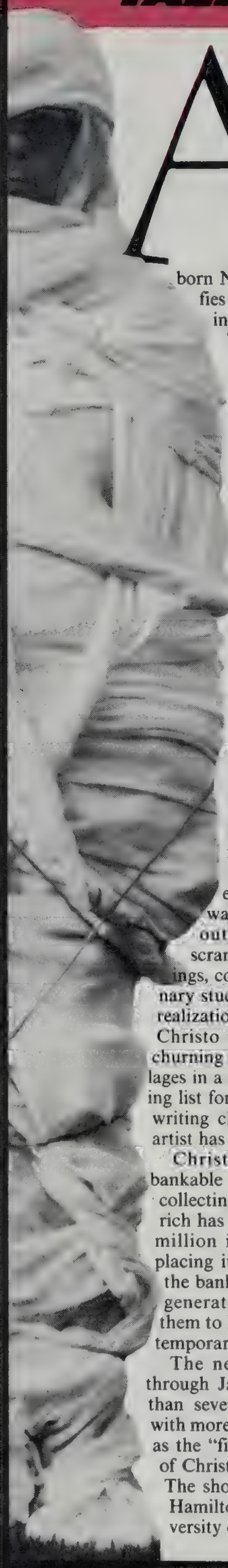


PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



CHRISTO RETROSPECTIVE:

Alas pity Horatio Alger didn't live to laud the extraordinary success of Christo, the super-earnest, determined-to-have-his-way, Bulgarian-born New Yorker who exemplifies those Algerish virtues of initiative and self-reliance. Talk about rags to bank vaults! There was a time, in the mid-1960s, when Christo's studio walls were densely covered with excellent drawings and collages that hardly anybody ever seemed to buy.

Then, in 1969, Christo managed to marshall $120,000 worth of materials and labor to surrealistically drape one mile of Australian coastline in gleaming white plastic fabric. It led to other terrestrial transformations—the majestic orange curtain spread mountain-to-mountain across a Colorado valley, the twenty-four-and-one-half-mile-long "Running Fence" in Northern California.

As a result of Christo's epic, costly, and so far always temporary endeavors outdoors, collectors now scramble to acquire the drawings, collages, and other preliminary studies that precede the final realization of each project. Though Christo is uncommonly prolific, churning out many drawings or collages in a single day, there's a waiting list for Christos, with collectors writing checks for works that the artist has not yet produced.

Christo is so conspicuously bankable these days that the art-collecting Rothschild Bank in Zurich has invested upwards of $1.5 million in his work. Instead of placing its Christos in the vaults, the bank has decided to let them generate "interest" by lending them to La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art.

The new exhibition—running through January 3—includes more than seventy works and is billed, with more accuracy than hyperbole, as the "first comprehensive survey of Christo's work ever assembled. The show travels to Alberta and Hamilton, Canada; and the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

—DAVID BOURDON

Christo (*above*): wrapping up the market

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

NEW PERSPECTIVES IN REALISM:

Realism is on the rise, livelier and more provocative than it's been in decades. The most mammoth, encyclopedic exhibition of contemporary U.S. realism is the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts' "Contemporary American Realism Since 1960," an ambitious survey, primarily of paintings, with many drawings and a few sculptures by 104 artists, that runs through December 13 in Philadelphia. Anyone looking for a point of view or a consistent high level of quality may be disappointed. But what makes the show so fascinating is its spirited attempt to encompass so many differing and often conflicting sensibilities. Some realists are relatively traditional, painting from life or nature with a high degree of specificity (Pearlstein, Beal, Downes, Beckman). Others are "painterly," rendering their subjects with lots of fluid, visible brushwork, and emphatic color (Welliver, Blaine, Thiebaud, Fish). Then there is the school of Photorealism (Estes, Flack, Close). The show travels to Richmond and Oakland, then on to Lisbon, Madrid, and Nuremberg.—D.B.

Surprise from East Germany! New arrival: spirited drawings by Italian Baroque sculptor/architect Bernini. Organized by the Princeton Art Museum, the exhibit travels to Cleveland, L.A., other U.S. cities. *Above:* "Daniel."—*A.H.*

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ART-BOOK FINDS: An opulent royal collection, rich in Rubens, Van Dyck, debuts in *Masterpieces from the Collection of the Princes of Liechtenstein* (Hudson Hills). ● Photographer Roloff Beny captures the many textures of the Mediterranean—sun-brilliant ruins, landscapes of Spain, Africa, Italy, Greece—in *Odyssey: Mirror of the Mediterranean* (Harper & Row).—A.H.

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ock: The Life and Times of John Hay Whitney (Doubleday) By E.J. Kahn, Jr. Jock Whitney, an awkward, overweight, stuttering boy with a legacy of stunning wealth and powerful family connections, led a life that most people can only dream of. Whitney's childhood Christmases were legendary: a room so full of presents for Jock and his sister that it was hard to move, a squadron of servants following at their heels picking up paper and twine as fast as the children could unwrap. Jock's soccer team was inevitably made up of Whitney family footmen; one even slept on a chair outside Jock's door to keep an eye on his charge. When Whitney did his graduate work at Oxford, he was considered one of the two most eligible bachelors in Britain—the other was the Prince of Wales.

Jock Whitney's natural energy and fearless enthusiasm drew him into a series of unusual projects. One of his first—frozen orange juice. He badgered everyone he knew into trying the new product and even persuaded his idol, Bing Crosby, to plug it on his popular fifteen-minute radio show. The Minute Maid company was a success. Whitney's later investments—in the Technicolor process, in the *New York Herald Tribune,* in some forty Broadway shows, and in David O. Selznick's new movie company—inevitably turned into consuming interests. He even persuaded the reluctant Selznick to buy the movie rights to a book by an all-but-unknown author, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind.*

In World War II, Whitney signed up as a captain in Army intelligence and was captured by the Germans. He succeeded in hiding his identity while New York newspapers screamed "Jock Whitney in Nazi Hands." Later, Whitney served as Ambassador to Great Britain—probably the only one so friendly with the Queen (the very correct Elizabeth) that she called Whitney and his wife by their first names. —ALLENE TALMEY

A second take on author John Irving

One look at him and you can see why he is a natural target for critics. His luxuriantly lashed brown eyes that have seduced us from *Time's* cover, from the TV screen, caress the small room packed with his fans. He flashes a coy teddy-bear grin. America's leading young "serious" writer—John Irving, thirty-nine *(The World According to Garp)*—in the middle of an impassioned reading from his new best seller, *The Hotel New Hampshire,* an outlandish fairytale of family life, rape, revolution, and bears. His audience laps it up like honey. So does he. All of which fuels the critics who have bitterly denounced the slick *HNH* media blitz and cult of personality that has grown up around this very marketable young writer. They say they fear for Irving's soul; they imply that Irving could be sorely tempted to "go commercial." Serious writers are not supposed to be so accessible—so *popular,* aren't supposed to dirty their hands in the marketplace. Let alone enjoy it. What Irving is doing, sniffs one critic, "has everything to do with commerce and nothing to do with art." They mutter darkly about all this exposure eroding his integrity as an author. Reclusive "writer's writers" like J. D. Salinger are cleaner, safer; their mystery, their elusiveness counts as reassurance of their seriousness of purpose, purity of message. "Serious" writers do not appear on *The Today Show.*

SHYLA IRVING THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Purity indeed. Some of these critics have spent so much venom railing against the Irving cult that, in the end, they too have become its victims: they have lost sight of the fact that their proper role is to review a book, not its author. You sense that their decision to denounce *HNH* as a commercial, second-rate spin-off of Garp was made long before the book was published. *HNH* may not have the energy or the grace of *Garp,* but deserves to be assessed as more than a disconcerting footnote at the end of a puritanical diatribe on John Irving's moral integrity.

The only person not concerned about the state of Irving's soul is Irving. He clearly knows the difference between writing a book and publicizing one. "Integrity?" he shot back to one interviewer, "What am I going to do, turn around and start writing for *TV Guide?* . . . You either have it or you don't. If one's integrity is going to crumble, it's when you're making six thou a year and teaching three sections of Freshman English." Irving knows exactly what he is doing: his publicity chores at an end, he is ready to go back into hibernation in his cozy Vermont lair for another four years—out of the range of the critics' quarrelsome voices and well cushioned by *HNH's* many good reviews and the royalties that allow him to devote himself fulltime to his new project—a novel on Turgenev's *First Love.* Not exactly a subject for someone gone commercial. He can't wait. One smart bear, John Irving. —DEBORAH MASON

COURTESY HELEN THURBER

THE GRIT, GRACE, AND WICKED WIT THAT MADE JAMES THURBER (self-portrait, *left*) one of our most beloved humorists is deliciously in evidence in *Selected Letters of James Thurber,* edited by Helen Thurber and Edward Weeks (Little, Brown). Written to E.B. White, John O'Hara and others, the letters conjure up the blithe and manic New York of the 'thirties, when Thurber and his *New Yorker* friends drank till dawn and gossiped about works-in-progress, office romances, and their formidable editor Harold Ross. Thurber's letters to his eye surgeon, written when Thurber was going blind, are both poignant and playful. A beguiling charmer of a book. —A.T.

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BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

UNEXPECTED POETRY: War heroes and culture heroes: what do they have in common? Lincoln Kirstein, *left.* The man who, for more than fifty years, has helped mold America's cultural future (he is now general director of the NYC Ballet) wrote, in his 1964 *Rhymes of a PFC,* poems of soldier-life during World War II—bludgeon-hard verse, full of raw wounds, the laughter of brave hearts. Now, Godine has reissued *Rhymes* in a handsome, richly documented edition. Here, a Kirstein sampler.—C.M.

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ENGINEER

Quitting his old outfit, a combat engineer
Rides Cheshire noon to Berkshire dusk but his heart's not here.

A sanitary engineer he was in civil life,
Now grasps the tinted snapshot of his sprightly wife.

Around her neck cheap plastic beads lend their shy, stylish airs;
He says such gems attract the tint of any dress she wears.

We stare from out our two-ton truck, straining to understand
A Kodachromatic sunset from glory's lavish hand.

His ikon he relinquishes. Its gorgeous image fails.
Great nature all but vanquishes. Art palls. Love, even, pales.

Our engineer to science turns: "You know? I'll bet that you
Can't find in a large thesaurus words to describe that view."

What he meant was only that all through his life,
Sunset, jewel, beauty will remind him of his wife.

THEATER THEATER THEATER THEATER

Raising the Dickens: Royal Shakespeare's "Nicholas Nickleby" in NYC

Nicholas Nickleby wields the rod on wicked schoolmaster Wackford Squeers

"The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby," almost nine hours of theater—onstage and, indeed, all over the house, proves that you get what you deserve. Charles Dickens, the greatest of English novelists, now is being given the greatest of theatrical productions: that is, his "Nickleby" is the most fulfilling entertainment we have seen in decades of theater going. Produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Britain, directed in tandem by Trevor Nunn and John Caird, its 150 characters peopled by forty-two superb actors (I could go on and on staggering you with statistics), this "Nickleby" teems with as much invention, comicality, pathos, morality, social conscience, nobility— in short, genius, as the original. . . . How to tell you about the individual actors when so many brilliant players throng the theater? Take Roger Rees, our Nicholas. He's in the great, heroic, Victorian tradition—an actor of wit, passion, compassion, enormous and attractive vitality. Take David Threlfall, Smike, the poor, brain-dulled orphan whom Nicholas befriends—an actor of such sorrowing depths, such febrile humor that he breaks your heart. Take them all; at $100 a seat, you get splendor and magic and a solid world of humanity, where, thank Mr. Dickens, positive good triumphs over positive evil to the sound of rapture. And that's what theater and, perhaps, life is all about—LEO LERMAN

JOHN NAPIER

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THEATER

The fat, hot-cool million-dollar Broadway musicals tumult in with, in common, one exuberant aspect: new, new could-be, would-be starry faces. Examples: the Stephen Sondheim-Harold Prince (Steve's three photos down, left, Hal four) "Merrily We Roll Along," in which they topsy-turvy the Kaufman-Hart oldie. And right up there, shouting, singing it (oh those tricky-ticky Sondheim rhythms!) hoofing it, twenty-six very new bright young persons. Left: a sampling of "merrilies." In the Charnin-Brush-Siegel "The First," baseball's Jackie Robinson's stealing bases, hooray!, again and stealing the show in the highly electric person of Broadway debutant David Alan Grier. And in Michael Bennett's "Dream Girls" we go backstage in the pop music business and find thirty-two would-be soarers singing their hearts out all for Broadway stardom and you.—LEO LERMAN

MARY BRYANT

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Crimes and co.: (r. to l.) author Beth Henley, stars Liz Mackay, Mary Beth Hurt, Mia Dillon prove sisterhood is powerful

Crimes of the Heart—a quirky black comedy about three eccentric Southern sisters—and a hardy, homegrown American classic-to-be that has reason to stand tall among the flood of European imports on Broadway this season: it has already won both a Pulitzer Prize and a New York Drama Critics Circle Award for first-time author Beth Henley in its journey from Louisville's Actors Theater. Henley, a dreamy twenty-nine-year-old flower child from Jackson, Mississippi, with a long red ponytail and a whispery Southern drawl, was all too glad to give up her part-time job in the TRW parts department to write full-time: "Writing a play is like going sailing on the high seas," she says. Especially when home port is a Broadway hit.—D.M.

BARBARA TOBOLOWSKY

MARTHA SWOPE

MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC

Is Philip Glass America's greatest avant-garde composer?

The fact that Philip Glass has established himself as America's best-known avant-garde composer is something that could hardly have been anticipated even six years ago. Glass was a "minimalist," one of that curious breed of experimental composers—the other two leading members being Terry Riley and Steve Reich—who won "downtown" audiences but incurred the scorn of more traditional new-music composers.

In recent years, however, the public's growing hostility to the more traditional new music—or worse, blissful indifference—has almost forced composers back into writing music that people like. In Glass's case, that meant first of all "minimalism"—the reduction of excessive gestural fuss. It also meant clear and propulsive structures, and an ensemble and a level of amplification that suggested the energy of rock. Besides, Glass can boast a direct and refreshingly un-snobbish personality, closer to today's sensibility than the more academic types who have dominated the American musical avant-garde in recent decades. All of this won Glass a growing body of admirers among New York's lower-Manhattan artistic community, and eventually in similar circles around the country and in Europe. *(Continued on page 60)*

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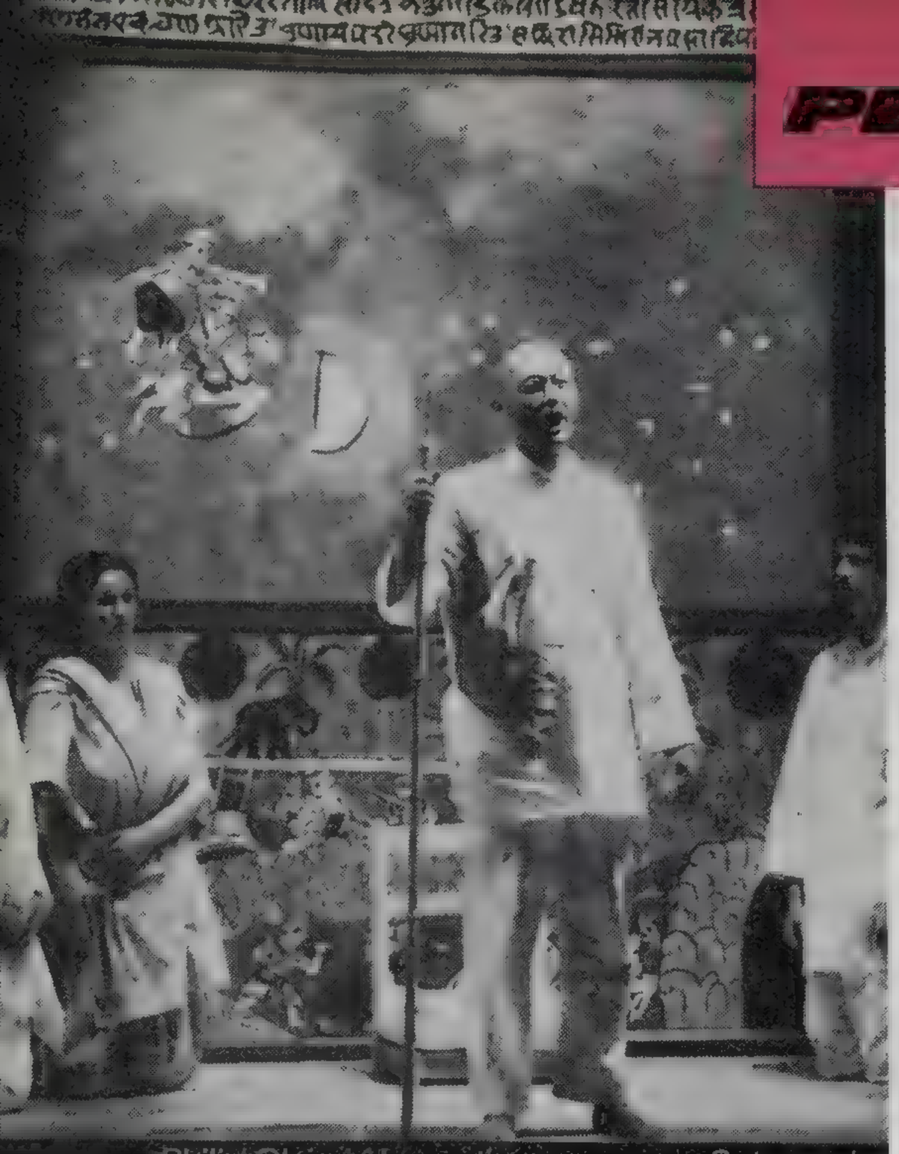

Philip Glass's hypnotic new opera, *Satyagraha*

(Philip Glass continued) But it was only in 1976, when he collaborated with the theatrical designer and director Robert Wilson on *Einstein on the Beach,* that Glass began to enter the mainstream. This was a massive, five-hour mixed-media event that toured Europe and sold out the Metropolitan Opera twice—it would have played forever, probably, but it cost too much money.

The success of *Einstein* encouraged European opera houses to commission Glass for more operas—this time more conventionally operatic ones, for trained voices, choruses, and orchestras. Glass's basic idiom is maintained but softened into a latter-day version of the luxuriantly erotic mysticism of late Wagner and Bruckner.

Glass's new opera, *Satyagraha,* a hypnotic depiction of Gandhi's early years in South Africa, was the first in this series, with a world premiere in Rotterdam a year ago September, an American premiere this past summer in upstate New York, another production this fall in Stuttgart, and a New York premiere in early November at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Now the Stuttgart Opera has commissioned another opera from Glass on the Egyptian pharoah Akhenaton for 1983, and the Netherlands Opera has asked for yet another for 1985-86.

So far, no American opera house has risked a full-length Glass production, let alone commissioned one—which seems more an attestation to their conservatism than to his lack of appeal. The major record companies have been similarly slow, except for the pop labels. England's Virgin Records tried to peddle Glass to the rock audience a few years back: the lovely first two parts of his *Music in 12 Parts* are available on import only, but the more popularly oriented *North Star* (Virgin International) can still be had. And now Glass has signed a one-disk deal with CBS for another rockish record.

Glass's more serious and characteristic music can be heard on the struggling New York's Tomato label, which keeps afloat in large measure because of the demand for its four-record set of *Einstein,* and on Glass's own Chatham Square label. Chatham Square records are available at or through record stores that specialize in unusual music, and the best first choice would be the moving *Music with Changing Parts,* a two-disk set.—DAVID SARGENT

JAAP PIEPER

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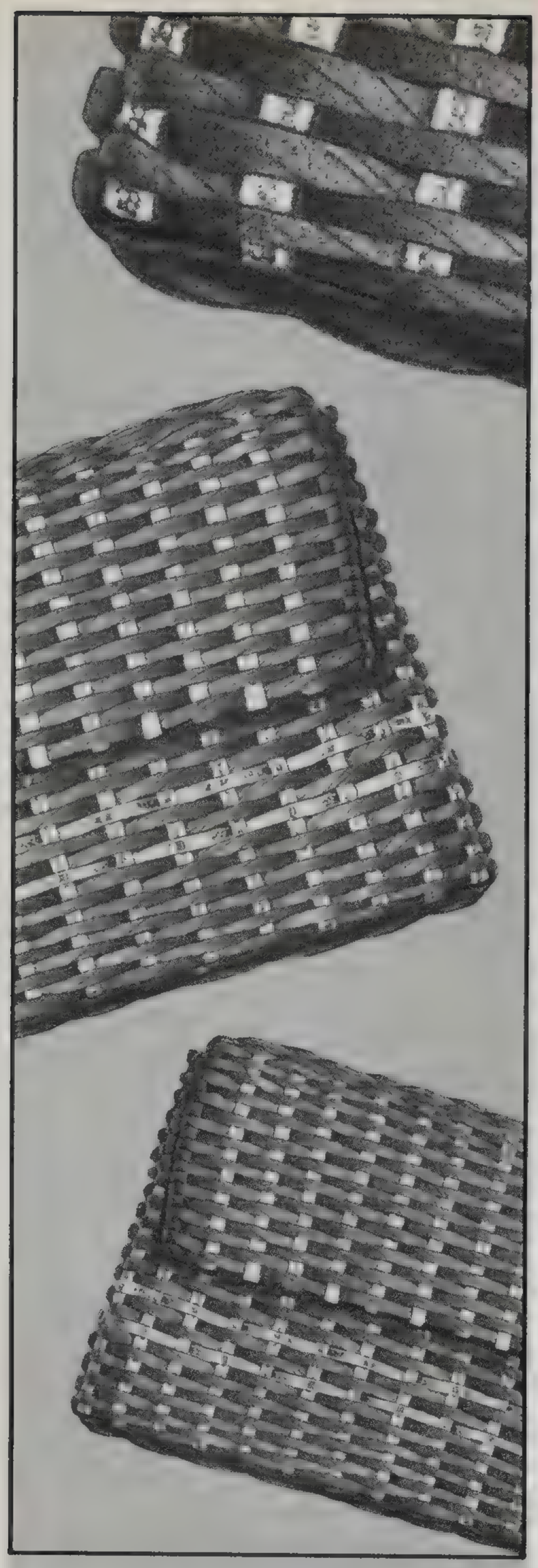

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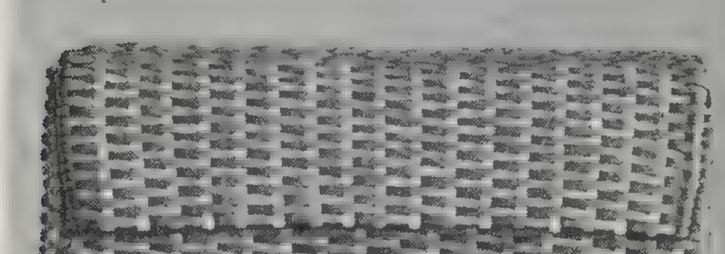

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

EAT EAT

Eating with fun and music

Steve Ross (right), with his well-scrubbed, choir-boy looks, deft piano playing, and wickedly urbane interpretations of the best show tunes ever written, is packing them in at NYC's Hotel Algonquin Oak Room everyone from misty-eyed devotees to recent converts from rock.—S.B.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

• Fun! Fun! Glorious fun! Excesses of show-blithey tunes—all by Jerry Herman. "Hello, Dolly!" "Mame"! Perfect cabaret at Ted Hook's On Stage (349 West 46 St., NYC) as rampageously sung by the four antic marvels *above*. And the steak & potatoes food is copacetic!

EAT EAT EAT EAT EAT EAT E

In NYC: There's a feeling of ennui about la Nouvelle Cuisine. All of those bits and pieces in smears of oversubtle sauces! Ennui, indeed! Not at L'Archestrate in Paris, and definitely not at its Manhattan vis-à-vis, **Le Restaurant Maurice,** in the new Hotel Parker Meridien, 118 West 57 Street. The glorious link between Paris and Manhattan is supreme chef Alain Senderens, who rules the Left Bank temple of gastronomy and advises the New York Nouvelle stronghold. Maurice's atmosphere is that of a very great transatlantic liner in the palmiest days of the New York-to-Paris run. Here is a spacious, elegant dining room, carpeted with a huge Oriental, providing—rare in New York—privacy and quiet. Table appointments, service are impeccable. And the delectables! Smooth, buttony scallops in a butter sauce blushing rose-pink at its own goodness. A lobster and fresh mango salad all slivers of delicate shellfish and fragrant fruit bedded on slightly warmed, incredibly crisp greens. Mussel cream soup tasting of sea and saffron. Curious combinations of taste, color, delights that demand an entire evening's devotion.

JADE ALBERT

New York's Le Restaurant Maurice

Los Angeles' L'Orangerie

In L.A.: The Nouvelle Cuisine bastion here is Ferry's **L'Orangerie,** (903 N. La Cienega Blvd., W. Hollywood), designed by Valerian Rybar, this classic pavilion is the most beautiful public dining room in Los Angeles. There's a dim luster to it, huge romantic bouquets: it's a room with a sense of occasion. Such as the moment when *les oeufs au caviar* arrive or turbot in a *sauce vierge* or a Charlotte of Red Wine Mousse with Bordeaux Sabayon!—LEO LERMAN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

TV TV TV

Safer, Reasoner, Bradley, Wallace

Why does *Up to the Minute*, new show for women, have no women on the air—just these same male faces?

I tend to forgive CBS its trespasses because of ''CBS News Sunday Morning'' with Charles Kuralt, ''Lou Grant,'' and its excellent news coverage. In the morning, the CBS news is not jellied by interviews with celebrities, soothsayers, or diet doctors. CBS knows the difference between the news and nonsense. What the network does not seem to know is that its attitudes on women are hardly progressive, or even up-to-date. We know it favors blond female reporters. We know that on CBS we will rarely see a woman who is over thirty-five, an ordinary-looking creature, and nothing has brought this home so sharply as the new news magazine, ''Up to the Minute.''

A half-hour series weekdays, ''Up to the Minute'' explores a single subject each week, often a controversial and complicated one, with intelligence and bravery. The programs each end with a panel where opinions and dissent make for some fairly fine television. It is the first attempt by a network to cut through the poisonous goo of daytime television.

"CBS FAVORS BLOND FEMALE REPORTERS—AND RARELY A WOMAN OVER THIRTY-FIVE"

''Up to the Minute'' has the four horsemen of ''60 Minutes''--Reasoner, Bradley, Wallace, and Safer--each acting as moderator for a week. The network is quick to tell you that Grace Diekhaus is the executive producer--the program was her idea--and that other women have important jobs but--at this writing--this program meant for women doesn't put a woman on the air. There is no shortage of talent: ABC's Catherine Mackin, NBC's Linda Ellerbee, ABC's Sylvia Chase, CBS's own Liz Trotta, Marlene Sanders, Marilyn Berger, might have been considered. And by now, why isn't there a woman on ''60 Minutes''?

Producer Grace Diekhaus

It was a week when feminism was the topic and Morley Safer was speaking to some young girls from a Mississippi town named Laurel where beauty contests are still crucial, celebratory rituals. Among the adolescents competing in the latest pageant was a fourteen-year-old who had already been in seven competitions. A psychiatric social worker investigating the sexual exploitation of children, Florence Rush, explained what harm this does, how it limits and distorts the young. CBS should hire her as a consultant because while the network may think its executives have little in common with the citizens of Laurel, some of us are not so sure.

--GLORIA EMERSON

• Mesmerizing: Radio Mystery Theater

RADIO RADIO RADIO

Imagine: You're in a taxi crawling uptown. The driver has turned on his radio. You listen. It's a drama—there's a man telling his secretary she's getting a promotion:"Honey, your face is your fortune.""But I'm not even pretty!" she cries. "What is it about my face?!!" The plot thickens. The organ strikes an ominous chord. But your ride is over—you never discover her secret.

And you are caught—inextricably—in the web of *CBS Radio Mystery Theater*, a five-night-a-week excursion into the unknown. The series was sparked eight years ago this January by a twinkling-eyed fellow named Himan Brown—a pioneer of early radio (he created *Inner Sanctum, Dick Tracy*) who believes fervently in the power of his listener's imagination. "Radio drama is powerful theater," says Brown. "It's like sex—you can't just sit there—you join it!"

Mystery Theater stars such Broadway beacons as Tammy Grimes, Mercedes McCambridge, Len Cariou. E.G. Marshall is a most uncanny host. Next month, an extraordinary venture: a five-part adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.—C.M.

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Now, in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of The Royal Ballet, the talented artist and balletomane, Brenda Naylor, has been commissioned to create an original sculpture capturing the enchanting qualities of the young ballet dancer. To steep herself in the world of the young dancer, the artist spent many days observing practice sessions at the Royal Ballet School . . . sketching the dancers and capturing their many moods and poses.

The result is *Young Ballerina,* a study in youth and grace. A warm and personal portrayal of the young dancer during a pause in her ballet class — capturing her as she is and with more than a hint of what she would *like* to be.

To properly depict every detail of the sculptor's art, the work will be crafted in fine bisque porcelain, long identified with many of the most treasured works of sculpture. No other medium has the softness, delicacy, texture of bisque — qualities especially appropriate to ballet art. Moreover, each sculpture will be individually *hand-cast* and *hand-finished* for The Royal Ballet by the skilled and dedicated craftsmen of Franklin Porcelain.

The Royal Ballet has authorized that this original work of art be issued in a limited edition, to be made available only until December 31, 1981, the end of the 50th anniversary year. When all the sculptures have been sent, the molds used to create it will be destroyed to protect the limit of edition. The issue price is just $55, an extremely reasonable price for a limited edition work of porcelain art of this high quality — and it may be paid in two monthly installments of $27.50 each.

For anyone with an interest in ballet . . . and an appreciation of fine art in porcelain . . . this is a work to be prized for years to come. To acquire it, mail the order form at right to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091, by December 31, 1981.

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Sculpture shown actual size

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By Lorraine Davis

THIRTY-PLUS AND HEADED UP

Women over thirty who have shown leadership abilities in volunteer or professional work can get intensive training at mid-career in a ten-week Public Affairs Training Program for Women by the Coro Foundation (made-up name for private, non-profit, nonpartisan institute), with centers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and St. Louis and expanded last year to the East Coast with offices in Freedom House, 20 West 40th Street, NYC. Among the graduates of the longer Coro Fellows Program that began with World War II veterans in 1947 is San Francisco's mayor, Dianne Feinstein. Twelve women are chosen for each of the three yearly sessions. In NYC, after intense seminars in communication and analysis skills, the program provides field work in one public issue, then takes participants to Albany to see legislators in action. "We provide skills and focus on how public policy gets made," says the NYC program director, Pat Koch Thaler. Truda Cleeves Jewett, NYC executive director agreed: "We can't make leaders but we can make them more effective." (Apply by January 1 for March program.)

POETIC FREEDOM

One day in about 1915 a garage owner in rural Massachusetts telephoned Abbott Lawrence Lowell and "explained skeptically, 'Some big fat dame whose engine broke down wants to charge her bill—claims she's your sister.'

" 'What is she doing now?' asked the president of Harvard.

" 'She's across the road . . . sittin' on a stone wall, smoking a cigar!'

"Lawrence, who was resigned to Amy's habits, assured him, 'That's my sister, all right!' "

This tale of the early liberation of one of New England's poets has been excerpted from Jean Gould's "Amy: The World of Amy Lowell and the Imagist Movement" (1975) in a new volume from Oxford University Press: "The Oxford Book of American Literary Anecdotes," edited by Donald Hall, which doesn't have many women quoted . . . but what can we expect from a firm that marks its stationery "Since 1478"—modernity?

FIGHT LISTS WITH LISTS

With government support of women's issues and services coming under increasing fire by well-organized conservative political-action groups, women on the West Coast have organized a computerized mailing-list service to let women's groups mobilize their forces fast. The Women's Information Exchange allows females to sign up voluntarily to receive mail in their special interest areas: women's culture, business, sports, politics, violence against women, more. No charge is made for adding your name to the lists; list users pay for the computer time needed (price will drop as project grows) to print out names and addresses on plain paper or—to get their message out fast—on adhesive-backed mailing labels. For registration, further information: The National Women's Mailing List, 1195 Valencia Street San Francisco, California 94110.

GOING YOUR WAY

From super-experienced American Express: pocket-sized booklet *Business Woman's Travel Guide*, not limited to those of us who are actually traveling on business (though the number grows daily). You'll find down-to-earth dicta on planning, packing, budgeting time and money, hotels and transportation; there's even a mini-guide to major cities.

This free booklet tells you how to travel like a pro, even when you're taking your first solo vacation. You're a world-class traveler when you've learned the technique of turning your theater-ticket and dinner-reservation problems over to the hotel concierge while giving a tip in advance and saying, "I'll take care of the rest before my departure." (Mail self-addressed, stamped business-size envelope to: The Business Woman's Travel Guide, Public Affairs Dept., American Express Co., American Express Plaza, NYC 10004.)

If you *are* a business traveler and constantly on the move, you may want to subscribe to *Solo*, a newsletter published by two California women that acts as an information exchange where traveling women can share their concerns. $35 per year for eighteen issues. Free copy, write: *Solo,* Dept. V., PO Box 393, El Segundo CA 90245.

MEALS INTO $MILLIONS

No one-woman business comes more naturally than marketing your own cooking. Maybe you can barely boil water, but if you were to add the right ballast (chicken? tomatoes? split peas?) you could open a soup kitchen. You don't have to be a gourmet cook, just an entrepreneur with one good recipe and a lot of skills you may not have realized you had, like business management and salesmanship.

With the cover line "Start getting paid for what you've been doing for free all your life!" Alice and Alfred Howard tell you *Turn Your Kitchen into a Gold Mine* (Stellar Books, Harper & Row), with explicit instructions on everything from dealing with bank credit managers to preparing your income-tax return.

At least two Vogue apprentice editors have augmented their lower-echelon salaries by baking cakes for a posh New York City restaurant; so someone with more time to spend at the stove (or refrigerator) should be able to equal the exploits of Amos of the Famous cookies or Julie Tsai, the Salad Queen. Shopping the smarter food shops, she noticed lackluster salads that could be surpassed; and in less than a year her salad-making business, started in a Scarsdale, NY, storefront, put Julie's Kitchens Salads on sale at Bloomingdale's, Neiman-Marcus *et al.* Now she's supplying fourteen different salads to stores as well as operating a cooking-wares shop with a restaurant area while raising two young children.

All of which shows that you need an eye for customers' tastes, plenty of energy, and the determination of a Sophia Collier, whose Soho Natural Sodas and Juices did half a million dollars' worth of business in thirty-five states last year; she said, "When I was sixteen, I vowed I would never get a job."

SPECIAL SCIENTISTS

Women doctors are still a minority group, but the first annual Pisart Vision Award of $15,000 from The Lighthouse, New York Association for the Blind, went to two female pioneers: Eleanor E. Faye, M.D., leader in low-vision services, and Louise L. Sloan, Ph.D., authority on color vision. Their benefactor, a woman who died in 1974, Georgette Pisart.

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Beauty Q & A

Eye-whitening drops: how safe?...air travel and dry skin...holidays: what to give a man...

Q Recently, I've been waking up with red eyes. The eye-whitening drops I purchased at the drugstore clear them up, but I wonder: What is in these drops? Can they hurt my eyes?

A "All eye whiteners are basically vasoconstrictors—chemical substances that constrict the eye's blood vessels," explains Virginia Lubkin, M.D., F.A.C.S., clinical associate professor of ophthalmology at Mt. Sinai School of Medicine and attending ophthalmologist at New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. "Since eye irritation causes the capillaries to dilate and appear red, any solution that causes them to shrink to normal size will eliminate the redness.

"These solutions are not dangerous in themselves," Dr. Lubkin continues, "but what can be dangerous is the failure to recognize that continual redness can be a signal of a medical, rather than cosmetic, problem. I would advise anyone who has recurrent itching or redness of the eyes to consult a physician. I would also caution anyone who finds that her eyes look or feel worse after using eye drops to discontinue their use, as this may be an allergic reaction to the drops themselves. There are also rare patients with a predisposition to glaucoma in whom an acute attack can, on occasion, be precipitated by excessive use of these drops."

Peter L. Laino, M.D., clinical associate professor of ophthalmology at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, adds, "Repeated and very frequent use of eye whiteners can also lead to the possibility of 'rebound vasodilation.' In this condition, the capillaries, after having been artificially constricted for a long period of time, become used to the effects of the solution and respond to the discontinuance of its use by dilating even more than they had before."

Dr. Laino also points out that "these drops should never be used while contact lenses are in the eye. Soft or gas-permeable lenses could actually absorb the solution, while a pool of the eye whitener could collect in the tear space that enables a hard lens to 'float' on the eye. In either case, preservatives in the drops could be irritating." Dr. Laino suggests using drops twenty to thirty minutes *before* lenses are put in or thirty minutes *after* they are taken out of the eye.

Q Frequent plane travel has recently become part of my job, and I have noticed that my skin seems much drier than usual. Are the two connected?

A Air travel can certainly be drying to your skin, notes Irma Shorell in her new book, *A Lifetime of Skin Beauty: The Irma Shorell Program* (by Irma Shorell with Julie Davis; from Simon & Schuster next month).

The reason, Ms. Shorell explains, is that the air inside a plane cabin is exceedingly dry. The result is that your body loses moisture in two ways, from breathing and from evaporation from the surface of the skin.

There are steps you can take to maintain your body's moisture level. The first is to drink plenty of fluids—but not caffeine- or alcohol-containing beverages. Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., associate professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis, explains that these can act as diuretics and accelerate water loss. What you *should* drink is water, both during the flight and afterwards, especially if you're headed for a warm or high-altitude spot.

Ms. Shorell advises packing your carry-on luggage with bottled water (no sodium) to drink throughout the trip, and moisturizer to apply to your face, neck, arms, anywhere skin is exposed.

Q Ideas, please! What can I give my husband for Christmas?

A Some of the best gift ideas for any man on your holiday list: luxurious interpretations of life's little necessities, like hard-milled travel soaps (Gary Farn makes a gilt-wrapped American Express bar, for example), fragrant after-shave and shampoo, an extra-special shaving brush, or a complete manicure/pedicure kit. If your man has a favorite fragrance, look for it in a new form—an after-shave moisturizer, solid deodorant, body shampoo (Chaz by Revlon has all three). Or, if he likes changes, introduce him to a new scent such as Kouros (Yves Saint Laurent) or the new fragrance line from Marbert Man. For the man who has everything: the new men's perfume from Bijan, owner of the exclusive men's boutique on Rodeo Drive, is limited to the sale of one signed, numbered Baccarat bottle per person (the price, $1500, includes insurance from Lloyd's of London).

More thoughts . . . arrange for a head-to-toe professional massage, an afternoon at a health club or facial salon (Georgette Klinger offers complete facial and scalp treatments for men), or, if you really want to splurge, a week of rejuvenating exercise and treatments at a spa (the Golden Door's next men's week begins February 28). More healthful help: the American Health Foundation's intensive one-week "Stop Smoking" course or eight-week Weight Control program (212/953-1900). ▽

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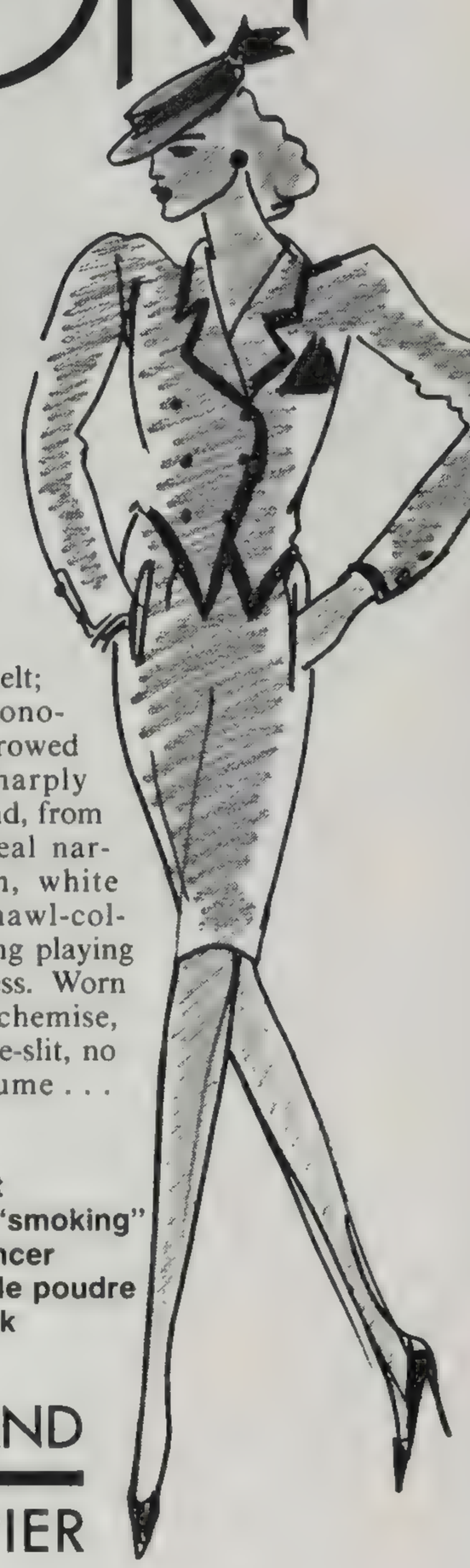
INTERNATIONAL REPORT

Here, from the collections in Milan, in Paris and in New York, the key points to watch: legginess . . . narrowness . . . blouses instead of sweaters . . . small, wrapped waists. . . . And all over, two strong color directions—bright colors and black and white—and stripes . . . that's what it's all about . . .



From Yves Saint Laurent, a new "smoking"—the short spencer jacket of grain de poudre and bound in silk

REAL LEGGINESS—IN SHORTER SKIRTS AND IN SHORTER PANTS—DASHING, SNAPPIER

What to watch first . . . the new shorter lengths—*lengths that look newest, most dashing, snappier*—and are rampant—not only in short culottes, in chopped walking shorts, in wide, above-the-knee shorts cut like skirts, but in shorter skirts on suits, in short, leggy dinner dresses. While, no question, there's still a range of lengths available, you feel the leggy difference everywhere . . . In New York, at **Calvin Klein,** in skirts that hit two inches above the knee; at **Geoffrey Beene,** sensational short restaurant dressing. In Milan: different lengths of pants and short skirts from **Giorgio Armani;** "new" skirt shapes from **Gianfranco Ferré,** rising high over the bosom like small strapless dresses. And in Paris, from **Sonia Rykiel,** slim-shaped cropped looks; from **Ungaro,** always a short skirt, well above the knee; at **Chloé, Karl Lagerfeld's** short, wide, divided skirts. And at **Saint Laurent,** skirts that start short, straight . . . worn with slightly oversized jackets, they "recall" the key proportion of his couture collection. . . . *And, a legginess that comes not only from short skirts, but from pants and shorts,* in a variety of lengths. In New York, from **Perry Ellis,** wide-legged shorts, cropped to mid-thigh. In Italy, shorts in suède, poplin, silk, all soft, wide-legged, flirty. Most charming—in black suède, from **Luciano Soprani.** In pants, more classic looks, less extravagant, more wearable. In Paris, from **Saint Laurent,** in addition to classic pants, cuffed pants, above-the-ankle, a little bit rounded. And—knickers and Zoave pants. "As we have been doing knickers for years, this is not the moment to stop!" More, from **Sonia Rykiel,** a strong, sensible—leggy—statement: four different lengths, all black, lean, narrow—mid-thigh shorts, knee-length culottes, mid-calf gauchos, ankle-length chopped pants. "I've been trying to get women to wear shorts for years," she says. "Finally, the whole world is wearing them."

Geoffrey Beene's short, clean-striped dress, slightly bloused

WHAT MAKES ANY LOOK—A NEW NARROWNESS

After shorter lengths, what "makes" any look: a new narrowness, *lean, slim, never tight.* The eye shies away from anything full on both the top and the bottom—anything voluminous looks heavy, old, overwhelming. Foremost examples of that kind of narrowness: the leanest dress from **Perry Ellis**—a long cotton knit "sweater" below-the-calf, rugby-striped at the hem, at the elbow . . . **Geoffrey Beene's** slim—perfect—silk dinner dresses . . . from **Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé,** a skinny sliver of a skirt in black crêpe, the narrow line accentuated by a wide leather belt; too, his kimono-sleeved top, narrowed again by a sharply marked waist. And, from **Sonia Rykiel,** real narrowness—a slim, white knitted coat, shawl-collared, linear piping playing up the narrowness. Worn over: a narrow chemise, small-sleeved, side-slit, no bulk, no volume . . . You'll see other silhouettes, but these are the newest.

More of the new proportion is achieved by a different scale of top. And, more than anything else, it's *not a sweater but a blouse*—one that's roomier, easier. Details: blouses in perfect small prints, stripes, solid white, often fly-fronted, band-collared, open at the neck. And, either collarless, or the opposite—big-collared. Ones to watch: **Calvin Klein's** big top, in wonderful striped shirtings, just a little oversized, more generously cut; from **Perry Ellis,** another big shirt, in white linen, big sleeved, bigger all over—and long—almost dress-length, sometimes smocked at the top of the shoulder. From **Armani,** the key top in his collection: cut wide and full, cinched by a hip sash for a low-waisted *(Continued on page 85)*

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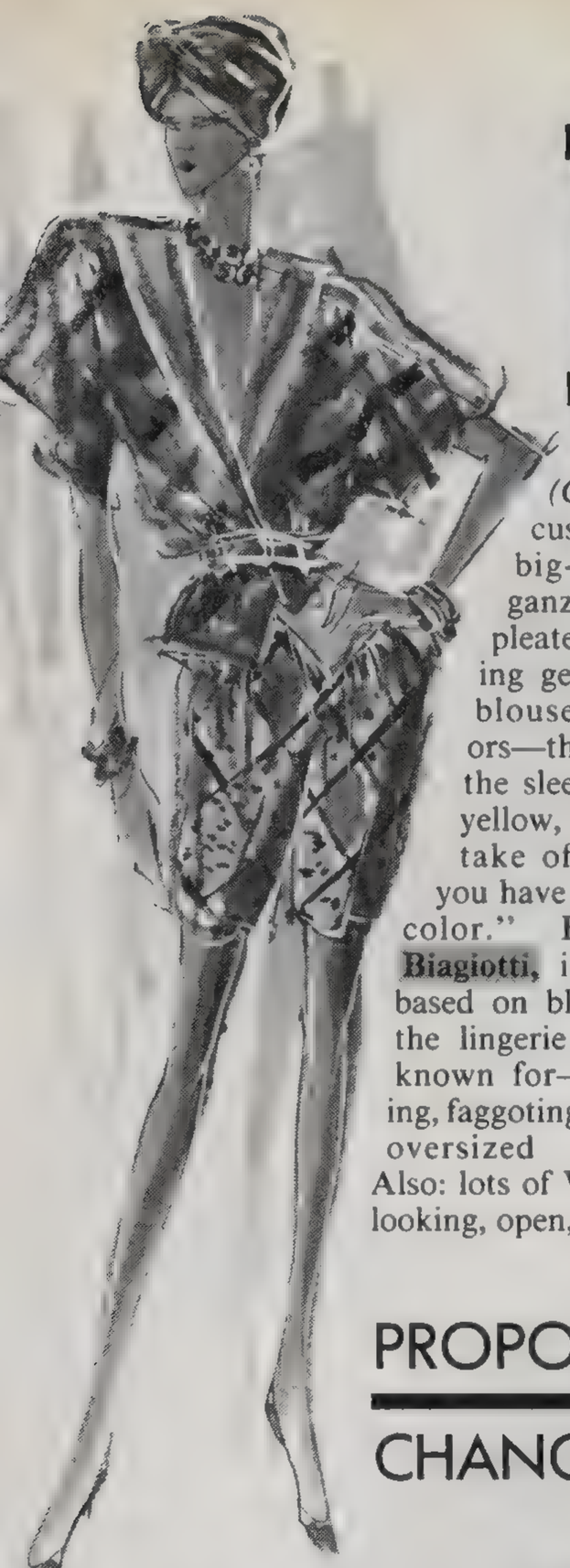

More of the news: more legginess and a new narrow—never tight—line. With an easier shape on top, an important belt

(Continued) focus. From **Ferré,** big-collared organzas, blouses in pleated linen forming geometrics, and, blouses in two colors—the body white, the sleeves in blue or yellow, "so when you take off your jacket you have the surprise of color." From **Laura Biagiotti,** in a collection based on blouse shapes—the lingerie touches she's known for—pleats, tucking, faggoting, this season in oversized proportions. Also: lots of V-necks, clean-looking, open, at **Chloé,** and, as a repeating signature from **Ungaro,** not only in blouses, but in jackets, dresses . . . From **Valentino,** beautiful blouses, with his "key" sleeve: not squared at the shoulder, but with a little extra fullness on top. And lace touches . . . "The mood is young, sophisticated," he says. "No costumes, but a little 'folie' here and there." More: watch for black-and-white plaids, dots, set off with white collars, with soft black bows. And from **Claude Montana,** football-silk blouses, numbered like traditional "jerseys," brilliantly colored.

There's a difference in jackets—either narrow and longer, or very soft, just over the hip. At **Saint Laurent,** long, amply cut jackets co-exist with shorter blousons, and with spencers, pointed in the front, small, in grain de poudre, bound in silk. At **Armani,** easy, oversized shirtjackets with trompe-l'oeil internal or external vest treatments. And boxy jackets, also with a vest motif, that stop just short of the hip . . . Watch for sleeveless vest-like jackets at **Soprani, Dior, Complice.** Another strong direction: safari jackets . . . at **Saint Laurent** and **Kenzo,** softened with a feminine influence; at **Dior,** long, loosely fitted, belted; in New York, safari jackets from **Calvin Klein,** in different lengths, effective either long or short.

What can't be missed: a sharply marked waist—defined, narrow, controlling proportion, playing up the cleaner, narrower lines. There are wide belts at **Missoni;** triple belts at **Fendi;** belts wrapped for width at **Krizia.** At **Chloé, Karl Lagerfeld** defined the waist every time, with wide belts—wrapped, buckled, sashed, in leather, sometimes in fabric, sometimes edged in ruffles. At **Armani,** the waistband "builds up" in pants, skirts, held in with colorful wrapped beltings. And at **Ferre,** in a collarless navy pants suit, narrowly cut, a tricolor sash that wraps the waist.

Sometimes, the waist dips slightly lower, with belts that drop at the hip but that still control . . . at **Geoffrey Beene,** hip sashes "hold" his narrow dresses. "I love the hip sash," he comments. "It's a little bit sassier." More hip emphasis: from **Perry Ellis,** narrow belts, dropping low on deep V'd long sweaters; and, in gabardine and suède trousers, from **Calvin Klein,** also worn on the hip-bone.

As for color, two different strong directions: the first, to brights, vivid, clean-colored. Says **Ferrè:** "The story of the collection starts with color. I have completely forgotten khaki and burned colors." Adds **Rykiel:** "All my colors are rather violent, strong colors; even the white is a real, pure white." Checking the volume of the brights—pairings with black . . . as in **Soprani's** yellow duffel, faced with black, over a fuchsia pullover. More bright color: red, white, and blue, often in stripes, **Geoffrey Beene's** peach and apricot silks; **Calvin Klein's** mauves, blues, terra-cotta. And in the opposite direction: watercolor tints—lemon, mint, seafoam, pale blue, mostly in leather, suèdes.

The second color direction—to all-black and all-white, black and white in combination, and a very dark navy blue. At **Sonia Rykiel,** for evening, there was black damask, black lace and satin, and a navy so dark it looks like black.

The most remarkable colors of all, in stripes, imaginative, inventive. Examples: **Armani's** inch-wide rainbow stripes, filled in with other colors; **Mario Valentino's** textural woven leather stripings; dark ombré stripes from **Ungaro;** In Paris, **Valentino's** tricolored striped blouses; **Rykiel's** black-and-white striped sweater sets. "The Rykiel woman is always very striped," she commented. And in New York, even more: from **Perry Ellis,** wonderful stripings in different colors—wide stripes, awning stripes, regimental stripes, spaced stripes; from **Calvin Klein,** stripes in a variety of widths, from skinny pinstripes to stripes two inches wide. . . . And, there are special prints: the best, **Ungaro's** lush florals, **Krizia's** small, charming mini-prints, and especially, all over, in abundance, stars . . .

What else to watch—*suèdes, still an important "fabric"—everywhere . . .* **Soprani's** suède pullovers with linen collars, in purple, pink, magenta, turquoise; **Mario Valentino's** criss-cross suède tops; from **Calvin Klein,** bright-colored suèdes—a dusty blue boatneck top, big and easy, and short matching skirt; desert toned neutrals from **Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co.;** from **Ralph Lauren,** pastels, chamois tones—a lavender whip-stitched jacket, beige suède trousers.

PROPORTION—AS MUCH OF A CHANGE AS A CHANGE IN LENGTH

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Beauty Now

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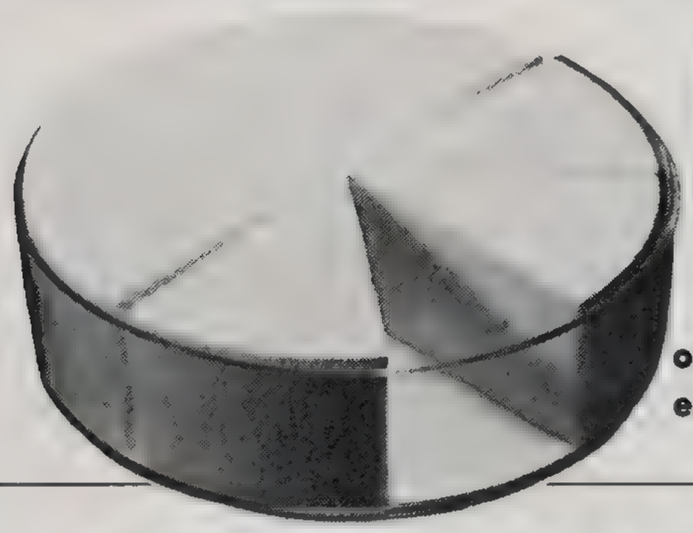
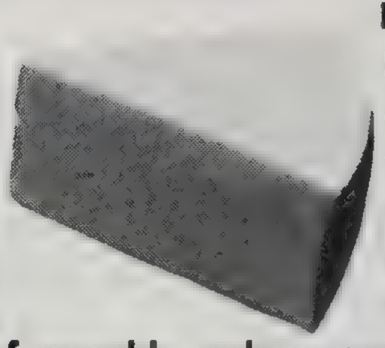
Thought for the holiday: a totally new look. Why not? Quickest way to achieve it: with a new hairstyle/cut/color . . .

CHRISTOPHER MOSER

Holiday books: "This new version of doing the town is even more fun to read than when the tab was $500!" says Geraldine Stutz, Henri Bendel president, about "New York on $1,000 a Day" (Collier Books) by Ferne Kadish, Kathleen Kirtland, Gladyce Begelman; well-kept secrets including "The Beauty Scene". . . Beauty for the mind: "Celebrations" by Caterine Milinaire (Harmony Books) beautiful words, photographs of every kind of celebration.





From the sublime—Princess Marcella Borghese compact by Bulgari *(right)* with cabochon sapphire clasp, sterling silver ($1800) or 18k gold ($10,000)—to the practical: a "pie" of reusable makeup sponges to make blending easy: $11.50, Kate Fields, 116 E. 16th St., NYC 10003.

MINK OIL

If you've been enjoying the exclusive Emlin bath products given to guests by the Hyatt Hotel chain know that Emlin also makes a full treatment and makeup line available at fine stores across the country. Every product is based on a mink oil formula, considered by Emlin's research scientists "to come closer to the oils of the human skin than many other ingredients" . . . More mink oil goes into Gillette's new Mink Difference hairspray—delivering silkiness along with control.

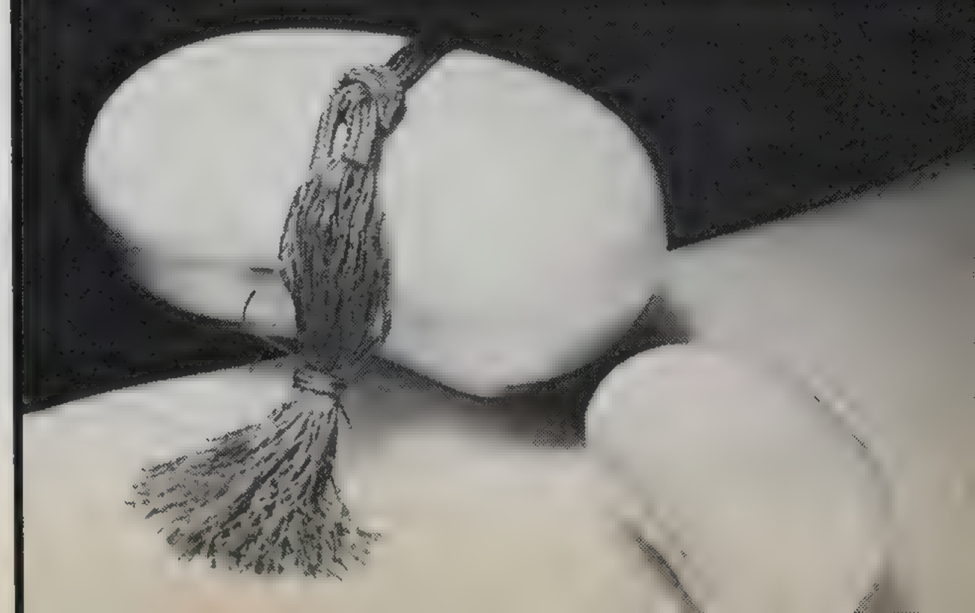
Beauty for Christmas . . .

Covered gold and blue cachepots designed after seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pieces from the French court filled with Orlane's leading treatment products, B 21, $100, and B 23, $95. . . . A clutch of immaculate and different compacts: Nesting Duck, Christmas Camellia, Jeweler's Enamel; all containing solid perfume from Estée Lauder; from $20 to $25 . . . and the delicate Chinoiserie Porcelain Collection Sugar Bowl (Youth Dew Creamy Milk Bath, $27.50), Coffee Pot (soap, body cream, and cologne, $50). . . . And for him from Burberry by Elizabeth Arden, a sensible twill implement kit with cologne, "tortoiseshell" comb and toothbrush, wooden-handled razor, nail file, clipper set, and corkscrew, $85.

Photo *top:* Dress, OMO Norma Kamali; earrings, Ben Amun; bracelet, Cara Croniger; stores, last pages

REYNOLDS ROLLES

By Halston, *below:* elegant ivory porcelain beans . . . filled with Halston bath powder, or his evocative scented candles.



"DON'T USE MOISTURIZERS.."

ILONA OF HUNGARY

A rare personal interview with Madame Ilona, the founder of ILONA OF HUNGARY world-renowned skin care treatments and products.

By Joan Cook

Joan: A handful of years ago, no one had heard the name of Ilona of Hungary; and today your name fills the columns of prestigious magazines and newspapers. You operate three very successful skin care institutes in New York City, Houston and Denver. Madame Ilona, what is the secret of your success?
ILONA: When I started with two tiny rooms in Denver I hadn't planned to grow. But if you have quality products, if you care for your clients, I suppose growth happens automatically.
Joan: Many professionals consider you today's leader in the field of skin care. You must be proud of your success.
ILONA: I am proud to be known for quality and the faith my clients have in me.
Joan: You are also known to be expensive.
ILONA: Correction, please. I am the least expensive because I give my clients their money's worth. My institutes provide the best skin treatments available today. I personally train all my skin care specialists. I try all the products on my own skin. No product reaches the client unless I find it perfect.

photo by Nicholas DeSciose

Madame Ilona is shown here in the office of one of her three world-famous skin care institutes.

Joan: I understand you were offered a lucrative opportunity to distribute your cosmetics in department stores but you refused. Why?
ILONA: The way department stores sell cosmetics is unprofessional in my judgement. The women behind the counter are trained mainly to sell. They know little or nothing about skin care and are unable to recognize various skin types and conditions. But even if they were trained skin care specialists, they could not analyze the skin properly over the width of the counter, under poor lighting conditions, or through the customer's makeup.
Joan: In your institutes new clients must have a skin analysis before they are allowed to purchase your products?
ILONA: That is correct. In my judgement there are no "all purpose" cosmetics. Proper analysis is extremely important. In cleansing for example, you must not use the same cleanser on dry skin that you would use on oily skin.
Joan: You operate three famous institutes nationwide today. Not every person is financially prepared to fly to your locations. What about those who live hundreds of miles away?
ILONA: For years I have had "Ilona of Hungary Skin Care Regimen" available for $2.00. This booklet gives specific instructions so people can correctly analyze their skin at home, and know which products to select after the analysis is complete. The $2.00 is credited toward the first order.
Joan: Is this system successful?
ILONA: Definitely! Look at these eight thick binders. They are filled with hundreds of letters sent to me by very satisfied clients. When a client follows my instructions, the results are spectacular. These letters are the best proof.
Joan: You certainly have a radiant, glowing complexion. Is this something you were born with, Madame Ilona?
ILONA: I believe everyone is born with good skin. How long it remains good depends on how it is maintained. Here's an example that is not about skin, but about *care*. A new car leaves the factory in good condition. It lasts a long time if the owner maintains it. There are certain requirements that must be met, no matter how inconvenient or costly. Your skin needs regular care also. If the skin is maintained properly, your face will not age prematurely. Please remember; an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure!
Joan: You introduced some very revolutionary ideas about skin care to the United States. Can you elaborate on this?
ILONA: In the first place, I use a natural mineral-rich spa water which I import from Budapest to make all my skin care products. All other manufacturers in America use de-ionized or de-mineralized water. My mineral water is loaded with Magnesium, Sodium and Potassium which are vital life elements of healthy human skin cells. These minerals make the skin more receptive to the proteins and vitamins used in my formulations.
Joan: You make a convincing case for your mineral water. It sounds very special.
ILONA: You can check it in your encyclopedia. Centuries ago the Romans and Greeks imported this water for its therapuetic qualities. Empress Elizabeth of Austria also had it shipped to her from Budapest regularly.
You also have to realize that different climatic conditions require different skin care. If you move from a humid New York climate to dry Arizona, your skin care rituals must change. That is why I have developed two lines of skin care products, one for dry climates, one for humid climates. I am very proud of this feature because I was the first professional in America to recognize the need.
Joan: Skin care is a relatively new science in this country and now all the big cosmetic manufacturers have started to market treatment products. How do you feel about that?
ILONA: For decades these cosmetic companies have misled American women, convincing them that makeup is the key to beauty. These companies ignored the concepts of skin health and maintenance totally. The results have been disasterous to the complexions of American women. Some years ago when a poll was taken, 80% of American women complained of skin problems compared with only 2% of European women. Today professionals like me who really know how to care for and maintain healthy skin, have created a demand for regular skin care. Suddenly, manufacturers jumped on the bandwagon whether they have the knowledge and experience or not.
Joan: Does this mean that you don't manufacture makeup?
ILONA: I do, but it is developed to enhance the beauty of the skin and not to cover imperfections. If you take care of your skin, it will be glowing and radiant.
Joan: What is your opinion about moisturizers?
ILONA: I'm glad you brought this up. For years women were told that the use of moisturizers would solve all dry skin problems. It is a medical fact that natural moisture escapes from skin that is not protected. So...what is a logical solution? Try to preserve the moisture your body produces. Sun, wind and pollution are fierce enemies of the skin. My special protection cream or lotion protects against these elements during the day and at the same time helps seal in your own moisture. The protection cream or lotion is not the same as moisturizer. My recommendation is: Don't use moisturizers during the day. Replenishment of moisture should be done overnight with quality creams. But don't make the terrible mistake of blanketing your face with heavy oils, because you will suffocate your skin.
Joan: Let me ask you about something I noticed in your advertising. Most cosmetic companies feature young girls in their ads. You don't. Why?
ILONA: Other cosmetic ads try to make a reader want to look like the model in the ad so she will buy the advertised product. But no product can turn back time. A woman of 40 or 50 cannot look like a 20-year-old.
With my ads, I want women to understand that they must maintain their skin from the early years on. Women need not develop wrinkles by the age of 35.
Joan: I have never seen celebrities endorsing your products. Why not?
ILONA: I have many celebrities as my clients and I honor their privacy. They appreciate it. Furthermore, celebrities who endorse certain products are paid for their testimony. I want people to buy my products and treatments for their own merit, not because someone was paid for saying the products are good. That makes a big difference to me.
Joan: I love your philosophy and independent spirit. Do you have some "secret" ingredients in your treatments and products?
ILONA: If you asked Julia Child the same question, she would not be able to tell you the name of a special ingredient that made her cooking famous. It is the total knowledge, and how to select and put together ingredients. It is the same with my knowledge of skin care.
Joan: Thank you Madame Ilona.
ILONA: It was my pleasure.

ILONA OF HUNGARY Institutes of Skin Care are located in

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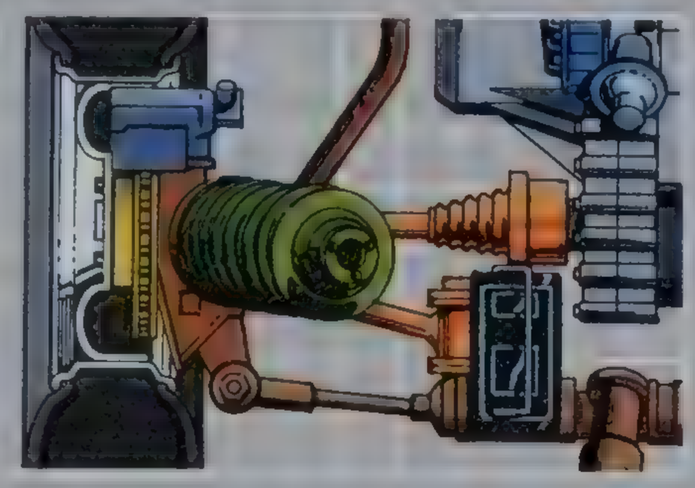

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The new diesels: you may never run out of gas again

How they differ; how they drive

BY LILLIAN BORGESON

There are many reasons why a woman might want to trade in her old standard for a new diesel—lower operating costs and fuel efficiency not the least of them.

Now, diesel-engine cars are more accessible than ever before (Mercedes-Benz reports that 80 percent of their cars sold in the U.S. are now diesels—up from 17 percent in 1970; General Motors predicts that within three years, about one out of every five of their cars will be a diesel). This higher productivity rate, combined with soaring gasoline prices, makes buying a diesel-engine car a more attractive option than ever.

A diesel-powered VW Rabbit, for instance, gets about 30 miles per gallon (mpg) in the city and over 50 mpg on the highway compared to a standard-powered Rabbit's 20 mpg in the city and only 40 mpg on the highway. And in most parts of the country, the price of diesel fuel runs about thirty cents per gallon less than for gasoline.

"The economy cranks in when you operate, not when you buy"

But even though gasoline prices will almost surely continue to rise, the diesel alternative isn't necessarily best for every driver. For one thing, diesel cars cost more to begin with than their gasoline-engined counterparts: the economy part cranks in when you operate, not when you buy. And before you decide to go diesel, you should be aware of these other points, too:

● **Starting cold.** Unlike standard engines, diesels have no spark plugs, and a diesel car that's cold (which means one that's been parked for several hours, especially in cold weather) won't start until its engine has been warmed by built-in electric "glow plugs." A dashboard light tells you when the power plant is ready to go, and in some diesel cars the preliminary warm-up takes 50 or 60 seconds. But that inconvenience may be on the way out. In the recently introduced diesel Chevette, newly designed glow plugs cut warm-up time to five or six seconds; it's likely that other diesel-makers will find a way to compete.

In very cold climates, though, diesels have other problems, too. At temperatures below about 20° F., diesel fuel tends to thicken up and can clog the fuel lines. Where temperatures fall below zero, most diesels can be virtually unstartable unless they've been kept warm overnight with a special electric engine-warmer (which comes as standard equipment with some diesel cars, a low-cost option with others). And especially when they're cold, diesel cars run with an annoying clatter.

● **On-the-road performance.** The acceleration of diesels tends to be sluggish rather than quick, and their uphill pulling power is less than most drivers are accustomed to. In some diesel models these minuses are minimized by the addition of a turbocharger, which pumps additional air into the engine. In others they're helped by gearing (a five-speed transmission, for example, will probably give you livelier acceleration than the same car with a four-speed). What counts most, though, is your own requirement for get-up-and-go. When you do a demo run in a diesel, be sure your test course includes some stop-and-go traffic, an expressway on-ramp and maybe a hill or two.

● **Care and feeding.** In a typical California suburb there are thirty or forty service stations, and only three of them sell diesel fuel; but that's two more than you'd have found a year ago.

The availability of diesel fuel, once a real problem, is becoming no problem as diesel popularity rises. According to the editors of *Hammond's Diesel Stop Directory* ($5.95 at most bookstores, and a handy item for any diesel-car glove compartment), there are now some 17,000 service stations that offer diesel fuel, and the number is increasing at the rate of about 2000 a year. But check the stations in your own area to be sure you'll have no trouble getting fuel.

Though many service stations that sell diesel fuel also offer maintenance-and-repair facilities, you may run into some that will handle only American-made diesel cars; others, only European diesels; and you may find that your favorite mechanic won't touch any diesel with a ten-foot wrench. In some places you can count on getting repairs only in the service department of the diesel-car dealership.

But all these points are considerations; they're not necessarily crucial drawbacks. The fact is that most people who own diesel cars love 'em . . . and as a GM spokesman points out, they offer one of the few ways available for getting good fuel economy in a family-sized heavyweight. As with any car, though, it's important to know what you're getting into *before* you buy. ▽

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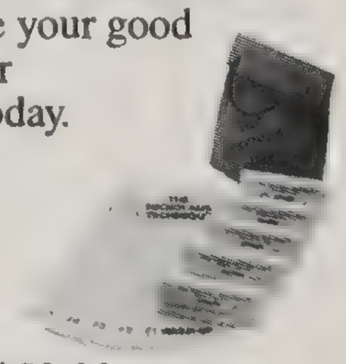

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT. . .

The eighteenth-century woman: her charm, her wit, her power

One shining example—the amazing, beautiful, brilliant Mme de Pompadour

BY OLIVIER BERNIER

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, bequest of Lillian S. Timken, 1959

Mme de Pompadour depicted as Diana (1748) by the French portraitist Jean Marc Nattier

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Who was the eighteenth-century woman? She was among the most talented, the most socially and politically powerful women the world has ever known. And now her mystique is being celebrated in several very appealing ways.*

"The Eighteenth-Century Woman," the tenth consecutive show organized in New York for The Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute by its special consultant Diana Vreeland, is opening later this month. Covering approximately one hundred years before the French Revolution, a variety of aspects of the eighteenth-century woman's daily life will be illustrated by costumes, accessories, and objets d'art from the Museum's collection, plus some unexpected loans from public and private collections in Europe and America. One example: on loan from Versailles, a reproduction of the dazzling "Queen's Necklace," said to be one of the causes of the French Revolution.

Inspired by Mrs. Vreeland's concept for this exhibit, Olivier Bernier, the author of "Pleasure and Privilege" (Doubleday), has written a fascinating book, "The 18th Century Woman," to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. in April, 1982. From it, we excerpt, in abridged form, his chapter on Mme de Pompadour, mistress of King Louis XV of France and one of the most remarkable women of her century.

For more about the eighteenth century at its peak, see the photographs from Deborah Turbeville's mysterious and splendid book, "Unseen Versailles" (pages 244–247), with its interpretation by Barbara Rose, and an interview with Turbeville by Amy Gross.

It didn't mean much to be the Regent's mistress: the troop of these ladies was large and their influence nonexistent, as Mme du Deffand could have testified; but to become the King's official mistress was very different. Louis XIV codified the etiquette regarding mistresses in the great days of Mmes de La Vallière and de Montespan, and it lasted unchanged until the Revolution. Foremost among the powerful offices of state was that of the royal mistress. It entailed a number of perquisites: money, jewelry, precedence—that lifeblood of the court—and of course, enormous fame. The lady's son or husband was likely to be made a duke, her younger son or nephew a cardinal. The nicest thing of all was that, really, there was no dishonor involved if your wife or mother was the mistress. In France the King had actually become semi-divine. It was rather like Zeus and his innumerable women: you didn't refuse a god.

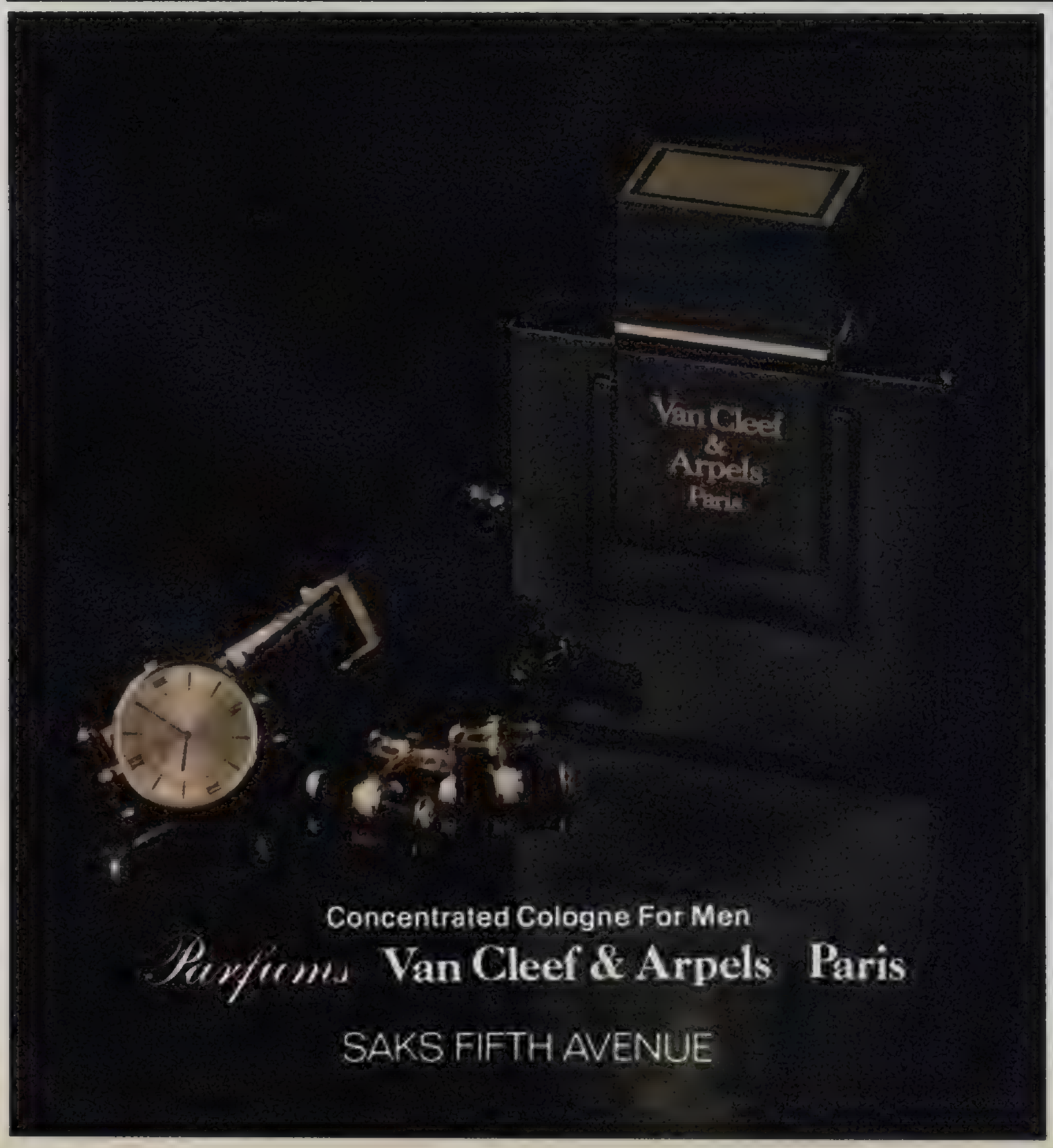
All those good things, however, came only to the *maîtresse declarée.* The King was expected to have countless little affairs, lasting a day, a week, even a month with middle- or lower-class women. Each might be given a few thousand livres, but obviously there was no question of a role at court. So when, in 1745, people realized that Louis XV was seeing the pretty Madame d'Etioles, no one paid much attention.

Mme d'Etioles was a typical product of the new enriched bourgeoisie. Her parents, named Poisson (Fish—later the subject of endless puns), belonged to a network of rich speculators and fermiers-généraux.* She had been married, at the usual age of twenty, to M. Lenormant d'Etioles, a nephew of her mother's lover and a fermier-général himself. Naturally there could be no question of presenting her at court, since her family would need to prove that it had been noble since the year 1400. Anyway, she didn't even know anyone there.

People she did know—well-to-do Parisians of no particular social standing—all found her exceptional. She was enormously pretty, bright, and funny. In a day when the haute couture had not yet been invented, and women designed their own clothes with the help of a dressmaker, she was extraordinarily elegant. She had a feeling for decoration, too: everybody loved her château at Etioles. She understood food; she could sing, dance, play the harpsichord, even act. Altogether, she was enchanting.

It is hard to say *(Continued on page 136)*

From the book: THE 18TH CENTURY WOMAN by Olivier Bernier. Copyright © 1981 by Olivier Bernier. To be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. in April, 1982



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Hair Now

Salon news roundup... volume, length tips from top stylists

Prettiest evening hair now—with holidays just around the corner—starts with volume: key looks here—soft full, and controlled

Salon news . . . In New York: Suga, a long-time favorite at Bergdorf Goodman, has just opened his own salon in the new Galleria building (115 East 57 St). "As always," says Suga, "the emphasis will be on beautiful, workable styles. I believe hair should be easy to care for—whether it's short or long. Women today want volume and shape—without a lot of fuss." . . . **Now, from California,** come beauty-oriented videotapes—watchable at salons across the country, featuring experts (many from the Cassandre 2000 salon in Los Angeles) demonstrating makeup application, hair care, new trends—much more. For the salon nearest you, call Sebastian International, toll-free at (800) 423-5517. . . . **News-flash:** If you've been looking for New York color-whiz Constance Hartnett—she's color director of the Jean Louis David salon at Henri Bendel.

When stylists talk about volume now, they don't mean wild, unruly hair. What counts: softness, fullness, a bit of curl, and—always—an element of control. Photo, *top:* Longest hair with volume "built in" at the sides, by Suga.

One of the prettiest short versions of the new "fuller" look we've seen, (sketch, *above*) from Alexandre of Paris. A longer, curlier—face-softening—look, *right*, by John Sahag.

"One way to increase volume is to open up the cuticles of the hair," says Leland Hirsch, director of the Nubest & Co. salon in Manhasset, NY. "Many of the ingredients used in shampoos today—such as polymers and proteins—weigh down hair unnecessarily. Mild-detergent shampoos make cuticles stand upright—so hair looks much fuller. What is needed, in terms of care: wide-tooth combs, gentle brushes that won't break hair." Another volumizer: new, light hairsprays—such as Redken's Ultriance Glyprogenic hairspray—that go on "dry," hold hair in place without weighing it down.

VALENTE VIEW

One of Italy's best-known stylists, Sergio Valente—he does the models' hair for the Fendi and Valentino fashion shows as well as the hair of some of the most attractive women in Rome—offers opinions on hair today, tips to keep hair looking its best. On shape: "There is more control to hair now—but with softness. Some hair should always frame the face, some should always fall on the neck. Hair is shorter, but not very short—length is determined by the shape of the face, the proportions of the body—not by what is in fashion." On color: "I believe color should be applied under natural light. Haircolor applied under artificial light will look very different when a woman walks out of the salon." On care: "A good conditioner is important. Use one every time you shampoo; deep-condition about every three weeks."

Photo, *top:* Earrings by Victor Carranza; makeup, Joey Mills; details, stores, last pages

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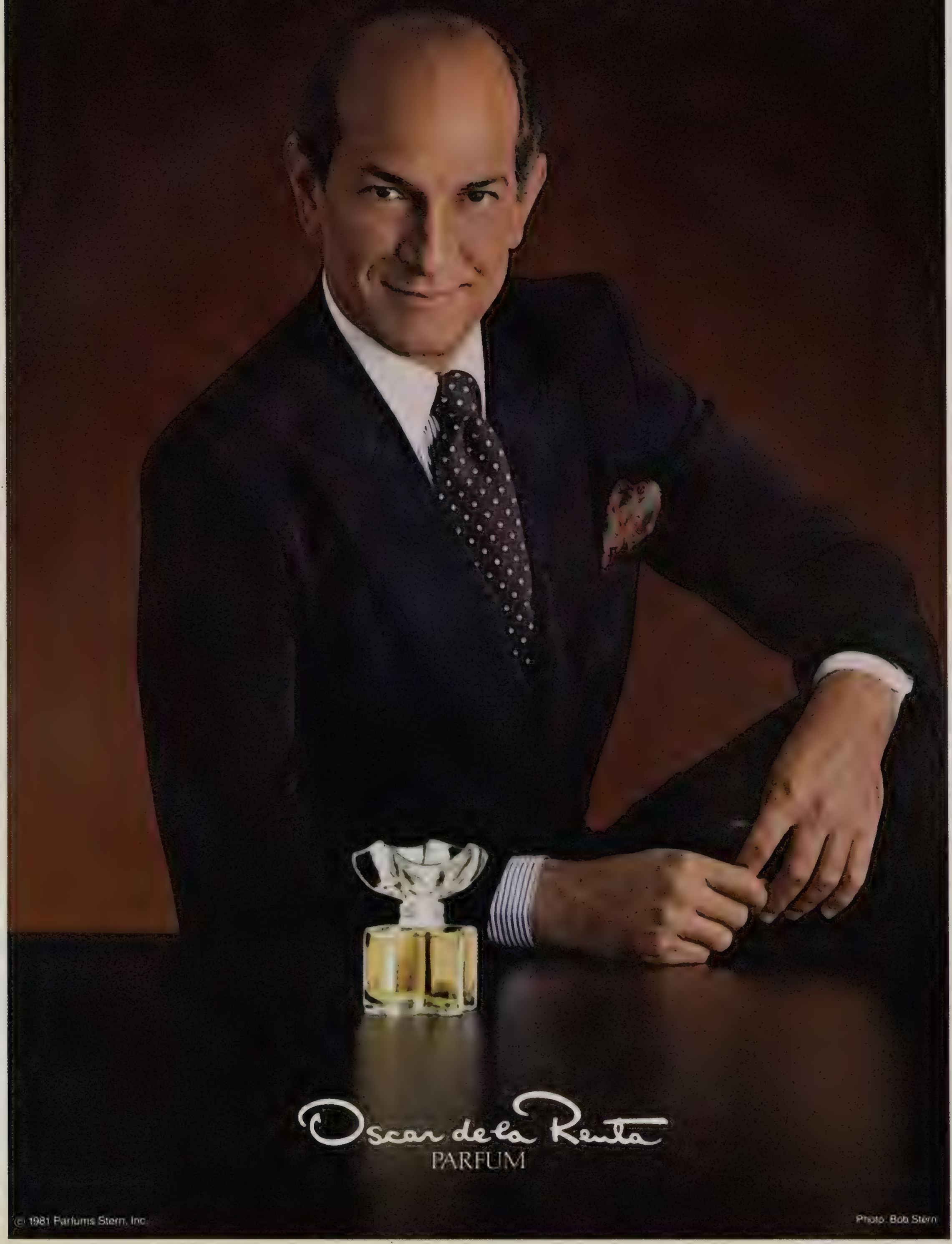

Oscar de la Renta
PARFUM

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Photo: Bob Stern

YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 24)

Day O'Connor (September, 1981). The selection of Susan B. Anthony for a new coin was finally to give American women much-deserved recognition and respect. Sandra Day O'Connor has elevated the American woman to a greater height of distinction. . . .

Martha Miller
Beaumont TX

In praise of a good ear

Many thanks for Julia Cameron's "A Few Irresistible Reasons for Paying Attention" (August, 1981), a quiet piece that resounds with truth and simple good sense. I agree: "Survival lies in sanity and sanity lies in paying attention," however painful that exercise can be. I also agree with Cameron that paying attention can yield to us the beauty, even if minimal, that exists in our everyday lives.

I want to add that paying attention also makes for brilliant writing. Cameron's thoughtful piece reminded me of Henry James's characterization of the writer as "a person upon whom nothing is lost." She proves that the examined life is not only worth living but worth reporting. Strength to her in keeping her vigil and rendering it so artfully.

Carla Seaquist
San Diego CA

Promoting part-timers

We would like to offer a few thoughts on the pursuit of the part-time position (Vogue, September 1981). If you are willing to share a job, you can turn full-time into part-time, and on your own terms. Employers benefit by having available a wider range of skills, talents, and interests, and a greater resource of energy and creativity. The job-sharers in turn have more flexibility, can provide better coverage and have a built-in support system and an ability to rejuvenate unequaled by any one full-time person. In fact, two minds really are better than one. If potential employers find the idea of two people for the price of one startling, you might consider undertaking a project or part-time position as a volunteer job-sharing team. This enables you to demonstrate the effectiveness of team work and at the same time allows you to work out the details of sharing which will ensure its effectiveness. One last thought—in Rochester, there are now several teams but all are working in the public and/or not-for-profit sector. This is not to say that job-sharing is inappropriate for business, but only that business has not yet felt the need to consider it as a real alternative.

Marjorie F. Grinols
Margaret Cherr
Rochester NY

Congratulations on the upbeat article featuring part-time professionals in your September issue. Vogue readers should know about the Association of Part-Time Professionals, a nonprofit membership organization promoting employment opportunities for qualified individuals interested in part-time professional positions. APTP chapters are under way throughout the country. For information, your readers can write to APTP, P.O. Box 3419, Alexandria, Virginia 22302, or call (703) 370-6206.

Diane Rothberg
President
Alexandria VA

Giving a good read

After my first reading of the September issue of Vogue, I'm so moved, I must let you know immediately. Quality! A bargain! Beautiful layouts. Intelligent articles. Along with the quantity of pages, I received a feeling that on each page you were giving your best (counterpunching the prevailing feeling of inflationary mediocrity).

Susan Cravetz
Villanova PA

You should be dancin'

In reference to "Dance M'am," (September, 1981)—for goodness sakes, y'all must be foolin. . . .

"Cowboy dancing? . . ." maybe Western Swing or Jitterbug. . . . Sorry but you can't tell a "real" cowboy by the way he dances. I know many who don't dance at all and several fourth-generation Texans with two left feet who own land and cattle as far as the eye can see (definitely "real cowboy"). All cowboys who do dance, dance differently. It's a matter of personal style and pride.

True country folks remove the hat before swing dancing. . . . Only Rexall rangers would actually sit on a saddle with legs (bar stool). . . .

Texas dance bands aren't known by those catchy names y'all use up in Wyomin' and other points Yankee. Examples of local dance bands: Alvin Crow & The Pleasant Valley Boys, the Texas Rhythm Rangers.

My best advice is if you want to write about real Western dancin, come on down to Texas, especially West and Central, where it was all born. Y'all come and see us and we'll go dancin.

Michael and Renee Wellman
Austin TX

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For a special man—strong, sensitive—a special man's fragrance: Chanel's Antaeus Pour Homme (*left*)—warm, woody, sensual. And very handsomely flacon'd in Chanel's signature black. . . . Also: Club Cardin, Pierre Cardin's new "health club for a man's skin"—a revitalizing cleanser/scrubber/splash/moisturizer workout for the body.

Photo, *above:* Hair, Stephane Lempire for John Sahag Makeup, Vincent Nasso. Details, stores, last pages

CHRISTOPHER MOSER

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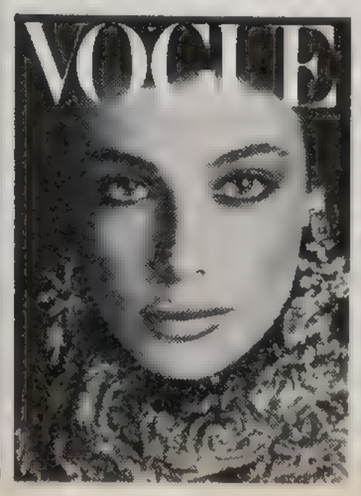
Cover Look

The new dazzle: this season's spectacular look!

Sensational! For special evenings: Yves Saint Laurent's dazzling suit—a snug cardigan and long, lean skirt, beaded in swirls of "gold"; encrusted with chunks of colored "jewels." Another look at it, on dynamite Diana Ross, page 242. More "jewels": Yves Saint Laurent's star-burst earrings. Hair, John Sahag; make-up, Ariella. Photograph by Avedon.



On the cover, Kelly LeBrock, and the new dazzle in makeup: eyes shaded with Crystal Gold, lined with Goldlite over Peacock . . . lips shimmered with A'dore over Claret. All, from Lancôme's Bal d'Hiver collection.

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Living well, feeling poor

. . . *and other emotional paradoxes*

BY SUSAN JACOBY

At a cocktail party, I am complaining to another writer about a newspaper column for which the fee is only $300 a week. A woman interrupts and says that $300 for one column seems like a lot of money to her. I am furious. She is married to an extremely successful man and has not held a full-time job for fifteen years. I want to ask her when she last tried supporting herself, much less a family, on $300 a week. I am also envious. She has a man to take care of her. I don't. This wasn't the way it was supposed to be.

An architect who makes $45,000 a year looks longingly at a travel article. In the late 1960s, when he was making only one-third of his present income, he used to go to Italy every summer. Inflation and rising taxes have made it necessary for him to cut out his vacations. He feels cheated and he feels poor. An increased income used to produce a higher standard of living. This wasn't the way it was supposed to be.

• • •

"Supposed to be" is the most common phrase in the emotional language of money. It is the key to the distress of many well-off Americans who complain of "feeling poor," and to the ambivalence of many women about supporting themselves.

What do people really mean when they say they feel poor? A newspaper reporter who makes $30,000 a year says she felt poor when she fell in love with a $250 pair of suède boots and had to pass them up because she had already run up too many charge-account bills. A couple earning $75,000 feel poor because high mortgage rates are preventing them from "trading up" their two-bedroom condominium for a three-bedroom apartment.

None of these people is really poor—but their *feeling* of being poor is very real. It is also a classic example of the way in which emotions can distort perceptions of economic reality, because what most of us mean when we say we feel poor is that there is a gap between the reality of our lives today and the expectation of ever-increasing affluence that characterized our upbringing.

Americans under the age of fifty came to maturity in the most hopeful economic climate this country has ever enjoyed. Our parents achieved prosperity beyond the wildest dreams of their own parents, and we expected to do even better. Sociologists call this feeling "entitlement"; Leo Tolstoy described it as "an expectation of happiness."

Small wonder, then, that a man who went to Europe for his high-school graduation present is dismayed to find he cannot afford the same trip today. The inflation of the late 1970s, and the resulting drop in consumer buying power, have dealt an emotional blow to those of us who grew up with the expectation that every day, in every way, our standard of living would get better and better.

The inflation and reduced buying power are economic facts, but they do not begin to account for the fear and resentment many people express when they say they feel poor. I suspect that the threat to our sense of personal security is the real issue. Failure to recognize the emotional nature of this response poses a serious obstacle to dealing with financial reality in a rational way.

I recently ran into two friends who told me a tale of woe about their inability to obtain a mortgage to buy a cooperative apartment. Amy is a commercial artist; her husband Joshua is a lawyer. Their combined income is more than $80,000 a year. Several months ago, they took out a mortgage to buy a country house. Amy also quit her full-time job with an advertising agency in an effort to start her own business. Everything seemed fine until their rental

We grew up expecting to be richer, not poorer

building in Manhattan was suddenly converted to a co-op, and they were faced with the choice of buying or getting out. What to do?

They had been turned down by two banks, and were frantically trying to find a relative who would co-sign their loan. Joshua was unwilling to consider the obvious alternative of selling their weekend house. "It would be a real failure to me," he said. Amy was equally unwilling to return to her job. "I don't want to be stuck working for someone else," she said.

Inflated emotional expectations are blurring this couple's vision of a changed economic reality. Their combined income is simply not large enough to support two mortgages. Their failure to recognize the true nature of their situation is not a result of inadequate information, but of unexamined emotions about security and success. Where is it written that a man and woman in their mid-thirties should be able to afford two homes? Where is it written that they have "failed" if they must give up one component of an affluent life?

For many women, another form of "entitlement"—the feeling that we ought to be able to depend on a man for financial support—sets up a highly charged emotional barrier to effective money management. No matter that one out of every three marriages ends in divorce, or that most women outlive their husbands by seven years, or that a majority of widows over sixty-five live in poverty because their husbands' pensions were inadequate to provide for a surviving wife. Mom and Dad sang the tune that it was a man's role in life to provide for his family, and the melody lingers on.

Regardless of whether a woman is single, married, or divorced, the feeling of entitlement expresses itself in an astonishingly consistent reluctance to plan for an independent future. During the past ten years, insurance companies and investment funds have made a serious attempt to reach the growing market of working women, but most women are still poorly prepared for the future. Even when life has rudely contradicted their fantasies, many women still fail to get the message.

Jean, a successful writer, with two children about to enter college and an ex-husband who stopped sending child support when her first book was published, has no life or disability insurance. Reminded that she ought to insure her children's education in the event of her death, she says, "If I thought about the fact that I'm their only support, I'd be so paralyzed that I wouldn't be able to write a line."

The sexual politics of money affect a wide variety of financial issues confronting men and women who are married or living together. Most of the emotional turmoil flows from the gap between the roles we were raised to play and the reality of life in a society in which women's income has become a necessity rather than a luxury. I live alone now, and I feel a deep undercurrent of anxiety about having no one else upon whom I can depend. I have a chronic intestinal disorder, and I worry about getting sick and being unable to work. I feel envious of women who have husbands and who don't have to make as much money as I do. When my apartment building was converted to a cooperative, most of the women in my building looked at me blankly when I complained about the difficulties of getting a mortgage and closing the deal. Their husbands handled all of that, they said (although most of them are working women). I felt a combination of contempt (how could they pay so little attention to such an important financial decision?) and envy (why did I have to bear all of these burdens alone?). How grateful I would be to shift the responsibility to someone else! (Of course, I wouldn't. When I was living with my husband, the mere suggestion that he might handle some financial decision alone would make me bristle.)

For both sexes, there is a deep ambivalence about the balance of financial power. Some men in high-paying, high-pressure jobs resent those women who choose less pressured and less lucrative work. At the same time, they may be extremely uneasy if they are involved with a woman who makes more money than they do. A woman who makes less money than her husband—as most women do—often feels that her husband's higher earning power gives him a stronger voice in financial decisions. The same woman may feel cheated and angry if her man makes less money than she does. The old sex roles have a powerful emotional pull; most women and men were raised to regard a husband's willingness to take the sole financial responsibility as proof of love. What does it say about the emotional content of the relationship if a man doesn't "take care of" a woman according to the old conventions?

The relatively new issue of premarital financial agreements between men and women who are living together is entangled with the whole complex of emotions about money, love, and security. Because most men still make more money and own more property than most women, the impetus for premarital agreements generally comes from men. For many women, a man's *(Continued on page 130)*

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ATLANTA																
BOSTON	3 67															
CHICAGO	3 50	3 50														
CLEVELAND	3 49	3 50	3 50													
DALLAS	3 67	3 50	3 67	3 67												
DENVER	3 67	3 50	3 67	3 67	3 67											
DETROIT	2 92	3 24	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 24										
INDIANAPOLIS	3 67	3 50	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 24									
MEMPHIS	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67								
MILWAUKEE	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67							
NEW HAVEN	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67						
NEW YORK	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67					
OMAHA	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67				
PHILADELPHIA	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67			
SAN FRANCISCO	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67		
SEATTLE	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	

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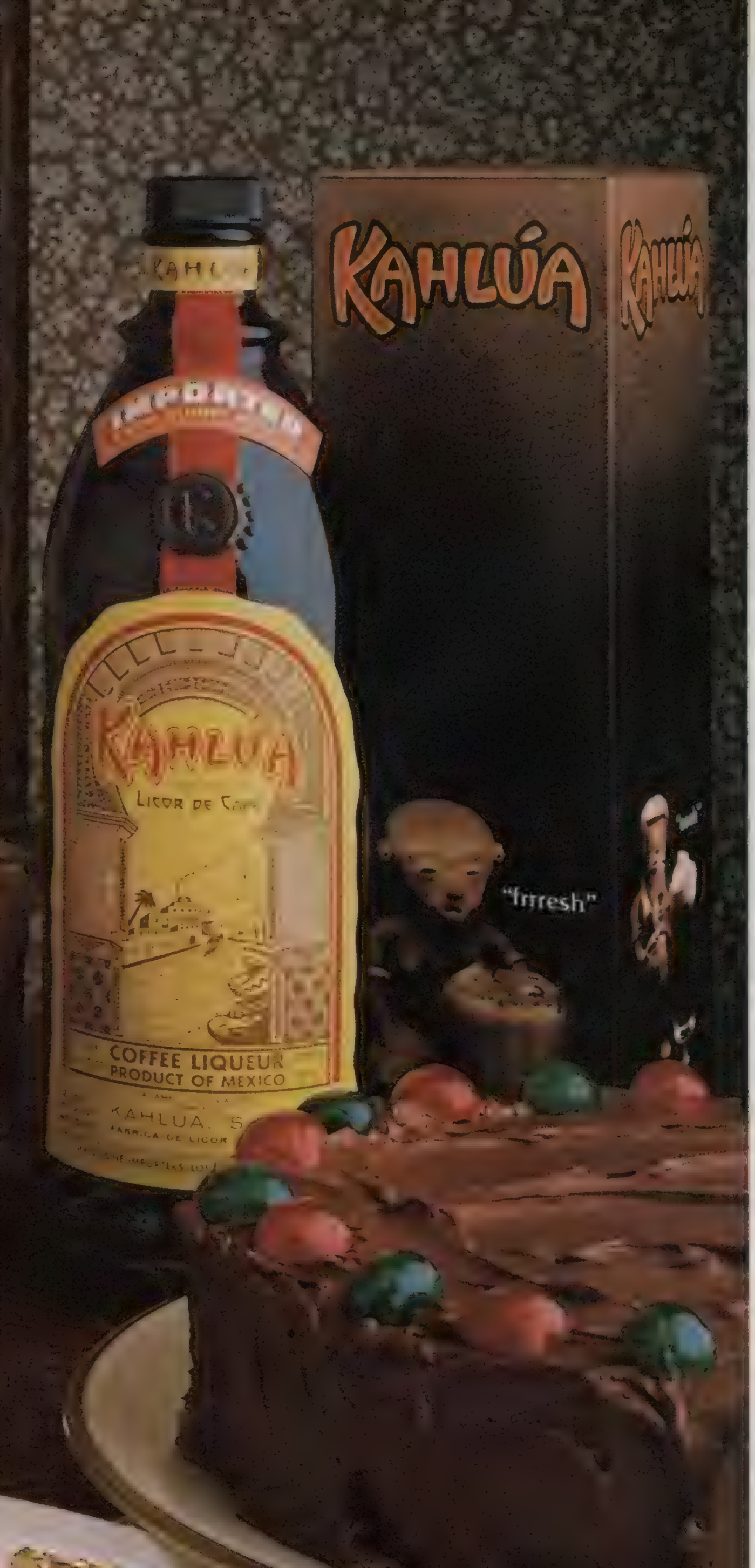

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½ cup Kahlúa

Beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually beat in ¼ c. sugar until stiff. Beat yolks with ½ c. sugar to a pale lemon color. Add almonds, salt and ¼ c. Kahlúa. Mix well and fold into egg whites. Pour into greased 9" springform pan, bottom-lined with greased wax paper. Bake at 300° for 60-65 min. Loosen sides of cake from pan with sharp knife, cool 5 min. Remove sides, invert on rack to remove wax paper. Turn over and cool. Drizzle cake with ¼ c. Kahlúa before frosting.

Kahlúa Frosting
Melt 6 oz. semi-sweet chocolate tidbits in top of double boiler. Cool slightly. Gradually stir in ¼ lb. sweet butter, cut into chilled pieces, and 2 tsp. instant coffee dissolved in ¼ c. Kahlúa. Mix well. Chill until spreadable. Frost and decorate with candied cherries.

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LIVING WELL . . .

(Continued from page 126)

request for such an agreement is tantamount to a declaration that he does not intend to take care of her until death do them part, to what theologians call a "mental reservation."

The recent wedding of two lawyers almost foundered on the man's request for a premarital agreement—one specifying that anything owned before the marriage would remain the sole property of the individual. The man owned $40,000 in stocks—all he had been able to salvage from a divorce in which his wife was receiving 50 percent of his annual income in alimony. "I was just furious," the woman recalls. "It was as though he were saying in advance, that he wasn't going to be responsible for me if anything went wrong in our marriage."

The woman eventually decided the man was more important to her than the financial agreement, and she signed. "I honestly don't know whether he would have married me if I had refused," she said. "I can see certain advantages in it—it removes a whole potential arena of conflict. But I still feel disappointed that he didn't want to make that old promise—the one that goes, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' "

Emotions have a way of interfering even with financial decisions that seem perfectly routine. Lawyers who are well aware of the disastrous consequences of failing to make a will have been known to die and leave a legal mess that takes their widows years to untangle. In spite of the need to make a will, many people are too frightened by death to provide for the inevitable.

For a number of years, I foolishly kept several thousand dollars in a low-interest savings account instead of a high-yield money-market fund. Why? I had an irrational need to keep my money "safe" in a nearby bank, where I could see the interest recorded in a savings book, instead of in a more impersonal institution that sent me monthly statements. I have a friend who refuses even to look at designer-dresses in discount stores because her mother always told her that "there's always something wrong with a cut-rate price, even if it doesn't show on the outside."

Emotions would not interfere so much with financial decisions if most of us did not find dozens of "reasonable" explanations for irrational behavior. The woman who refuses to buy life insurance for her children's education insists that her savings are large enough to pay the college bills. (They aren't.) The lawyer who puts off making a will says it would only have to be redone next year because he expects his financial situation to change dramatically. (So what? That doesn't change the fact that he needs a will now.) The woman who won't buy anything at a discount insists that Mom was right; everything on sale always has a rip where you can't see it *(always?)*.

When all rationalizations fail, most of us eventually fall back on those familiar, emotionally weighted images of how things are "supposed to be." Whenever I hear "supposed" in a conversation about money—I cut myself short. The word is an infallible signal that the grown-up who balances her checkbook and does her taxes has been replaced by a child waiting for the tooth fairy to leave a quarter—actually, $1.25 at today's rate of inflation—under her pillow. ▽

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An Extraordinary Influence

Writer, emissary — Edmonde Charles-Roux — France's woman of the hour

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By G. Y. Dryansky

Is Edmonde Charles-Roux, as her American friends are saying, the most powerful woman in France?

"Madness," she answers, with the purr, all the same, of a flattered female in her voice.

Even if her husband, the rock-like veteran mayor of tough Marseilles, is now France's Minister of the Interior, i.e., top cop, Madame Gaston Defferre insists that she's not *La Tricoteuse* of the new regime. Yes, she helped the Czech writer Milan Kindera become a French citizen and helped the Polish painter-in-exile Balthus get his passport, but that kind of influence on the inevitable is different from her real strength: a blend of literary talent, erudition, steadfast style, open-mindedness, and good manners. In the eyes of the new French regime, which calls itself a "Quiet Force," Edmonde Charles-Roux is a quintessential example of what the big change in France includes. And so she was asked to graft a government mission onto the promotional tour for her startling picture book *Chanel and Her World.* (The Vendome Press). The mission was to lecture worried Americans about socialist France.

France's new government is far from a workers' and peasants' Soviet—one out of two parliamentarians, and one out of three ministers are schoolteachers—and among these people steeped in what is still a tradition, venerating culture, are some prominent examples of the *haute bourgeoisie.*

Madame Defferre is the daughter of the noted ambassador François Charles-Roux. Her sister is the Princess Del Drago. She was born into opulence and the first book she ever wrote was a dictionary of etiquette called *Guide du Savoir Vivre.* In the 'sixties, she was editor-in-chief of French Vogue. Her two books on Chanel (one a straight biography and now the picture account of her life and times) as well as a novel inspired by Coco, witness her ardent fascination with one of the world's best Cinderella stories. Yet her books reveal an equal admiration for the style of the realm of privilege in which Chanel made her way. Her book before last (she's written seven) was an expansion of the Duke Fulco Di Verdura's *The Happy Summer Days: A Sicilian Childhood,* in which Charles-Roux truffled the late Duke's recollections with even more Proustian delectation in the wonders of being highborn.

"Privilege was delicious," she makes clear. "Should we start a fight with people of the past because they were privileged? Are we going to call the characters of *The Cherry Orchard* scoundrels? No, we should look at them with the same tenderness Chekhov showed."

Chanel's biographer, interpreter, and wife of Gaston Defferre, France's Minister of the Interior —is she the most powerful woman in France?

If Charles-Roux's new France is bent on reducing privilege, it will not, she insists, destroy something she holds more precious: style.

"Everything takes its value from style," she says, "you can be proud of what you do if you defend a style, prolong a style. But as soon as commercialism becomes too strong and dominates style, it all loses its interest."

For Charles-Roux, the mustachioed young men in tan gabardine bustling among the ministries have a new style, and there are more important examples of it in people such as Jack Lang, the forty-two-year-old minister of culture, or Laurent Fabius, the thirty-five-year-old minister of the budget with a brilliant academic career and startling skill as a horseman to his credit.

"The new style is what I call real style," she insists. "It's complete naturalness. Seeming is out."

And of course Charles-Roux reminds us that so much of her beloved Chanel's story is a lesson in style.

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(Continued on page 152)

pour celles qui adorent Yves Saint Laurent.

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MME DE POMPADOUR

(Continued from page 98)

just what she looked like. She was tall, svelte, graceful, with an oval face, light brown hair, and perfect teeth, a rarity in an age without dentists. Evidently she had a dazzling smile and magnetic, sparkling eyes, but none of her portraits looks quite like any other. She was, it seems, one of those women whose particular attraction shines out in the give-and-take of relationships, whose charm is overwhelming but cannot be put on canvas. Evidently it worked even at a distance: when she began to follow the King's hunt in the forest near Etioles (one day she wore a blue dress and drove a pink open carriage, the next day a pink dress and a blue carriage), she was quickly noticed by the King. Nothing happened, though; Mme de Chateauroux, the *maîtresse declarée,* saw to that.

Then on December 8, 1744, Mme de Chateauroux was dead, and within the week, young Mme d'Etioles met the King. At first she was led in secret to Louis XV's private apartments. It was all very discreet; M. d'Etioles was sent away on a business trip by his uncle; Mme d'Etioles came and went in the dead of night; the duc de Luynes's notion that she was a passing fancy seemed accurate. Only, the King loved to dance, and Mme d'Etioles was a wonderful dancer. During the month-long festivities, including many costume balls, that accompanied the marriage of the Dauphin, an unmistakably commanding figure was seen to dance again and again with Mme d'Etioles.

Tongues wagged, but people began wondering if the King was seriously in love only after the masked ball in the great Hall of Mirrors at Versailles on February 27, 1745. Even after the Queen, dressed as a shepherdess but wearing huge diamonds, had come out with the rest of the royal family, the King failed to appear. Then a side door opened and eight men walked in wearing identical costumes which made them look just like the topiary yew trees in the park outside. It was obvious that one of the walking bushes was the King. The seven who were not soon found themselves making successful love to pretty Parisians who hoped that they had snared the monarch. As for Louis XV, who unmasked after a short while, he was seen disappearing with Mme d'Etioles.

Shortly afterwards, the King went off to war. Mme d'Etioles settled in her country château and proceeded to enjoy a summer made livelier by the electric presence of Voltaire, and happier by the daily arrival of letters from the front. Then one day the address on the letters changed: instead of *A Madame d'Etioles,* it read *A Madame la marquise de Pompadour.* Within were the letters-patent establishing the marquessate, as well as the title deed to an estate. And when the campaign ended, a royal carriage drew up to a side door in Versailles. Out came a ravishing young woman who moved into a suite of rooms just above the King's own. Mme de Pompadour was about to become the official mistress.

Of course, there was an explosion of hatred and disappointment. One of those awful little bourgeoises was snatching an envied position from under the noses of the titled ladies at court. It was a dreadful blow to the aristocratic pride of everyone at Versailles: imagine having to kowtow to someone who wasn't even *born!** The consolation was that ridicule would kill her in no time. After all, the customs of the court, were complex and altogether different from those of the rest of the world, and the little Fish wouldn't know any of them. But she did; she had been learning them throughout the summer at Etioles. On the great day of her presentation at court, she was seen, maddeningly, to glide, curtsy, and kick back her train as if to the manner born.

Soon it was obvious to everyone that the King and the new marquise were very much in love. By October, 1745, habits which were to last for twenty years had been set. The duc de Luynes wrote: "As soon as the King is dressed, he goes down to Mme de Pompadour's; he stays with her until he goes to mass; after mass, he goes back to her and eats soup and a chop, for His Majesty does not have a real dinner [i.e., lunch. Our dinner was called a *souper.*] [When he isn't hunting] he stays there until five or six, when he attends to business. On Council days, he visits her before and after. Everybody tells me they find Mme de Pompadour extremely polite. She is not nasty, she doesn't say unpleasant things about people [practically everybody else at court did], she doesn't even allow other people to do so. She is cheerful and likes to talk. Far from being proud, she continually refers to her family in the King's presence."

The new mistress was proving to be a rare bird indeed. She was nice to the Queen and saw to it that the King paid his consort some attention, settled her debts, and gave her presents. Instead of proving her power by having her enemies exiled from court, Mme de Pompadour tried to win them over.

Then too, she really loved the King for himself. Power, position, money, all were secondary; best of all, she knew how to enjoy life and managed to amuse this most bored of monarchs.

Until he met the marquise, the King's *(Continued on page 138)*

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n'est pas un parfum pour les femmes effacées.

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MME DE POMPADOUR

(Continued from page 136)

only hobbies had been hunting and sex; she introduced him to the arts. She was friendly with Voltaire and understood writers, and now she encouraged, protected, and subsidized them. Voltaire himself became historiographer of France and, even more to his taste, a Gentleman-in-Ordinary. When the great *Encyclopédie* was banned for being disrespectful to the powers-that-be, Mme de Pompadour devised a simple stratagem that led the King to lift the ban. One evening she and a few others were having supper with Louis XV at Trianon. The conversation having turned to the hunt, the duc de La Vallière asked if anyone knew how gunpowder was made—or, for that matter, face powder. No one did. "Well, Sire," the marquise said, "if only we could have the *Encyclopédie,* it would answer all our questions." Ban or no ban, the King owned the already published volumes. He sent for them and, having learned how gunpowder is made, allowed publication to resume.

Then there was the theater. The marquise had a passion for private theatricals, and she herself was a first-class actress—better, indeed, than many professionals. She set up a little private theater in Versailles where only the King and a few carefully chosen guests were admitted. It was a huge success.

Mme de Pompadour's enlightened patronage extended to painters and sculptors as well. She was, of course, painted innumerable times by the great artists of the period. She also commissioned work from them and paid them punctually.

Most important of all, perhaps, the favorite loved to build and decorate houses, and the King soon shared that taste. Some of the buildings were tiny—the Hermitage at Versailles was a little one-floor pavilion thirty-six by thirty-six feet—and some were quite grand, as at Bellevue or Choisy; but everywhere the decorative arts shone at their unexcelled best.

It was lucky, too, that the marquise had a brother, M. de Marigny, who understood and loved the arts. He was soon made Superintendent of the King's Buildings, a post in which he was able to protect and stimulate the current artistic explosion. It is owing to him that the great Jacques Ange Gabriel was able to build the Ecole Militaire and the two palaces on the Place de la Concorde in Paris, as well as that most beautiful of houses, that simple but perfect jewel, the Petit Trianon.

Of course, people complained about the expense and said that the greedy favorite was bleeding France white. But since, with the single exception of Ménars, all the marquise's houses were built on royal land, they reverted back to the King at her death.

Soon, however, the public had a new complaint about the marquise. While the favorite had always had a good deal to say about court appointments, she was not supposed to meddle in politics. The King ruled alone; his ministers were there only to carry out his orders (although they provided convenient scapegoats when things went wrong), and the mistress was supposedly outside the circuit. Now Mme de Pompadour was being consulted in affairs of state; worse, she was acting as a surrogate foreign minister.

Little by little, Louis XV had transformed his mistress into the equivalent of a U.S. Presidential assistant for national security affairs. He talked to her at length and listened to her comments. He used her as a conduit through which generals or ministers could be told things that the King preferred not to say directly. He consulted her on most major appointments. Finally, he entrusted her as his agent in the great reversal of alliances, when France switched from Prussia to Austria, because negotiations had to be conducted in absolute secrecy, and no one else could be trusted not to leak information.

This was all the more surprising in that sometime in 1752, Mme de Pompadour stopped being the King's mistress. She had always found sex exhausting and not altogether pleasant, but from love for the King, and fear that he would take another mistress, she tried to spur herself on. Louis XV had the Bourbon appetite for sex, and for a while the poor marquise was dreadfully worried. Then, slowly, it became plain that the King loved her not as a sex object, but as a stimulating companion, as an intelligent woman whose advice and discretion he could trust—in fact as the very best of friends.

Had the marquise been less clever, she would have tried to conceal the fact that she was no longer the King's mistress; but in a stroke of genius she announced it to everyone. The Queen had always been kind to her; now Mme de Pompadour became a supernumerary lady-in-waiting and the King made her a duchess. In one move she had gained absolute respectability. Even better, her hold on Louis XV no longer depended on the vagaries of sexual caprice.

Even so, her life was exhausting. Every day great crowds of *(Continued on page 146)*

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Talking about... Art

Italian Renaissance manuscript pages to be seen in Houston

By Barbara Rose

THE BEAUTY OF THE PRECIOUS MINIATURE

All artists were considered craftsmen during the Middle Ages; masterpieces were often anonymous collective works, and little distinction was made in the rank or prestige of the arts. All this changed in the Renaissance, when architects and painters decided their work was as intellectually demanding and conceptually complex as philosophy or poetry. Once the separation was made between the major and the minor or the fine and applied arts, large talents naturally turned to the monumental projects where fame and fortune were the greatest.

During the Renaissance, individual artists could become famous. One of the major medieval crafts, stained glass, did not survive the Renaissance because the new architecture based on classical prototypes did not require colored windows. Manuscript painting, on the other hand, did survive, if only briefly, the invention of printing in the form of illustrated handmade books. Because our attention is focused on the giants of Renaissance art who decorated public places with frescoes and altarpieces, we seldom think of manuscripts as an important Renaissance art form. Yet magnificently illustrated Bibles, prayer books, choir books, and scientific and alchemical treatises, as well as books by such contemporary writers as Petrarch and Dante and the classical authors who inspired them were made during the Renaissance. In fact, the script developed to write the texts these illustrations accompanied, so-called humanist script, is the ancestor of our own italics.

Books in the Middle Ages were collected mainly in monasteries and belonged to the Church rather than to an individual. However, during the Renaissance, rich princes such as Lorenzo de' Medici and the humanist scholar Federigo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, vied with one another in creating libraries full of rare and beautiful books. They commissioned painters—most of whom specialized in miniatures—to illustrate books they could look through at leisure, admiring the various interpretations different visual artists might give a particular text. These books were prized and collected like paintings and sculpture and some Renaissance manuscript illuminators, such as Giulio Clovio or Giovanni Bellini's brother Bonifazio would become quite famous as illustrators. Initials, of course, received special attention, as they had during the Middle Ages, although the fanciful borders of medieval manuscripts gave way to the architectural motifs derived from classical art in the manuscripts collected by humanists.

The rare illuminated manuscript page pictured *left* is a leaf from a Latin Gradual from the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Florence. Made in the last third of the fourteenth century, this magnificently illustrated choir book has been attributed to Silvestro dei Gherarducci. The initial P, containing a scene of the Nativity, is the first letter introducing the Christmas mass text, *Puer Natus Est Nobis* (A Child is Born to Us). The Nativity is unusual because St. Joseph is painted prostrate, kissing the foot of his divine child.

The colors of Renaissance manuscripts were particularly rich and often embellished with gold leaf and gold paint which the manuscript illuminator with his fine brush could use to draw with or fill in like any other color. Because we have followed the artists' own distinction between the major and minor arts, we have not paid much attention to these precious miniature paintings, which reveal a breathtaking level of skill and craft often on a par with contemporary wall and easel painting.

The gradual decline of manuscript painting after 1500 was a result of the invention of movable type in Europe in the 1450s. Although early printed books were often illustrated with hand-painted illustrations, it was not long before woodcuts and wood engravings, which could be printed simultaneously with type, replaced the carefully *(Continued on page 146)*

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MANUSCRIPT PAINTING

(Continued from page 144)

limned, exquisite tiny figures and Bonsai-like landscapes of the Renaissance manuscript painter,

Contemporaries of the giants of Renaissance painting who decorated architecture, these miniature painters created a world of charm and delicacy in the space of a single doorknob, a scaled-down world where the humanist scholar could lose himself in hours of delighted concentration. In this connection, one should point out that the humanists and their patrons were the first conservationists, and that they thought of illustrated books as repositories of both religious and scientific knowledge, as well as literature, history, and geography.

In our time, the book, which is more private than public, does not attract patrons bent on speculation or showing off. Fortunately for Americans, hand-painted books continued to exert the same appeal in the early twentieth century for railroad tycoon and financier J. P. Morgan as they held for prelates and princes in the past. In 1924, his son turned the library of his New York City mansion into the great showroom for illustrated books it is today, the Morgan Library, synonymous with rare manuscripts.

To share its treasures with others, the Morgan Library has consented to loan the Houston Museum of Fine Arts its show *Northern Italian Illuminated Manuscripts 1300-1500,* a selection from the library that reminds us of the continuing vitality of manuscript painting during the Italian Renaissance. ▽

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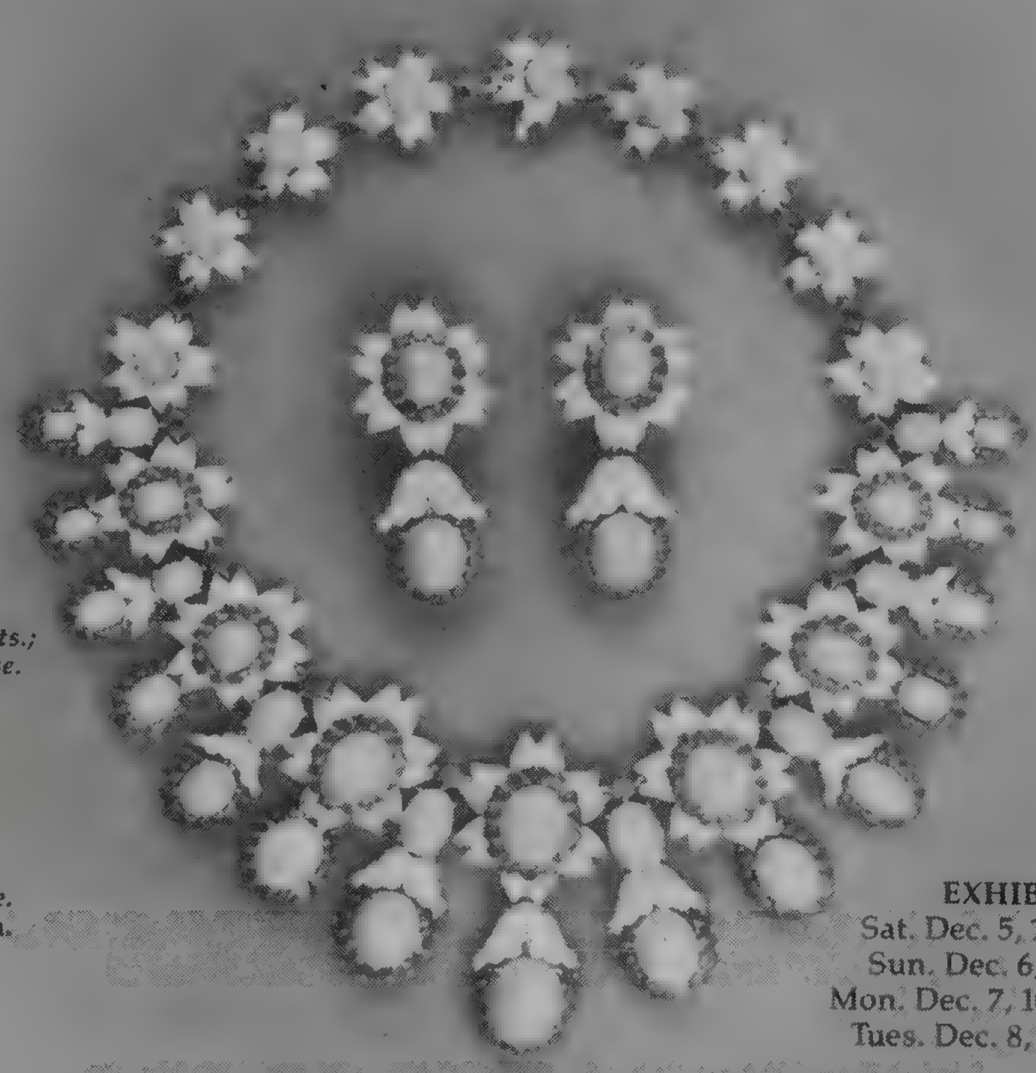

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MME DE POMPADOUR

(Continued from page 138)

courtiers attended her to beg for place and favor. By 1755, she also did the work of a clandestine prime minister. Sitting at her toilette every morning, she listened to officials and solicitors. The King felt that she had less of an axe to grind than most of the ministers, who were after all trying to advance their faction. She was, besides, absolutely honest.

In 1756 the King chose her as his negotiator with Austria. It was at her house that Kaunitz [Maria Theresa's Ambassador to France] met with the King and the abbé de Bernis.

When the negotiations proceeded to a more open and official stage, everyone—especially the bypassed ministers—blamed Mme de Pompadour for bamboozling the King into this foolish new alliance. But it was Louis XV who decided on the new policy.

Still, no one understood that. The year 1757, apparently the time of the favorite's greatest triumphs, also marked the height of her unpopularity. On January 5 there was the attempt of the madman Robert Damiens against the King's life. For a few days it seemed as if the marquise might be sent away, but the King went back to her so wholeheartedly that she was able to demand and obtain the dismissal of the war minister Voyer d'Argenson, an old enemy and an ineffective administrator. Unfortunately, she suggested as his replacement the abbé de Bernis, surely the most unwarlike creature on the face of the earth.* The King agreed, but Bernis didn't last long. As the Seven Years' War opened, the marquise insisted on *(Continued on page 152)*

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MAYOR'S

TAXES

Last-minute tax deductions

A year-end guide

BY JULIAN BLOCK

Need some year-end deductions or other tax breaks? Here are some tips on how to take maximum advantage of opportunities and avoid pitfalls.

● **Contributions.** Chances are that the holiday gifts your family receives will include clothes and other items that have to compete for space in crowded closets. Why not clean out those closets now, and turn unwanted clothing over to charity? To back up your deduction, get a receipt showing the value of the donated property. If the charity does not provide one, prepare your own list of donated items and have the charity receipt it.

When you donate appreciated stock or some other investment that you have owned for more than one year, you get a deduction for its full market value. You also escape the long-term capital gains tax that would have fallen due had you sold the stock for cash.

For contributions of stock or other property to count as deductions for 1981, you must complete the gifts by December 31, and it can take time to do the legal paperwork. But you can nail down last-minute donations by check as long as you get them to the mailbox by December 31, even though the checks won't be cashed until the next year.

● **Sales Taxes.** If you plan to purchase an automobile within the next few months, do it by December 31 and get a 1981 deduction for the sales tax paid.

For instance, if your state slaps a 5 percent tax on an $8000 auto, you reap a $400 deduction. The entire $400 counts as a deduction for 1981—even if your payments run into 1982. Just make sure to indicate on your Form 1040 that the $400 is sales tax on a car.

● **Interest expenses.** Pay the accumulated interest on outstanding life-insurance loans by December 31 to get a 1981 interest write-off.

● **Credit-card payments.** Outlays for medical expenses, charitable donations, and other items entitle you to an immediate deduction for the year the charge is made. The fact that the bill will not actually be paid until the following year is immaterial.

● **Energy savers.** If you act quickly and install qualifying energy-saving devices in your home, you are entitled to a credit that is subtracted directly from your tax bill.

● **Stock market strategy.** Have you realized some short-term capital gains this year? Because of high interest rates, you may have recently suffered some long-term paper losses on bonds. It can pay to convert those losses into cash by selling the bonds, and investing the proceeds in ones that are similar, but not identical. This gives you a better break on long-term losses at tax time, as they offset short-term gains on a dollar-for-dollar basis. ▽

MME DE POMPADOUR

(Continued from page 146)

the appointment of the maréchal de Soubise as one of the new army commanders. She repented at leisure.

Like other intelligent people, however, the marquise learned from her mistakes. Bernis was dismissed and replaced by the duc de Choiseul who, until 1769, was unquestionably a great minister.

With the Choiseul ministry, the marquise felt herself able to take a less active part in government. She reverted in part to an earlier role, that of the King's companion, entertainer, and friend. It was already too late, though. She had always been frail, and she never quite recovered from her exertions of the mid-fifties. By 1763 her heart was beginning to fail. She tried to save her strength—a hand-cranked elevator lifted her to her apartment—but life at Versailles remained impossibly tiring. It wasn't just that the King must still be kept amused, in itself a full-time job, but there were also endless court functions to attend. The solicitors who crowded her antechamber must be received. Then, there were the usual court intrigues which must be countered: all together, it was more than she could manage.

With absolute bravery she hid all distressing symptoms of her deteriorating health from the King, but death overtook her on April 15, 1764. She was the only royal mistress to have died in favor.

Louis XV, supposedly so cold, so uncaring, collapsed, hiding in his rooms and sobbing. Etiquette forbade his openly mourning the friend he had loved so deeply. Nor could her body even remain an hour within the palace. That evening the King was observed by his valet as he stood, bareheaded in the rain, on the balcony of his bedroom overlooking the *cour de marbre.* Downstairs a door opened. Two men carrying a stretcher emerged hurriedly and placed it in a waiting carriage, which promptly clattered away as the tears streamed down the King's face. The marquise-duchesse de Pompadour, *maîtresse declarée* to the last, was finally going back to Paris. ▽

---

*Taxes were collected by the *fermiers généraux* through the *ancien régime.* They undertook every year to pay the treasury a certain sum, then saw to it that they collected a good deal more than they had to pay out. "As rich as *fermier général*" people said.

*Only the nobles were said to be *born*—a contraction of well born.

*His real talent was for writing light verse. Because of his frivolity Voltaire had nicknamed him Babet la Bouquetière, Babet the Flower Girl.

EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX

(Continued from page 134)

Why, all the same, two books on Chanel's life? Charles-Roux explains that in the sixteen years of research she spent discovering Chanel's half-secret past, she had followed the poet Louis Aragon's advice and built proof to confront anyone who tried to disprove her. A lot of the documentation took the form of extraordinary photographs. Rather than hide them or put them in the uncontrollable hands of the market, she says, she decided to make them public herself, after her own style. Together with Jackie Bouthillier, a layout artist in Marseilles, she put the whole picture story together, down to the very choice of the type and the type spacing.

In early postwar America, in which part of her first novel, the Goncourt-winning *To Forget Palermo* is set, Edmonde Charles-Roux would certainly have been called a "Parlor Pink." But she hasn't spent very much of her time in parlors. At eighteen, in 1940, she won the Croix de Guerre after nearly being killed by a bomb while working in an ambulance. Near the end of the war, she got another Croix de Guerre helping soldiers at the front with problems, under the heading of social work. She cut her teeth in journalism opening mail for Hélène Lazareff, the legendary founder of *Elle,* and spent sixteen years at Vogue before becoming a full-time writer.

Charles-Roux met Gaston Defferre after he had invited her to Marseilles, where her roots are, to celebrate her Prix Goncourt. That was in 1966, and it was, she says, "The Encounter." But she didn't marry him until 1973. It was her first marriage; she was fifty-two.

"Being pessimistic as people with Mediterranean roots tend to be, I always believed any association between humans was destined to fail sooner or later. I was very solitary—maybe that's what interested me in Chanel—someone who hated solitude and was alone all her life. I never believed in the survival of the couple, but a man taught me otherwise."

What she now wants from this man who waited twenty-three years for his side to come to power is some more time of her own, for her next novel, which will be concerned with the dilemmas of being an old woman and with the lot of Algerian immigrants. Being a minister's wife, she confesses, is eating up her time.

"Politics," says Edmonde Charles-Roux, "is like a run in your stocking. Once it gets started, it keeps on going." ▽

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And life would be immeasurably duller.

Things aren't that way, thankfully. Audiences for the visual and performing arts are expanding. Many museums are free to the public. Ticket prices, while up, are within reason.

But the arts face an enormous cost problem. They are "labor intensive"; many individuals are involved, and in these fields the effects of inflation are particularly severe.

The difference between operating costs and ticket receipts is an "income gap" made up by gifts—from individuals, government, foundations, and business. Those who can afford to do so, support the arts so that all can benefit.

If you support the arts financially, we urge you to continue to do so as generously as possible. But there are other ways to help. Urge your local, state, and national legislatures to lend assistance to the arts. If you have spare time, volunteer to help in fund raising activities.

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Mind Health
Discoveries and Ideas

By Suzanne Fields

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SEXUAL JEALOUSY—THE RIGHT WAY TO USE IT

You find the incontrovertible evidence; your suspicions about your husband are true: he's having an affair. What should you do? That depends, say three California State University at Long Beach researchers studying sexual jealousy. Your strategy is dictated by how your husband reacts when you confront him and how skillfully you evoke the reaction you want from him. The culprit has options: He may offer an excuse ("I just don't know what came over me"), a justification ("I have a right to do what I want"), or an apology, say Ralph B.Hupka, Ph.D., John R. Jung, Ph.D., and Robert L. Porteous of Cal State in a paper prepared for the American Psychological Association.

Justifications are the least desirable reaction because they not only uphold the bad behavior, but deny the offended partner's right to be jealous and hurt. An excuse, while conciliatory, evades responsibility and attempts to pin the blame on third parties, bad luck, or extenuating circumstances. A sincere apology is an attempt to restore harmony, and, if honestly accepted, is the most desirable resolution for both partners because "it signifies an admission of guilt and harm done, absolves the jealous one of any blame, and is a tacit acknowledgment of the right of the jealous one to determine the status of the relationship." The question is how to evoke the best possible reaction. If you're ragingly angry, you will probably elicit an angry justification or excuse, while sorrow—if genuine—and a willingness to talk will, most likely, evoke an apology. Jealousy, if handled intelligently, can be an effective tonic for a relationship.

WOMEN & MENTORS—WHEN TO GO YOUR OWN WAY

Not so long ago, nearly every woman who wanted to succeed dreamed of finding a mentor, usually a man, who could guide her to the top of her field. But some women have become wary of this relationship, lest it become the end rather than the means to an end. Some feminists fret that too much male support can lead to denigration of a woman's own abilities. A new study at Boston College suggests there's sound psychological basis for this wariness. The mentor-protegé relationship can be a cozy one, says Marianne LaFrance, Ph.D., associate professor of psychology, who directed the study, but it can limit a woman's work to a replication of her mentor's and deprive her of the challenge of breaking new ground. Women should emulate men in cultivating a variety of contacts, rather than relying on the comfortable security of a single relationship. The "network" lacks intimacy, but it exudes power.

PROCRASTINATION

The deadline's tomorrow and you haven't begun to prepare that crucial report. You berate yourself for being lazy, for lacking self-discipline, organizational skills. But a new study reveals that these explanations mask the procrastinator's real problem: fear of testing her true abilities. By relying on a well-honed skill of brinkmanship, the procrastinator can rationalize that if she hadn't left the job until the last minute, she could have done better; thereby maintaining her "illusion of brilliance." Evaluations by others won't hurt as much because her performance does not reflect her true potential.

According to Jane B. Burka, Ph.D., and Lenora M. Yuen, Ph. D., who work with procrastination-therapy groups at the University of California at Berkeley, this complex behavior covers up a low self-esteem. Procrastinators set unreasonably high standards for themselves—anything less than perfection "becomes a threat to self-esteem. Perfectionism can be a deterrent to work rather than a motivator." By understanding procrastination, you can overcome it. Break the project down into easily managed units; reward yourself for each step you complete, thereby replacing "a self-punitive attitude with some degree of self-acceptance" and you'll get the job done on time.

YOUR BODY: THE MARVELS OF THE MACHINE

Mantras, sensual massage, and exotic mind-magic may soon be only memories of the "human-potential movement," but you can expect certain 'sixties attitudes toward mind and body to survive. One is "holistic medicine," which some authorities expect to bridge the decade of self-absorption to the decade of self-examination. Holistic healing, defined by its practitioners as "attention to the whole person," is an appreciation of how to use your mind to help heal your body. Early inflated claims by holistic evangelists and their first converts disturbed some medical and mental-health professionals, but holistic medicine can be as basic as understanding how excess worry can contribute to physical discomfort during pregnancy. Dead-end job concerns and fears about aging are now as "respectable" indicators of depression as the conventional physical signs: sleepless nights and listless days. A healthy awareness of sensual capacity is another spinoff of the human-potential movement, writes James S. Gordon, M.D., in the *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry.* He recommends the use of therapeutic technique both to help patients become aware of the ways their psychological processes can show up as physical symptoms, and to unlock sexual repressions. "Holistic approaches to healing," writes Dr. Gordon, "emphasize not only the marvels of the machine"—the human body—"but the pleasure it may yield."

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING IMPORTANT

Superwoman lives—and flies. New research at the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women indicates that the happiest woman is one who is firmly established in multiple roles: she's married, she's a mother, and has a high-paid, high-status job.

Surveying more than three hundred women between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five, a team of interviewers directed by psychologists Rosalind C. Barnett, Ph.D., and Grace K. Baruch, Ph.D., found that the key to women's self-esteem is economic independence. "A high-prestige job—rather than a husband—is the best predictor of well-being." Contrary to current thought that such a woman courts frustration and failure, women in pressured, prestigious careers showed a greater sense of overall control—on the job and at home—than other women.

Least content of those surveyed were single working women in low-paying, low-prestige jobs, and wives who work in the home.

Clearly, a mix of roles seems crucial to happiness and self-esteem. "Some roles are enervating, others invigorating. The importance of preparing girls for handling multiple roles, especially that of economic provider, emerges as a major challenge."

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Shape-up Now

Spa secrets from a top model... fitness over fifty... shape-saving holiday diet

For athletes, now: a book to answer all your health/injury concerns about sports. Written by William Southmayd, M.D., and Marshall Hoffman, "Sports Health: The Complete Book of Athletic Injuries" (Quick Fox) discusses safest sports, minimizing risks, preparation, and covers injuries to every body part (fingers and hands are most injury-prone), with special sections devoted to nutrition and children's sports injuries. A worthwhile reference for every home library.

What happened when mother, Teri Shields, offered daughter, supermodel Brooke, "time off" doing anything she wanted? Brooke's idea: a week together at a spa. Final choice: The Greenhouse, Dallas. "It made me work harder to have Brooke there," says Teri. "I lost seven pounds; Brooke, on a maintenance diet only, toned hips and waist. We ate less *(far right)* but were never hungry; it was a total change—part-cooked salads, steamed-but-crunchy vegetables—from foods we usually eat and only 850 calories per day." Brooke's report: "It wasn't easy doing those exercises—it was nothing like gym—but it got me going." (Her favorites, *above* and *near right.*) Best part: "Time to talk and make plans." Says Teri, "We're applying the walking and exercise programs to our everyday life and two Greenhouse recipe books Brooke brought back have kept us on track." One: *Helen Corbitt's Greenhouse Cookbook* (Houghton Mifflin). More on spas, page 272.

"An older woman who has remained physically fit has no problem keeping up with exercise classes; but the older woman who hasn't will have a discouraging problem: her body will be out of condition. She cannot—should not—do the routines designed for physically fit women," says Sally Olins, who runs The Firm Company, a Los Angeles exercise studio. Her "Fitness After Fifty" classes ease a woman back—gradually; 213/478-6914.

First look at the "new" Helena Rubinstein Beauté in New York City, offering revitalizing skin treatments—from Swedish massage to facials (for the body, too, see *right*). To come: European skin-caring products. Look for them on-counter in February.

PAUL AMATO

Holiday-survival diet: to get you through this season, a one-week plan

To help you through this potentially fattening holiday time, California's La Costa Hotel and Spa has put together, with SilverStone, a one-week eating plan (it can be extended to two) that is a "maintenance" rather than a "reducing" diet and calls for 1500 to 1800 calories a day; meals are interchangeable since each is nutritionally balanced. A bonus: the recipes—though reduced in fats, sugar, salt—are properly "festive"; you can entertain, and guests need never know dishes are low in calories.

The diet was developed by La Costa's nutritionist, Barbara Kuntz, R.D., in line with USDA Nutritional Guidelines; the meal plan calls for a variety of foods with emphasis on fruits, vegetables, grains, fish, and fowl. (It assumes *at least* ten minutes of exercise a day.)

Ms. Kuntz believes that six days of keeping to a diet regimen should be rewarded on the seventh day; so, included in the meal plan is a breakfast of bagels and lox, though some may prefer to "binge" on, say, two scoops of ice cream. Another "survival" tip when you're doing the cooking, says La Costa chef Willy Hauser: use a non-stick cookware surface (SilverStone's, for example) to avoid cooking with fats. For the diet, turn to page 174.

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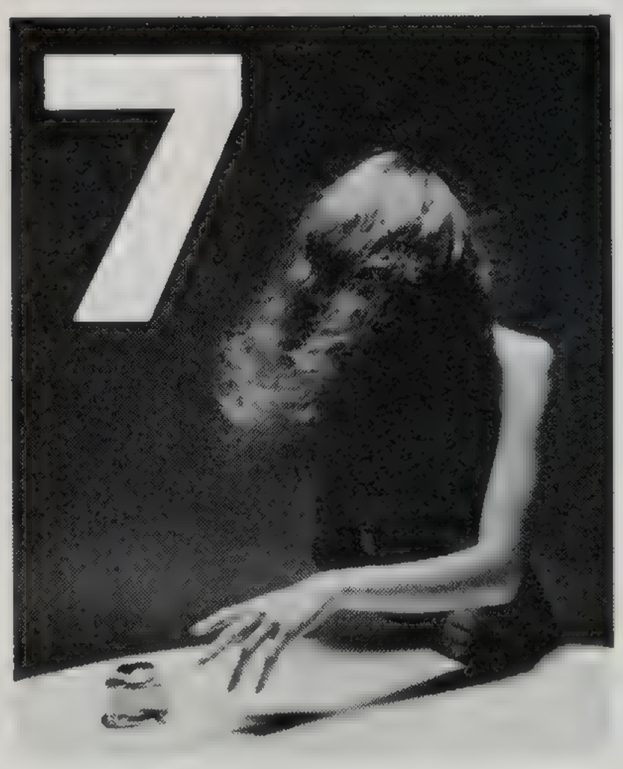

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to
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and
woman.**

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to
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Shape-up Now

In a season of temptations, an entertaining diet that works!

Seven-day meal plan to get you through the holidays without gaining a pound!

BELOW, A WEEK'S WORTH OF EATING; THE DIET "PHILOSOPHY," PAGE 171

DAY	BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
1	4 oz. orange juice ½ cup oatmeal 2 Tb. raisins ½ cup skim milk	2 sl. whole-grain bread 2 oz. Swiss cheese 1 tsp. mustard Tomato, cucumber Small banana	Spinach salad, dash oil, vinegar 3 oz. broiled lamb ½ cup peas, steamed ½ cup carrots, steamed Stewed apple (no sugar)
2	½ grapefruit Whole-grain muffin 1 tsp. margarine Scrambled egg with ½ oz. grated cheese	Fresh pear or apple 2 sl. rye bread 3 oz. water-packed tuna 1 tsp. mayonnaise Sliced tomato ½ cup plain yogurt	Romaine salad, dash oil, vinegar Roasted Cornish hen 1 cup brown rice 1 cup cauliflower, steamed 2 sl. pineapple (in own juice)
3	Sliced orange ¾ cup bran flakes 6 oz. skim milk ½ sliced banana	Mixed Salad greens, tomato, cucumber, onion, lemon juice 2 oz. cheese 2 Rye Krisps	1 artichoke vinaigrette (no oil) 3 oz. green-bean salad Grilled or poached skinless chicken breast Rice casserole 2 fruit-filled crêpes (no sugar)
4	4 oz. grapefruit juice 1 poached egg 1 oz. Canadian bacon ½ whole-grain muffin 1 tsp. margarine *or* 2 oz. smoked salmon 1 bagel with 1 tsp. cream cheese	3 oz. turkey breast 2 sl. whole-wheat bread Lettuce and tomato 1 tsp. mustard Fresh pear 8 oz. skim milk	*Cocktail Party* 2 glasses Sangria 2 beef brochettes 4 veal "meatballs" 3 oz. poached fish 6 pieces raw vegetables 3 Tb. low-fat yogurt dip
5	Small banana ½ cup oatmeal with 4 oz. skim milk and 1 Tb. dried sunflower seeds Cinnamon	Tossed greens with dressing of ½ cup cottage cheese (low fat) and ½ cup plain yogurt 3 oz. water-packed tuna or sardines Vinegar, lemon, herbs	Sliced tomato and onions 4 oz. broiled white fish ½ cup corn ½ cup spinach, steamed ½ cup frozen yogurt
6	4 oz. orange juice Whole-grain muffin or 2 small bran muffins 2 Tb. peanut butter	*Snack* ½ apple ½ pear ½ orange 2 oz. hard cheese 2 Rye Krisps	Broiled grapefruit Peapods vinaigrette (no oil) 3 oz. turkey breast with 2 oz. apples and celery ½ cup acorn squash 3 oz. low-calorie sherbet
7	*Holiday Brunch* 2 glasses Champagne punch Cucumbers vinaigrette (no oil) Tomato-vegetable aspic ½ cup spinach or egg noodles 4–5 chicken livers in sherry ½ cup hot brandied fruit	*Snack* Raw vegetables Apple slices Yogurt-herb dips	Green salad, dash oil, vinegar 3 oz. broiled steak Small baked potato with cottage cheese and chives ½ cup sautéed mushrooms and onions 1 cup broccoli, steamed ½ cup vanilla yogurt with 1 Tb. raisins

*Made with Lycra® Du Pont registered trademark. Prices are suggested retail. Prices higher in Canada.

WOMEN NOW

Do we hate children?

The new intolerance for the next (noisy) generation and their mothers

BY MARY KAY BLAKELY

It was unreasonably hot in the long lines—it was the peak of lunch-hour rush, everyone standing with a pre-hamburger impatience. We stood, five lines across and six people deep, with the same enthusiasm and alertness of a busload of reluctant draftees. I was searching the crowd for my two small companions, who'd departed earlier to check out the condiments table. My attention was diverted, abruptly, by the distressed look of the woman coming through the door.

She was carrying a writhing toddler under one arm, and holding the hand of another child, slightly older, who was walking with the tragic gloom of a boy who'd been without French fries for too long. An unmistakable look of panic crossed her face as she took in the long lines, measuring them against the weight of her children. For an indecisive moment, she wavered on the threshold. Then, with an audible intake of air, she plunged into the pool of people. It was the reverse of a sigh—a little gasp for air, like the breathy gulp of a swimmer reaching for the edge of the pool. This was not, judging from the weariness in her expression, her first lap of the day.

The sharp image of the woman triggered an instant flashback. I remembered walking through a large department store, four years ago, pushing my two-year-old in a stroller and carrying the six-month-old in my other arm. The store had just opened, but to me, it felt like the middle of the day. We'd been up since daybreak, and intermittently through the night, for feedings and diaper changes, for laundry and baths. I was not actually shopping—I was just being Out. It was one of those days when infancy seemed a permanent condition. As I strolled down the aisle, smiling at the babies who had actually become children, I saw a woman coming toward me, pushing a toddler in a stroller and balancing an infant on her hip. Total strangers to each other, we clicked with instant recognition, and laughed as she said, "My god! How were you able to wash your face this morning!" That was all we said, but it was a whole conversation.

It's easy to forget the shock and fatigue of those early, demanding years, until a reminder shows up in a restaurant. "Hush now, Sarah, hush," the woman said into the child's neck with feigned patience. "I'll let you down in just a minute." It was clear that just a minute was far longer than Sarah was willing to wait, because she responded with several swift pushes. The woman held her tightly, stoically reading the overhead menu while her body silently absorbed the thrusts and jolts of the writhing limbs. Then Sarah, with the expression of a born heller, revealed a hearty lung capacity by issuing a loud, reverberating wail.

"Do you believe it?" the man behind me asked, addressing no one in particular. "She shoulda left those kids at home." The consensus among the eyes in my section of the line reflected total agreement: She shoulda left those kids at home. I, too, would have been willing to have listened to almost anything other than Sarah's wailing, even Muzak. But I was struck by the readiness of the crowd, the general public, to assume that a mother has no business doing her job in public. Almost no other workers experience the intolerance for their work that mothers do. Most people, for example, have probably found themselves snarled in a traffic jam, inconvenienced by some construction work. But I'll bet it would be weeks before anyone would roll down a car window and yell, "Hey! Can't you guys do that stuff at home!" They would, moreover, probably admire the construction workers, respecting the skill and endurance it takes to perform such a strenuous, difficult job. The general public tolerates the irritating delays and upsetting vibrations, because the work is valued. Not so with mothers.

"What a way to spend a lunch hour," the man behind me said, now the self-appointed spokesman for the line I was standing in. There were a few nods of agreement from other people who wanted a lunch hour of peace and quiet. Lunch hours are especially valued by mothers, because they don't have one. Anywhere a mother goes, she has to take her work with her. I've often wished that mothers with small children could have an express lane, like the special counter for truckers in truckstops. But nowhere do mothers have top priority, because there's little recognition that they're working, under pressure, under strain.

The woman obviously regretted the distraction she caused, she surely felt the judgment of the people who were on real lunch hours. She heard the unspoken message to silence her child. With strong hesitation, she let Sarah down, instructing her son, "Take care of her." The boy accepted the order with a sense of doom. There wasn't a person in sight who could have "taken care of her" in her current tempest condition. Sarah's feet hit the ground like a pair of wound-up propellers—she shot off through the lines, her brother following like a nervous David looking for Goliath.

My two sons returned just then, fists full of napkins and straws and packages of salt. We entertained ourselves by reading all the posters on the walls, reviewing the special offers—the Sippy Dippy straws, *The Great Muppet Caper* glasses, the Happy Meal prizes. Suddenly, a loud but now familiar wail sounded from the opposite side of *(Continued on page 180)*

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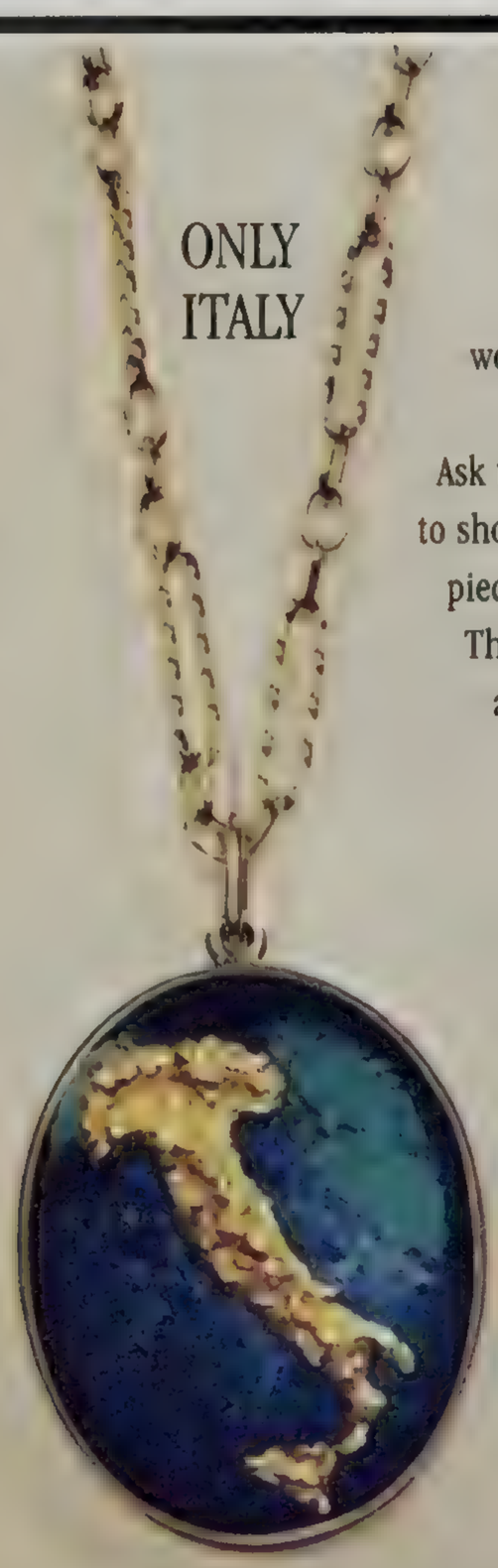

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DO WE HATE CHILDREN?

(Continued from page 176)

the counter. It was Sarah. Her brother was trying to steer her, or, more accurately in his case, trying to hold on to a whirling propeller, taking her back to mom. Sarah was holding a French fry, obviously purloined. I don't know whether it was the French fry, or the hollering children, or the weight of public opinion, but mom snapped. She swooped down on the boy's backside with an open palm. She exploded with hysterical shrieks, shaking the children. She crossed the boundaries of reasonable discipline into a minefield of uncontrolled anger. The two children froze, stunned by her fury.

The crowd stiffened at once, fearful that the woman verged on the border of child abuse. There was absolute silence for a moment. Then the woman fixed her eyes again on the overhead menu, her face flushed with emotion, her body shaking with the aftermath of rage. Everyone then looked up at the menu, as if we had suddenly forgotten our orders. There had been a wretchedness in her voice that sent chills up my spine, a wretchedness I once heard in my own voice—I'd been alarmed to find so much rage at the children I loved. Everyone who had wanted Sarah to be quiet went from anger to a vague sense of shame. We stood in our shared discomfort. "I hate to see a mother treating her kids like that," the spokesman said self-righteously. The woman looked at no one, an outcast among the ranks demanding perfect motherhood.

Finally, it was my turn to order. I followed instructions to ask for two Sippy Dippy straws, when I felt a tug at my sleeve. Since the straws were free, could we have one for our friend Meagan? Another tug. And two Muppet Caper glasses? I was extremely patient with all their questions, because at that moment, I was actually aware of the shortcomings of all mothers to all children. While I translated their messages to the clerk, I heard the man behind me sigh with impatience.

The spokesman for the general public didn't like mothers shrieking at their children, but neither, apparently, did he like it when they spent so much time on them. He didn't understand the great influence a Sippy Dippy straw could have on his peace and quiet. It seemed that any mother who appeared in public ran a high risk of becoming an outcast. A mother, I learned that afternoon, might as well follow her own judgments, since the judgments of the general public are bound to be unhelpful.

The drama in the restaurant lingered in my mind for a long time, searching for a better ending. The final scene with Sarah's mother was foreshadowed from her first look of panic in the doorway. Surely, had she been operating from reason instead of stress, she would have left or resolved to ignore the irritation at her jackhammer children. But maybe she knew, from a dark source inside, that being isolated at home was much more dangerous that day. Maybe she was Out that afternoon, needing other people around as a safety valve. Maybe alone, she would not have been able to stop the rage. Any mother who's stood in that position has felt the powerful frustration, the frightening anger. Next time, I hope somebody recognizes that a mother who's under the strain of two difficult children should be sent to the front of the line. Because this time, the safety valve of the general public became a pressure cooker. ▽

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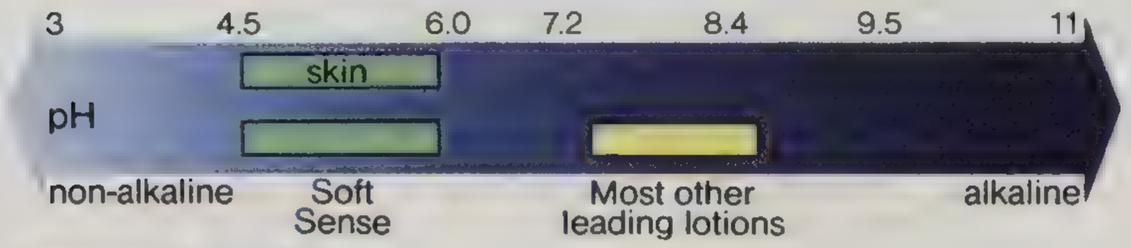

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Health

Eating, smoking, and the health of your heart...when sex is safe... permanent anti-perspirant: surgery

By Melva Weber

VEGETABLES/YOUR HEART

Does eating meat raise your risk of heart attack? That was one question investigated in a Boston-based study of twenty-one vegetarian volunteers who ate almost nine ounces of beef each day for four weeks and were tested both during the meat-eating phase and before and afterward, when they were following macrobiotic diets.

The research team, led by Frank M. Sacks, M.D., with scientists from Harvard Medical School, the Framingham Heart Study, the University of Massachusetts, the University of South Carolina designed the study so volunteers received the same calorie levels on the vegetarian diet as on the meat diet.

During the meat diet, the subjects' blood-cholesterol levels rose by 19 percent, then dropped to the previous vegetarian levels ten days after meat was removed from the diet. But the level of "good" cholesterol, HDL (which is believed to prevent the deposit of fatty plaques on blood-vessel walls) didn't change. What was most significant: the ratio of total cholesterol to HDL cholesterol rose with the meat phase—from 4.5 to 5.2—meaning that test subjects passed from ratios characteristic of low risk for heart attack to ratios that resemble those of high-risk persons.

During meat-eating, the subjects' systolic, but not diastolic, blood pressures went up mildly. Their body weights remained steady throughout meat and vegetarian phases.

Scientists' views vary on the importance of the meat-eating vs. vegetarianism data. Since the subjects were vegetarians by choice, were they different from non-vegetarians? Clearly, in this situation, meat-eating and nonmeat-eating did produce real changes in the same persons.

SMOKE-SCREEN STUDY

While filters in cigarettes may lower intakes of tars and other smoke-borne substances, they do not protect from coronary heart disease, recent research indicates. While interpreting data from the Framingham Heart Study, William P. Castelli, M.D., and colleagues examined filter versus non-filter smoking in relation to heart disease. Results: filter cigarette smokers did not have lower incidence rates of coronary heart disease than non-filter smokers.

MICROWAVE PRECAUTIONS FOR PORK

Special alert for microwave oven-users—take special care when cooking pork, advises the USDA. Trichinosis, a painful and serious parasitic disease that can be contracted from raw or underdone pork, can be prevented if the meat is brought to a uniform internal temperature of 170° Fahrenheit. Because microwave cooking acts by exciting the water molecules, and water is not evenly distributed in pork, there's a chance meat may cook unevenly, or microwaves may be blocked by bone or fat. The USDA recommends these steps to prevent trichinosis:

- follow manufacturers' directions for cooking times.
- rotate the pork dish several times during cooking.
- after cooking, let pork sit five to fifteen minutes to assure even temperature. Wrapping it in aluminum foil for this period may help.
- after it stands a few minutes, check the meat with a meat thermometer in the center and near the bone. If less than 170° F., remove foil and cook more.

For more on microwave-cooking safety, write Consumer Information Center, Dept. 553J, Pueblo CO 81009; free booklet, "Microwave Oven Safety."

FITNESS: BACK ON THE TRACK

For jogging-school drop-outs and sedentary dieters—"Feel Better," a free booklet published by Blue Cross and Blue Shield Associations may help you begin a daily exercise routine.

Written by the Blues' communications director Eddie Miller, the booklet recommends diet tricks, explains how to increase activity every day by walking a little more briskly; taking brief work breaks to rotate your head and neck, to stretch; or by easy squeeze-hold-relax exercises. The pamphlet emphasizes that getting older does not mean losing strength and vitality.

PREGNANCY VS. SEX

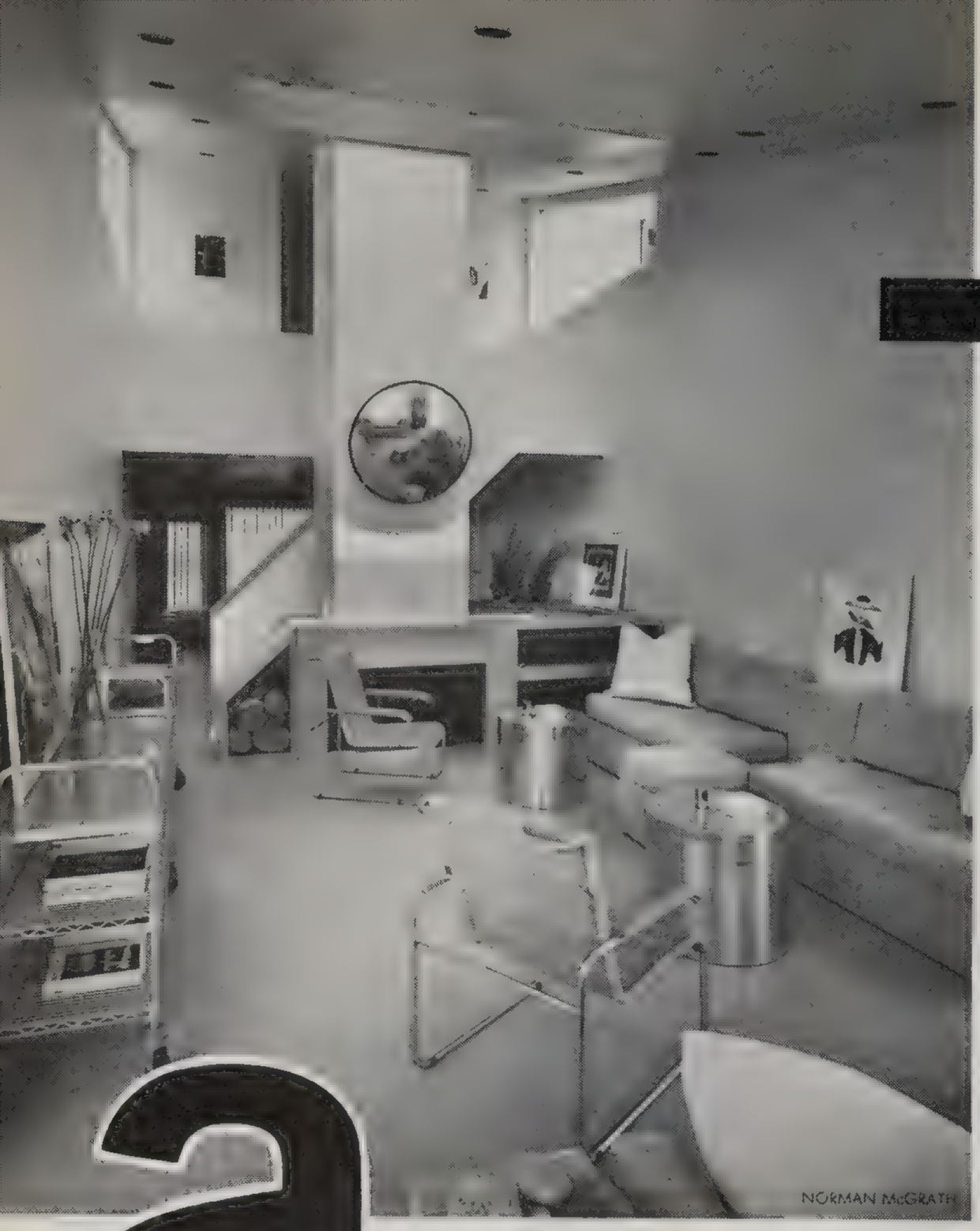
Should sex continue throughout pregnancy? Medical authorities offer mixed advice. Some believe intercourse late in pregnancy increases risks of premature rupture of membranes, contractions of the uterus, or infections in the amniotic fluid. But a team of experts from the United States and Israel says there is little evidence to support the belief that late-pregnancy intercourse is harmful.

James L. Mills, M.D., of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHHD) in Bethesda, Maryland, headed a study of over ten thousand women giving birth in hospitals in Jerusalem, Israel. Patterns of sexual behaviors in pregnant women are comparable in Israel and the United States, the investigators report. Among results of the study: Women who have sexual intercourse throughout pregnancy do not have higher rates of preterm births. Intercourse does not increase the risk of premature rupture of membranes, low birth-weight of babies, or infant deaths. The study actually showed apparently better outcomes in those having intercourse, but the researchers attribute these results to other factors.

"NO SWEAT" MEDICAL AID

Looking calm, cool, and collected—a much harder task for some people than for others. Abnormal, profuse sweating from the armpits, a condition medically known as axillary hyperhidrosis, involves the eccrine glands, sweat ducts that secrete watery, nonodorous fluid. It occurs at puberty or later and affects men and women alike, though more women seek treatment.

Albert F. Borges, M.D., a Falls Church, Virginia, plastic surgeon reported in the journal "Virginia Medical" that, in severe cases, methods including dress shields, antiperspirants, drugs, and surgery on sympathetic nerves may not help. The most effective and lasting treatment—surgical removal of the hairbearing area where most of the eccrine glands are located along with underlying fatty tissue into which glands extend. The "zigzag" surgical scar will stretch freely when arms move. In a recent series, more than 90 percent of patients who had this radical procedure were pleased with the results.

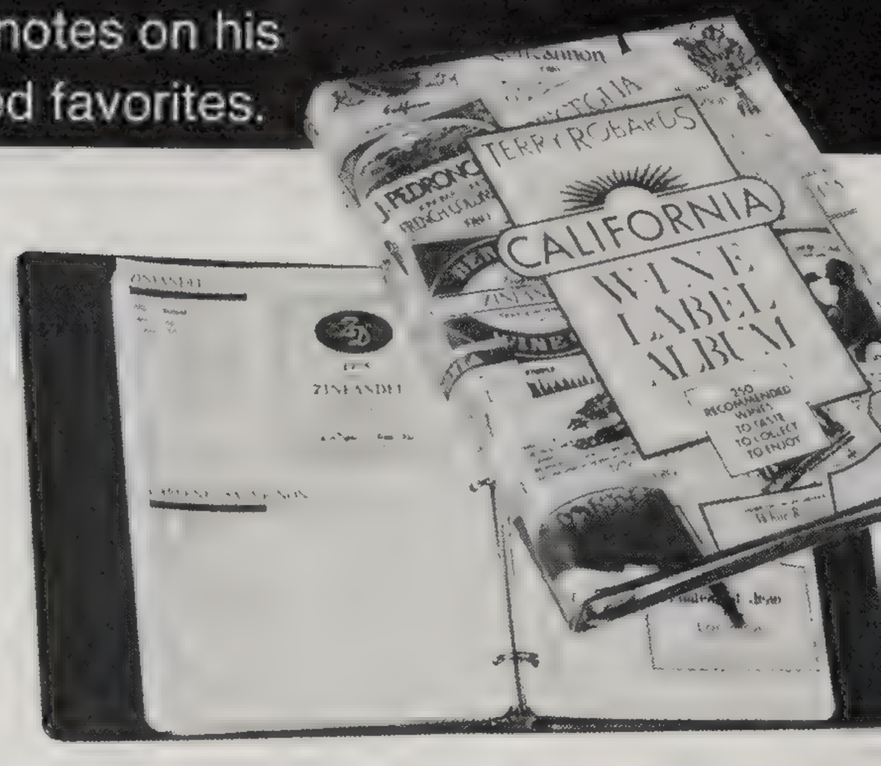


Living: Ideas and Trends

Mirror dazzle…California taste and paste…interior views, starlit…international tea time

By Barbara Plumb

Maps pinpointing the wineries invite a "taste and paste" trip to California using the *California Wine Label Album* (Workman Publishing), with a collection of *The New York Times* wine critic Terry Robards' tasting notes on his 250 recommended favorites.



A round, rubber-edged detection mirror, used in stores for security purposes, becomes a sculptural centerpiece in this angular, airy living space by Patino-Wolf Associates. "We love what it does here because you can see the whole room and the horizon outside," Bob Patino says. "It gives you a 180-degree sweep." Removable lids turn two brushed aluminum drum coffee tables into storage containers. For a look of spareness ("the house is so often filled with flowers and fruit and people"), the designers wrapped the entire room, including the fireplace, the shelves, and the seating platforms, in sand-colored tile. The serving table and seating platform roll away on casters to make room for dancing and entertaining. Black and white photographs accent the monochromatic scheme.

STARLIT SURROUNDINGS

"In those days the public wanted us to live like kings and queens," says Gloria Swanson. Charles Lockwood's "Dream Palaces, Hollywood at Home" (The Viking Press) presents houses from film's early days to 1940. John Barrymore (left, in his library) craved art, antiques. Oil heiress Aline Barnsdall had Frank Lloyd Wright design her house, "Hollyhock," (living room, left, furniture by Wright).

Elegant three-quart tea kettle, *right,* made in Japan for Cuisinart, is designed for brewing and serving tea. Strainer at the base of the pouring spout catches loose leaves. Stainless-steel handle stays cool for burn-free control; $80, Macy's.

Grapevine greeting

Perennial wreath is hand-woven of heavy grapevine, artificial berries; tied with burgundy velvet and taffeta bow; 23-inch diameter. Trim-A-Tree Shop, $45, Bloomingdale's.

"It looks like a Tia Maria night."

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **December**

Your Sagittarius profile: Sagittarians are the original charmers! Your casual, easygoing nature radiates self-confidence—making you a desirable presence in any crowd. However, the same elegance that attracts admirers brings jealous rivals, and Sagittarians are extremely vulnerable to hurt if they aren't careful. Sagittarians are true-blue friends, hard workers, and very romantic lovers

CHRISTOPHER MOSER

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

Jupiter, your sunny ruler, has been in Libra recently—surrounding you with loving, attentive friends. But as the calendar year comes to a close, Jupiter moves into Scorpio, changing your carefree mood into one of a more serious and practical nature. Keep a close watch on finances—don't let the holidays inspire a mad shopping spree you might regret later. Uranus, a positive influence this month, spurs you on to new heights of creativity!

Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Work assignments may seem endless the first five days of this month, but don't worry—it's only a temporary winter slump which will clear up by the 9th. On the 17th, there will be a refreshing change of pace from the daily routine. You can make important headway on a project on the 22nd. A new partnership on the 26th, combined with a big meeting on the 28th, prepares the way for success in 1982.

Leo
JULY 23–AUGUST 22

Set your mind to making the *most* of this month. An extra push at work will bring in additional rewards. Romantic Venus lies in your seventh house—that of partnership—all month long, and love is in the air! Mercury, in your fifth house, brings valuable news mid-month, followed up on the 22nd with an attractive offer from afar. Stay close to relatives on the 26th. Spread some love.

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

For the first eight days of December, you bask in the good graces of Venus—showering you with much-needed love and respect. If you've been harboring a secret wish this autumn, this is an excellent time to make it come true. From the 18th to the new moon on the 26th, pay close attention to long-distance messages and proposals. The last three days of the month will be best spent with old, true friends.

Taurus
APRIL 20–MAY 20

You may be uncharacteristically restless early in the month. It's a good idea to take a short trip, and shake off the jumpiness. A family misunderstanding on the 13th inspires you to spend more time with relatives during the new year. Business associates bring you new friends, with whom you should share some holiday cheer. The 26th brings a surge of confidence!

Virgo
AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

Important news on the 14th will thrust you into an action-packed period at work, but try to make time for your social life this holiday season. With Mercury in Sagittarius—the romantic fire sign—until the 17th, any new liaison may be a lasting one! On the 19th, someone from the past resurfaces, renewing a lovely memory. On the 26th, start planning some career changes for the New Year.

Aquarius
JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

On the 9th, the charm planet Venus enters Aquarius, and stays put for the rest of the month. Be careful! Your newfound generosity may cause some extravagant spending. On the 10th, Venus and Uranus join hands, bringing you a brief run of unexpected good fortune. The 14th is a good day to clear up household affairs. During the last three days, you must keep an old promise.

Gemini
MAY 21–JUNE 20

The time is ripe for a change this December. When Uranus, joined by Mercury, enters your seventh house—the house of partnership—on the 11th, a new friend will surface to fill a gap in your social life that has been vacant too long. Hold on tight—this is someone who will play a big role in the next year. On the 26th, begin making plans for 1982.

Libra
SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

This month gets off to a slow, uneasy start. You may be tempted to take part in a controversy at work, but lay low until the 8th, when you start to feel a good deal more energetic and enthusiastic. The rest of the month is a breeze! A social conflict on the 13th passes calmly, the 20th brings a new romantic interest to the fore. The last week of December will be filled with holiday cheer—a peaceful, happy time.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Spiritual Neptune has rested in fiery Sagittarius for the past year, cloaking your life in an aura of mystique. Now another unique planet, Uranus, transits Sagittarius, bringing you into the public eye more and more. From the 8th to the 12th, make business associates aware of your potential—it will pay off in the next few months. Plan any career moves carefully.

Cancer
JUNE 21–JULY 22

Feeling a bit frantic the first week of December? It's because the new moon brings so many new ideas and projects your way that you will be running in all directions at once. You should be able to relax by the 7th. Get in the holiday spirit by the 9th. On the 15th, your efficiency level will be high, so get all those chores finished now. With Jupiter in Scorpio, your holiday season should be merry and bright. Heed advice of old friends on the 26th.

Scorpio
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 21

As Uranus passes through your money house this month, it's a good idea to keep a sharp eye on holiday spending. On the 13th, love tugs on your sleeve quite unexpectedly—this is a present from generous Jupiter, passing through your sign at mid-month. Make that decision you have been putting off by the 20th, then relax.

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WINES

Coming on strong: California's consistently good Merlots

One of your best bets for reliable drinking, still relatively underpriced

BY BARBARA KAFKA

Merlot is a grape whose time is coming—slowly, but with an enormous drum roll. It is being made as a varietal, meaning the dominant and name grape of a wine, by a handful of the better California wineries. Most other California growers use the grape as it is used in Bordeaux—to blend with Cabernet Sauvignons to smooth and round out the wines—although, in Pomerol, it is the dominant grape of Château Petrus, historically one of the world's richest and most concentrated wines.

It will be interesting to see how Merlot continues to do in California, where it would seem to be a logical grape to grow. One of the major problems of California wines has been that they are sold and drunk before they have matured. In the case of big, well-made wines, this is a kind of infanticide. Wines made from Merlot have the valuable characteristic of maturing relatively rapidly even when made in a fashion that is full, rich, and tannic.

Merlot can be drunk with the same foods with which you might serve a good, round Bordeaux or a fully mature Cabernet. Any steak or roast would be happy in its company, but so would a stew that is not thrown together but simmered with love and attention. But as is true with almost every good wine, Merlots are at their best when served with a rich, creamy cheese. For the purpose of comparison among a group of wine lovers, a Merlot might be served alongside a Cabernet of the same year and from the same grower. This would give a clear sense of the grape's character, although some Merlots may be blended into some Cabernets even in California.

For those of us with less than twenty years of patience, Merlots from good growers are prime wines to buy now to drink in just a few years' time. Another advantage is that Merlot, being new, is still relatively underpriced, costing anywhere from a few dollars to fully one-half less than an equivalent Cabernet.

You can have great fun without excessive risk by buying almost any California Merlot, since the wines are being made by only the better growers.

A winery that has been making Merlot consistently and for a long time by California standards—since the early 'seventies—is Sterling Vineyards. The winemaker, Theo Rosenbrand, came to Sterling from Beaulieu, a vineyard that has always been famous for making exceptionally full Cabernets. Rosenbrand makes the Sterling Merlots in the same way, blending in a little Cabernet for good measure. The 1978 Merlot, which comes from a very promising year, sells for about $11 a bottle.

While Sterling sits high on a hill in Napa, Clos du Bois is a young vineyard among the group currently placing its bets on Sonoma, more particularly the Alexander Valley. Their 1978 Merlot, a prize winner, is the first of their reds to be released. But whereas their better Chardonnays cost around $11 per bottle, the Merlot is currently only around $8.50. An elegant wine, it is somewhat less heavy than the Sterling and a delight to drink even now.

There are other Napa Merlots for drinking relatively young. Donn Chappellet, owner of the extraordinary Chappellet winery perched on Pritchard Hill, makes a very fresh, round Merlot that sells for approximately $2 less than the equivalent vintage Cabernet. His passionate young winemaker, Tony Sotar, who has recently turned the winemaking mantle over to his wife, is very happy with the Merlots.

"Any steak, roast, or well-made stew would be happy in its company"

Another eminently drinkable wine is the Rutherford Hill Merlot of 1977, still available at less than $8 a bottle. Rutherford Hill, one of the larger of the Napa boutique wineries, has perhaps gotten less attention and publicity than it deserves. Its owners have vast amounts of acreage in the Valley and can get all the grapes they need from their own land. They are owned by the same group that owns Freemark Abbey, a small and very prestigious winery. The wines of Rutherford Hill are extremely well made and a very good value for the money. The fact that they are making Merlot is an interesting indication for the future since they were one of the first to extensively market a Pinot Noir Blanc, the lightly rosé-colored wine that is *(Continued on page 190)*

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CALIFORNIA MERLOTS

(Continued from page 188)

a popular new category in California.

Another style of Merlot is being made at Clos du Val, and one more at Château Chevalier. Both are big rich wines of the Petrus style, indicating that future California Merlots may not only be wines that are drinkable younger and at a lower price but also may develop into popular wines that will need to be aged as long, and cost as much, as Cabernets.

Bernard Portet, the owner and winemaker of Clos du Val, is Bordelais. His father was the régisseur at Château Lafite for many years. Clos du Val, financed with French money at about the same time that Moët-Hennessey was starting its sparkling wine operation at Chandon, was one of the first indicators of the growing French respect for California wines. When a French firm puts up money for a California vineyard, it is an indication of serious interest indeed. Bernard Portet has become known for making big, austere, demanding wines that require maturity in the best Bordeaux style. His Merlot is a relatively recent addition to the list

"Made only by the better growers"

of his varietals. He had originally planted the grape to blend with his Cabernets in the time-honored classic fashion, but he so liked what the grape was doing that he decided to make a Merlot varietal. At almost $11 for the 1978, it is not inexpensive—only about $1.50 less than his Cabernet—but it is a good value for such an extraordinarily good wine. Put it away for a few years and you will have a real treat.

The Château Chevalier Merlot of 1978, made by the Bissonettes—he is a former stockbroker—is a winner even at almost $15 a bottle, which is exactly the price of their Cabernet. The grapes, grown high on the slopes of Spring Mountain, were well-nigh perfect, as if grateful for the end of the previous two-year drought.

The wine, rounded out by time in small Nevers (French) oak barrels, reflects the care taken with virtually perfect fruit. Again this is a wine to hold for maturity, and is a prize well worth searching for.

Not all the fine American wines are being made in California. Some of the finest are being made by a relatively new winery in the state of Washington, Sokol-Blosser. The weather here is cooler than it is in the wine-growing regions of California, which many people feel may produce better fruit. The first Chardonnays have been very promising and have commanded significant prices. The winery makes a very moderately priced Washington Merlot at about $6.75. Not as aggressively priced as its California equivalents, it should be good for drinking quite soon.

An interesting entry in the Merlot sweepstakes is the 1978 Willow Creek Merlot. This label has been developed by Robert Haas, who is well known for his selections of French wines. His palate is impeccable and at $5 a bottle, this is a very good value for drinking now. ▽

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Entertaining: Tips and Treats

Wonderful holiday party ideas...gifts no chocolate lover can refuse

By Sandi Cushman Britton

TWO GREAT HOSTESSES—WITH PLENTY OF IDEAS FOR YOU TO ADAPT FOR YOUR OWN PARTIES

Countess Ulla Wachtmeister *(above)*, wife of the Swedish Ambassador to the United States, gives a kitchen supper party for friends and Embassy staff in the ambassadorial residence in Washington, DC. Fresh green spruce branches are hung on the walls, huge Algerian pine cones hang from red velvet ribbons. Guests get to take home other wall hangings: large festively shaped gingerbread cookies inscribed with their names in icing. The refrigerator wears party clothes: a Swedish tapestry hung over its front; candles in colored glass bowls glow softly everywhere.

● Hot dishes (see recipes on page 194 for Swedish meatballs with red cabbage, a meal-in-itself yellow pea soup) are served right from the stove in copper pots or pots wrapped in colorful cotton cloths (added after the burner's off).

● There is also a complete cold buffet: herring with sour cream and chopped onions, marinated salmon with mustard sauce, smoked reindeer, and Swedish golden caviar, now produced in America.

● To drink: Hot Swedish Glögg made with raisins and almonds (recipe, page 194) greets guests when they come in the door; beer and Akavit (the bottles frozen into blocks of ice along with delicate branches of greenery) are served with the food.

● Says Countess Wachtmeister: "People walk around the house with their plates, their drinks, chatting, listening to Swedish music [*Editor's note:* They have musicians come in, but you could use a recording or tape]. Later on, we dance, ending the evening by making a large circle around the Christmas tree, then dancing all through the house."

CELEBRATIONS

New Yorkers Franny and Daniel Zilkha's buffet for about forty goes from 6:00 P.M. to midnight so people can arrive and leave as they please. "It's a big apartment [and filled with beautiful things, as you might imagine—Daniel is the publisher of "Art & Auction" magazine] and people can find quiet corners if they want to," Franny says The room is filled with fragrances, from potpourri in small cricket baskets piled in silver bowls, homemade bayberry candles surrounded with garlands of bayberries, fragrant boughs of greens on the mantel and looped around the bannister.

The food—a combination of Middle Eastern and New England dishes (so both Zilkhas are represented): smoked turkey, Virginia ham, roast beef, a huge bowl of tabbouleh (cracked-wheat salad, recipe, page 198) plus stuffed mushrooms, a cheese platter. Dessert: chocolate leaf cookies and fresh strawberries ("hard to find but so pretty against a white tablecloth at this time of year").

Greeting guests when they arrive: a large wreath of fresh greens, dolled up. That is, Franny buys a lot of Mexican cookie-dough figures, ties them all over the wreath with red ribbons. Inexpensive, fun to do, and great looking.

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The latest look in chocolates, *left:* those "designed" by Bill Blass, presented in a silver-ingot-shaped box, bearing the designer's name. The $1\frac{7}{8}$-ounce box (closed, *above*), $2, is perfect for slipping inside a Christmas stocking. . . . "Chocolate, Chocolate, Chocolate," offered by The New School Culinary Arts Program (in Manhattan)—a dream course for chocolate enthusiasts. (Similar courses where you live may be available through stores specializing in chocolates, and in cooking schools.) Taught by Arlene Battifarano, one masters such chocolate wonders as truffles, soufflés, candies, an unusual chocolate pear tart (recipe, page 194). Gift certificates available through the cookware shop at the center. For a catalogue write to: New School Culinary Arts Program, 27 West 34 Street, New York City 10001.

REYNOLDS ROLLES

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

Party treats for the holidays —easy to make, delicious

Some old favorites, some surprises

EDITOR'S NOTE: To enrich your own holiday parties, four recipes from Countess Ulla Wachtmeister for the "rustic but good" party fare she gives to Swedish Embassy friends and staff; a spectacular chocolate dessert you'll like anytime of the year; and New York hostess Franny Zilka's family recipe for an unusual party salad. For the story behind the recipes, see Entertaining Tips & Treats, page 193.

YELLOW PEA SOUP
about four servings

2 cups dried yellow peas (available at Swedish food stores, such as Nyborg and Nelson in New York)
1 pound salt pork, cooked ham, or smoked pork butt
1 teaspoon marjoram
Yellow Swedish mustard

Soak yellow peas in water to cover overnight. Drain. Put peas in heavy pot with heavy lid, along with 5 cups water, the meat, marjoram, and simmer slowly for about 1 hour, skimming fat off of surface several times.

Remove meat, cut into bite-sized pieces, return to soup. Serve in large bowls, with pot of sweet yellow Swedish mustard on the side.

SWEDISH MEATBALLS
four servings

1 medium onion, chopped
¼ cup butter
1 pound ground pork, or substitute ½ pound ground beef for half of the pork
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup milk
1 egg
Salt and pepper to taste
½ teaspoon ground allspice

Brown onion in bit of the butter. Mix into meat. Soak bread crumbs in milk. Add to meat mixture with rest of ingredients. Mix well, form into 1½-inch balls.

Melt remaining butter in pan until very hot. Brown meatballs over high heat, then turn down heat, cover pan, and cook until meatballs are cooked through. Serve with red cabbage, *below.*

RED CABBAGE
four to six servings

1 large red cabbage
1 yellow onion, chopped
3 tablespoons vinegar
3 tablespoons water
3 or 4 green apples, peeled, seeded, sliced
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar

Slice cabbage very fine. Put in heavy pot with heavy lid along with remaining ingredients. Cook very slowly for a couple of hours, until all flavors are blended, cabbage is tender, and apples have almost melted into it. Serve with Swedish meatballs, or roast goose.

JULE GLÖGG
about eight servings

12 whole cloves
2 cinnamon sticks
2 teaspoons peeled cardamom seeds
1 tablespoon candied ginger
2 tablespoons sliced orange peel
1 cup sugar
1 bottle plus 1 cup red wine
¼ cup raisins
¼ cup unsalted almonds

Mix first 6 ingredients in 1 cup wine, simmer for twenty minutes, take off stove, let stand for a couple of hours until flavors saturate wine. Pour liquid through strainer, discard spices.

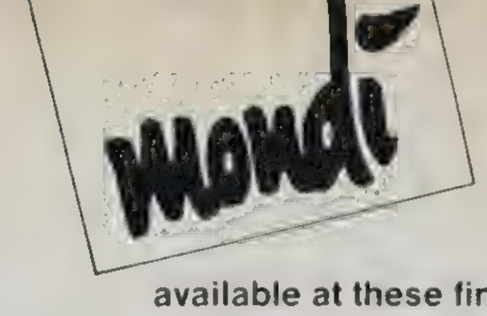
Add mixture to 1 bottle red wine, add 1 cup Akavit or vodka, heat till just under boiling point. Pour into cups, add a few raisins and almonds to each.

ARLENE BATTIFARANO'S CHOCOLATE PEAR TART
about six servings

4 pears
Peel of ½ lemon
½ vanilla bean
⅔ cup sugar
Pastry dough (recipe follows)
6 ounces semisweet chocolate
3-4 strawberries, halved (optional)
½ cup apricot preserves
½ tablespoon Grand Marnier
2 tablespoons pistachio nuts, skinned and finely chopped

Peel pears leaving stems attached and arrange upright in stainless-steel or enamel pan. Add lemon peel, vanilla bean, sugar, and enough cold water to cover pears and bring to boil. Drape piece of cheesecloth over pears to prevent discoloring. Cover and simmer until pears are tender when pierced with a knife. Allow pears to cool in liquid.

Roll out pastry dough to 1/8-inch thick round. Line an 11-inch false-bottom tart tin with pastry. Cut off excess dough and prick bottom with fork. Line with aluminum foil and fill with dried beans. Bake for 20 minutes in preheated 375° *(Continued on page 198)*



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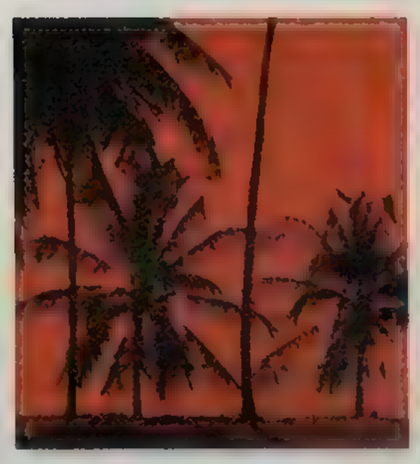

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(Continued from page 194)

oven, then remove aluminum foil and beans and return tart to oven for another 5-10 minutes or until golden. Cool on wire rack.

Break chocolate into small pieces; place in top of double boiler and melt over simmering water, stirring continuously. Pour melted chocolate into cooled tart shell, spreading it with rubber spatula to make a thin even coating. Allow chocolate to harden.

When pears have cooled to room temperature, cut in half lengthwise and remove core. Slice each half into 1/4-inch thick crosswise slices being careful not to separate slices. Transfer slices as a unit to paper towels to drain.

Arrange pear slices over chocolate in decorative overlapping rows. Garnish with optional strawberry halves.

Bring apricot preserves to a boil in a small saucepan, stirring until melted. Remove from heat and add Grand Marnier. Strain through sieve and using pastry brush dab hot glaze over fruit. Sprinkle with pistachio nuts and transfer tart to serving platter.

Pastry dough
2 cups flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
8 tablespoons butter, chilled
3 tablespoons solid shortening, chilled
6 tablespoons cold water

Combine flour, salt, and sugar in mixing bowl. Add butter and shortening, cutting them up into small bits. Using your fingertips, pinch flour and fats until mixture resembles a coarse meal.

Make well in center and add water. Blend and form into flat round of dough. Cover with wax paper and refrigerate for at least 1 hour.

FRANNY ZILKHA'S TABBOULEH
(Cracked Wheat Salad)

three servings

½ cup fine cracked wheat (bulgur)
1 cup finely chopped parsley
1 bunch scallions,
white part only, chopped
5 sprigs fresh mint,
leaves only, chopped
1 large tomato, or 2 medium-sized
tomatoes, seeded and chopped
½ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon olive oil
Salt and pepper
Garnish: romaine lettuce leaves, quartered tomatoes, Greek olives, lemon slices

Rinse wheat and soak for 10 minutes. Drain and squeeze out water by pressing well between palms. Mix chopped parsley, scallions, some of the mint leaves, and tomato. Add wheat, lemon juice, oil, salt and pepper to taste; mix well.

To serve: Line a large platter with romaine leaves and allow them to extend beyond the edge. Put tabbouleh in center of platter, with rest of mint on top. Garnish platter with tomato wedges, Greek olives, and thin lemon slices. Salad can be eaten with romaine leaves or with pieces of pita bread cut in triangles, placed in a basket next to salad platter. ▽

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Criticism with comfort

In an imperfect world, how to give, take

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Do you wish you were more comfortable giving and receiving criticism? Occasionally, an individual has such an abundance of self-assurance—or such a vastly overblown ego—that she or he truly is impervious or even oblivious to criticism. The vast majority of us, however, experience any negative criticism as threatening to our sense of self-esteem. We also may be reluctant to criticize others for fear of hurting their feelings, losing their affection, or having to deal with their anger and pain.

"A large part of our problem is that we haven't been taught the skills and attitudes that would enable us to use criticism as a means of encouraging personal growth rather than discouraging and inhibiting effort," said Hendrie Weisinger, Ph.D., a psychologist who conducts seminars in criticism for businesses and mental-health professionals. "Too often, criticism is a wholly negative, one-way process which focuses on past faults. It seems to foreclose any chance for discussion or appraisal of the criticism. It leads people to believe that there's little possibility of improving whatever was 'wrong.' In the face of such attacks, we often give ourselves additional self-critical messages, harping on what we did badly, overlooking what was right, and ignoring the fact that a mistake doesn't make anyone a failure, because none of us is a 'finished' human being; we all are in the process of 'becoming.'"

In *Nobody's Perfect* (Stratford Press), a practical book on constructive criticism by Dr. Weisinger and Norman M. Lobsenz, the authors suggest that we start operating according to a new definition of *to criticize:* "to communicate information to others in a way that enables them to use it to their advantage and benefit."

Accordingly, the authors point out that *giving* criticism would entail:

- choosing an appropriate time and place
- being as specific and constructive as possible
- being sure that what you are criticizing *can* be changed; if it can't, stop
- using I-statements and avoiding threats and accusations
- making sure the other person understands your criticism and the reasons behind it

For example, instead of demanding, "Why did you put this paragraph at the end of your report?" you would say, "I think the information in this paragraph would be more useful at the beginning because. . ."

By the same token, *taking* criticism positively means, among other things:

- focusing on the criticism itself, rather than on feelings of anxiety or hostility about being criticized
- viewing criticism as a potential source of valuable information
- asking for more specific information if the criticism seems too vague or general or you don't see how you might benefit by following it
- appraising how important the criticism is to you, and how qualified the critic is
- deciding whether the benefits you'll get by making a change are worth the effort

If almost all of us experience some degree of difficulty in taking criticism, it is "especially . . . frightening for a person who accepts two common irrational assumptions," writes Pamela E. Butler, Ph.D., in the newly published edition of *Self-Assertion for Women* (Harper & Row). "*Assumption number one:* For me to be 'okay,' it is absolutely necessary that I am liked by and approved of by everyone. *Assumption number two:* For me to feel good about myself, I must never make a mistake." Dr. Butler points out that "If a woman's 'okayness' depends on her pleasing other people, she will frequently feel bad about herself . . . to please everyone is an impossible task."

"I think women feel much better about taking criticism if they are able to respond to it assertively *and* at the same time, support and affirm themselves while they are responding," says Dr. Butler, a clinical psychologist and director of the Behavior Therapy Institute in Mill Valley, California.

In her book, Dr. Butler describes ways a person can respond assertively to criticism:

She can *accept realistic criticism* without offering apologies or excuses. If someone says, "Your report is not well written," the response can be, "You're right. I'm going to re-edit it tonight." Writes Dr. Butler, "If my reply is stated with direct eye contact and a firm tone of voice, I convey to the other person . . . 'I did not write a perfect report, and I plan to correct it. However, being perfect is not a condition of my okayness. I can make mistakes without feeling bad, inferior, or wrong.'"

A person can *disagree with criticism.* "If . . . I did not agree [that my report was not well written], I could assertively reply, 'I don't agree.' I could also go one step further and affirm, 'In fact, I spent a great deal of time researching the issues, and I am quite pleased with the way that I have presented them.' Self-affirmation can serve an important function," adds Dr. Butler. "[It] can put a halt to a woman's own self-criticism."

A person can *set limits* on inappropriate attacks. If someone refers to a person as being stupid for something she has done, she can deal with the name-calling before attending to the other criticism: "I resent being labeled 'stupid.' I lack experience, not intellect."

Finally, "by backing up . . . to examine our feelings, rather than reacting from panic, we can most effectively sort out and respond to the realities of the critical message." ▽

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Travel Now

By Richard Alleman

Great train comeback... San Francisco inn style...Brazil fly-buy

With most of its opulent 1920s carriages now fully restored or in the final stages of restoration, the long-awaited revived version of the "Venice Simplon Orient-Express" begins regular runs between London and Venice on May 28, 1982. London passengers leave Victoria Station at noon aboard special Pullman parlour cars that take them to the Channel. After a ninety-minute ferry crossing, they board the main train which arrives in Paris at 9:15 P.M., in Milan at 10:00 the next morning, and in Venice at 2:30 that afternoon. The northbound journey leaves Venice at 5:00 P.M.—with dinner prepared by Venice's famed Hotel Cipriani—and arrives in Paris at 10:00 the next morning; London passengers reach Victoria Station by 5:00 P.M. Prices: London-Venice, $550; Paris-Venice, $440; London-Milan, $500; Paris-Milan, $390. These include sleeping compartments, unlimited luggage. See page 208.

TOP-SHOT TENNIS: **Florida's Palm Beach Polo and Country Club resort has just introduced John Gardiner Tennis Clinics. The noted Gardiner method emphasizes intensive on-court sessions, video replay, three-to-one pupil-teacher ratio. PBPCC has also installed two new courts with computerized ball-return machines. See page 208.**

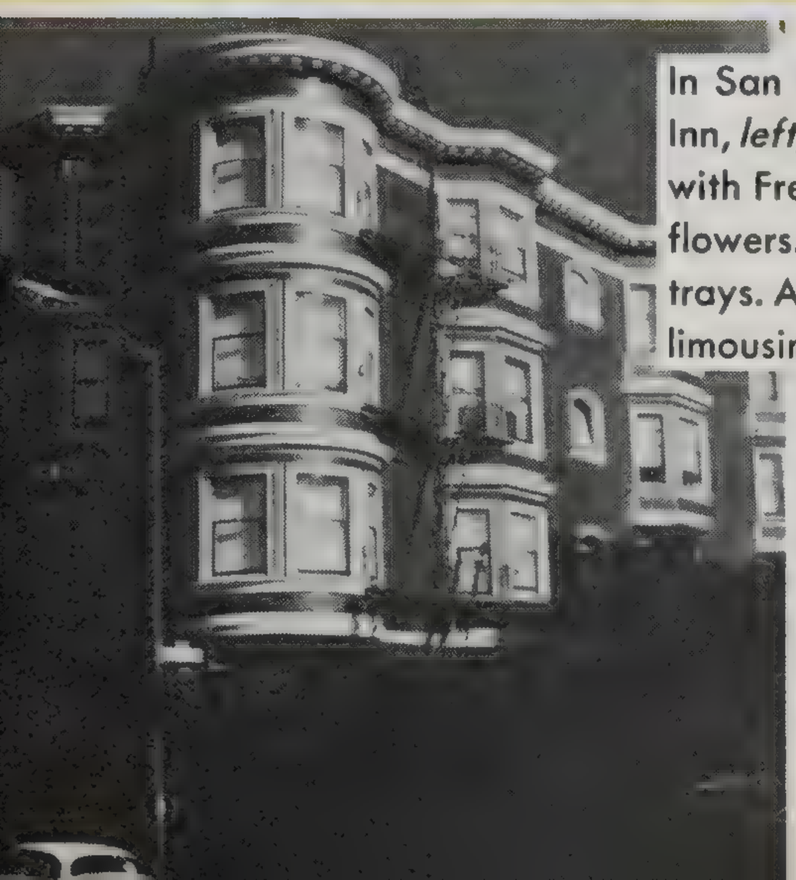
winter winner

Finnair's brand-new "Dr. Zhivago" tour spends three nights in Helsinki, three in Leningrad (pictured right)—plus provides a romantic rail trip through southeastern Finland to Russia. Price: a low $945 pays for hotels, many meals, extensive sight-seeing, train trip, Leningrad theater performance, Leningrad-Helsinki flight, round-trip air transportation between New York and Helsinki. Same package costs $1122 out of Seattle, $1242 from Los Angeles; available now through May 2, 1982. See page 208.

Joint Adventures

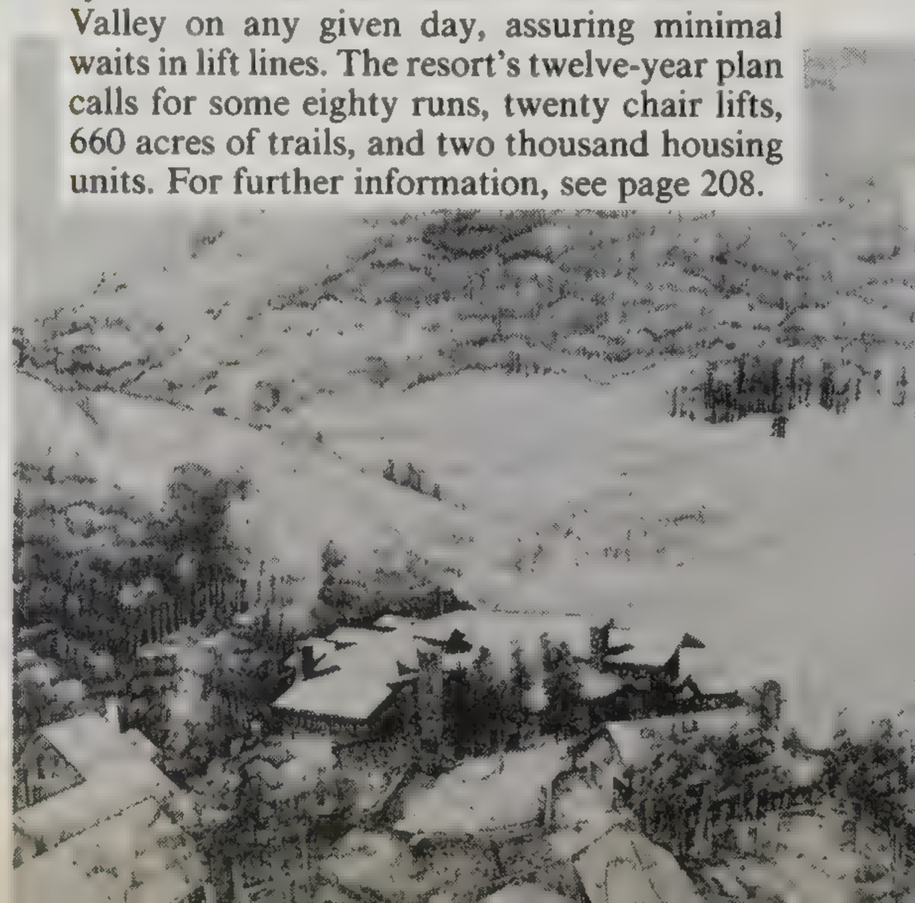
In an intriguing team-up, adventure-tour specialists Abercrombie & Kent International and adventure-cruise experts Society Expeditions have designed new tours that link exciting land excursions in Kenya, Egypt, India, and Nepal with cruises of the Bay of Bengal, Indian Ocean, Red Sea. Example: a thirty-day expert-guided odyssey that includes a ten-day cruise from Singapore to Burma, Indonesia, Sri Lanka—plus an overland swing through India and Nepal. Another program combines India, Nepal, Sri Lanka with a voyage to the Maldive and Seychelles Islands.... Or go on safari in Kenya; then cruise the Seychelles and the Red Sea stopping in Aden, Saudi Arabia, Egypt. Tours take off between March and May, 1982 and 1983. See page 208 for more information.

Debuting this month: the newest ski resort in the West . . . Utah's Deer Valley, *below.* Encompassing three mountains and 6750 acres east of Park City, Deer Valley Resort is a fast forty-five minutes from the Salt Lake City International Airport. Open this season: two mountains, thirty runs, five chair lifts—plus 125 two-, three-, and four-bedroom condominium units, many with hot tubs and/or Jacuzzis. A special "slope-control" reservation system will limit the number of skiers at Deer Valley on any given day, assuring minimal waits in lift lines. The resort's twelve-year plan calls for some eighty runs, twenty chair lifts, 660 acres of trails, and two thousand housing units. For further information, see page 208.



In San Francisco, a small-hotel joy . . . the Nob Hill Inn, *left,* at 1000 Pine Street. Bedrooms are decorated with French antiques, hand-blocked wallpapers, fresh flowers. Morning coffee/croissants arrive on wicker trays. A thoughtful concierge arranges dinner, theater, limousine reservations. Telephone: (415) 673-6080.

South American bargain: Brazil's new Airpass permits unlimited flying within this giant country; $330 for twenty-one days. See page 208 for information.



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AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

TRAVEL

United States Virgin Islands —paradise on the upswing

Good news from the U.S. Caribbean— St. Croix, St. Thomas, St. John

BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

Student walk-tour guides, above, in front of St. Thomas' 1874 legislative building

In the United States Virgin Islands—St. Croix, St. Thomas, St. John—there's an energy that exists almost nowhere else in the Caribbean. Things seem to be happening all the time—from constant openings of new restaurants, clubs, boutiques, resorts, cultural centers to total make-overs of classic island haunts. At the same time, these sunny lands remain the "American Paradise" their license plates proclaim. Besides enjoying some of the best—and most dependable—weather in the Caribbean, the U.S. Virgin Islands offer escapes that require no passports, present no language problems. Here, for the 1981-82 season, a special report on the latest doings in our own little enclave of paradise.

ST. CROIX

St. Croix is an island of geographic superlatives. With its eastern tip the *easternmost* point of land in the United States, St. Croix sees the sunrise before anywhere else in the country. St. Croix is also the *largest* Virgin Island—twenty-three miles long, six miles wide—and the only one lying totally in the Caribbean. St. Croix is the easiest Virgin Island to reach from the U.S. mainland—since its Alexander Hamilton Airport (named for a famous former island resident) is the only V.I. tarmac large enough to accommodate wide-bodied jets. The nonstop hop from New York to St. Croix takes three hours.

Denmark ruled St. Croix from 1733 to 1917; its architectural influence makes the island's main town—Christiansted—one of the most attractive in the Caribbean. In this little harbor backed by green hills, wide arches span and enclose sidewalks; arcaded alleys—brick-paved, tropically landscaped, deliciously cool and shady—are edged with shops, cafés, restaurants in restored Danish Colonial buildings. The town is a joy to walk, shop, stay.

To stay in Christiansted, a lineup of waterfront inns comes up with simple rooms, small swimming pools, easy access to water sports—sailing, wind-surfing, fishing and diving charters. Among these inns, the thirty-eight-room King Christian Hotel looks out on both the harbor and on the wide square that clusters the restored Danish Customs House, Scalehouse, and Fort Christiansvaern. The hotel's new $750,000 Chart House Restaurant—with a tree growing in the dining room and through the roof—has steaks and fish prepared on an open grill, super salad bar.

Several doors away, the poolside patio of the King's Alley Hotel is a popular spot for sunset drinks. Here, one table is always reserved for the boat captains who clean their catch on the pier on the other side of the patio. From 5:30 to 8:00 in the evening, music livens the scene; a guitarist/calypso singer (an attorney by day) alternates with a steel band.

The newest—perhaps the most private—place to stay in Christiansted is Pink Fancy. An architectural melding of four small buildings—including a 1780 Danish town house—this pink-and-white hideaway will open this month with thirteen luxurious rooms with kitchens. Continental breakfast will be served; a poolside bar will offer complimentary drinks throughout the day and evening.

Also providing *(Continued on page 208)*

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U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 207)

St. Croix joy: open-air dining by the sea

privacy in a city setting, the Hotel on the Cay takes over a tiny isle in Christiansted harbor. A one-minute motor-float from downtown, Hotel on the Cay has a seven-acre beach, four tennis courts, Olympic pool, fifty-five air-conditioned rooms, superb views of Christiansted. At lunch, sandwiches and drinks are served beach-side on a covered patio; the main dining area is a split-level terrace walled with stone, paved with bricks, and open to the trade winds.

Back downtown, more open-air dining at Tivoli Gardens. Festooned in lights, this spacious second-story porch of white beams, trellises, hanging plants, looks like a carnival pavilion. Run by a former Wall Street businessman who also plays the guitar and sings '40s-through- '60s songs, Tivoli features lobster, steaks, fish, goulash, kabobs.

More good Christiansted restaurants: Franks—for Italian food served in stone-walled dining rooms or in a big garden.... The Binnacle—the sea-fronting restaurant of the banana-yellow Caravelle Hotel ... Comanche—South Seas ambience, Continental and Caribbean food.... Top Hat—Danish dining in a restored Danish town house.

Christiansted is on the north shore of St. Croix. The island's second city—Frederiksted—lies about seventeen miles away on the western coast. Besides magnificent views of green meadows and blue Caribbean, a surprise sight on the drive from Christiansted to Frederiksted is the high-tech sprawl of the Hess Oil refinery—a major island industry.

On the outskirts of Frederiksted, Whim Greathouse was built in the late 1700s by a gentleman plantation owner named Christopher MacEvoy. Restored in 1956 and turned into a museum, Whim Greathouse gives a glimpse of plantation life in the days when prosperous St. Croix was known as the "Garden of the Antilles." A deep dry moat surrounding the massive main house once provided ventilation and light to basement storerooms. The building's three-foot-thick walls of cut stone and coral were cemented together with a mixture of lime and molasses. To see inside: antiques, artifacts—plus a fascinating set of reproductions of eighteenth-century prints that tell how sugarcane was processed into raw sugar, molasses, and rum.

Beyond Whim Greathouse, the sleepy town of Frederiksted looks totally different from Christiansted. Here, the architecture is woodfretwork Victorian (because of a fire in 1878) rather than ballast-brick Danish. A tree-shaded esplanade divides the main Strand Street from the sea. A long pier hosts an occasional cruise ship; more often, it's used to view the town's legendary sunsets. People drive from all over the island to see them.

People also head to Frederiksted to lunch or dine at Barbara McConnell's. At this restaurant in two adjacent *(Continued on page 210)*

VOGUE® TRAVEL GUIDE

THE UNITED STATES VIRGIN ISLANDS

398 ☐ ST. CROIX, ST. THOMAS, ST. JOHN: General information from the US Virgin Islands Division of Tourism

WHERE to STAY

ST. CROIX:
2011 ☐ HOTEL ON THE CAY
2012 ☐ KING'S ALLEY HOTEL
2013 ☐ KING CHRISTIAN HOTEL
2014 ☐ PINK FANCY HOTEL
2015 ☐ THE BUCCANEER
2016 ☐ FREDERIKSTED HOTEL
2018 ☐ QUEEN'S QUARTER
2019 ☐ SPRAT HALL

ST. THOMAS:
967 ☐ BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE
966 ☐ MAHOGANY RUN
2020 ☐ HOTEL 1829
2021 ☐ ST. THOMAS DIVING CLUB

ST. JOHN:
968 ☐ CANEEL BAY
2022 ☐ CINNAMON BAY
2023 ☐ MAHO BAY

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909 ☐ LA COSTA RESORT HOTEL & SPA, Carlsbad, California
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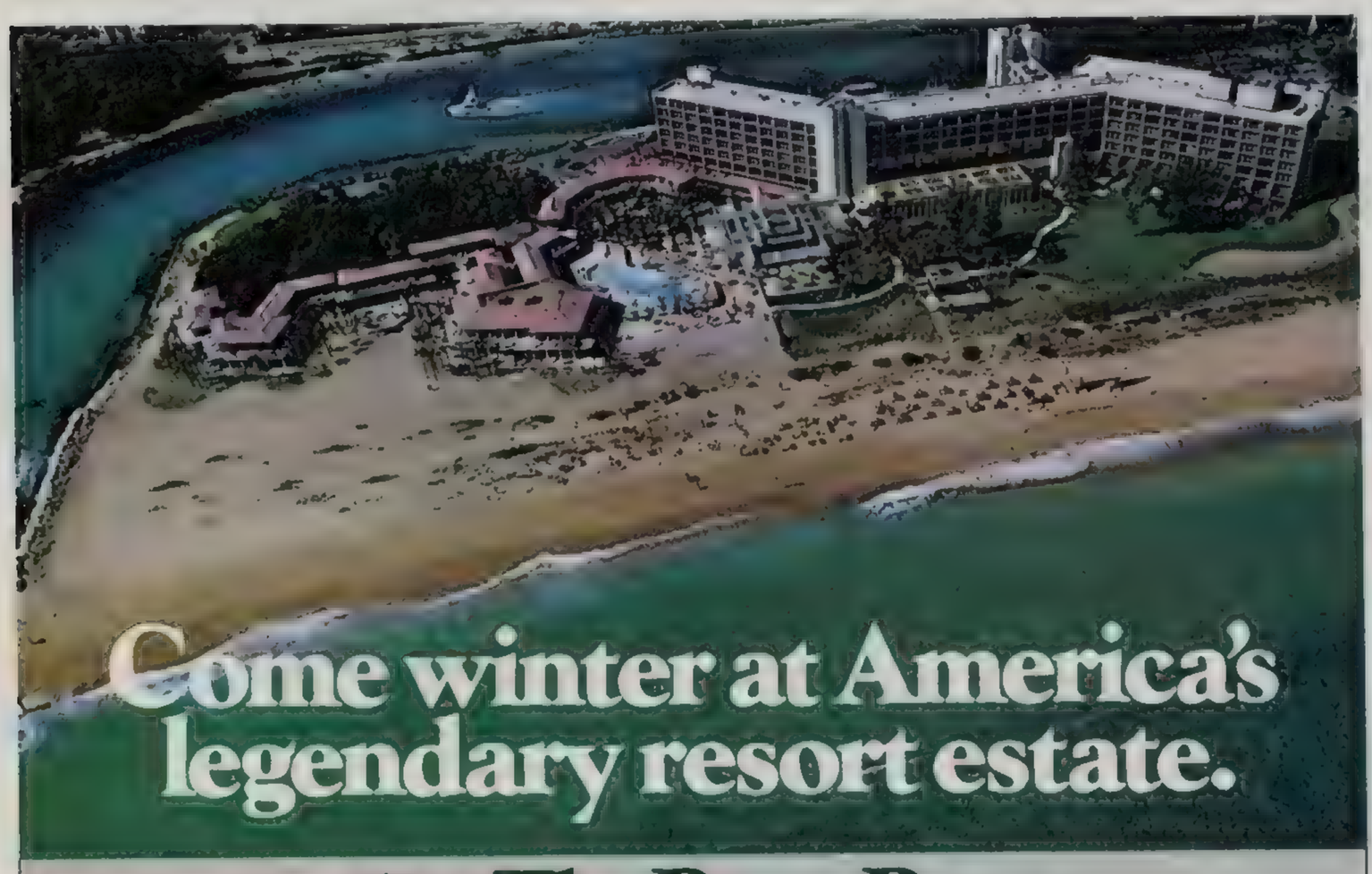

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U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 208)

In the U.S.V.I.: dream shopping, no-duty prices

town houses and their gardens, the owner concocts whimsical dishes such as "ham with drunken beans"; she also plays the piano while a cat looks on.

A few blocks away, the food, setting are less eccentric at The Brandy Snifter on King Street: steaks, seafood, chicken served in a low-lit pub with beamed ceiling. Across the street, Belardo's is the place to go for Latin specialties—*arroz con pollo,* fried bananas.

Back on Strand Street, Piazza's big open windows look out on the water and on boats moored on the beach; pizza, burgers, pasta, Mexican dishes come from the kitchen while vintage Bob Dylan and Cat Stevens blare from a cassette player on the bar. . . . At Swashbuckler, ceiling fans spin and ocean sounds and smells add to the romance of dining on this terrace over the sea.

Places to stay in Frederiksted: the three-story Frederiksted Hotel on Strand Street—forty motel-style rooms with refrigerators; a small pool, sun deck, and free transportation to a good beach minutes away . . . The King Frederik Hotel—hotel rooms as well as bungalows on the beach south of town . . . and, finally, Sprat Hall.

Spread over two hundred tropical acres, Sprat is the oldest plantation house still standing on St. Croix. Besides antiques-furnished rooms in the main house, Sprat has modern, if not luxurious, bungalow units.

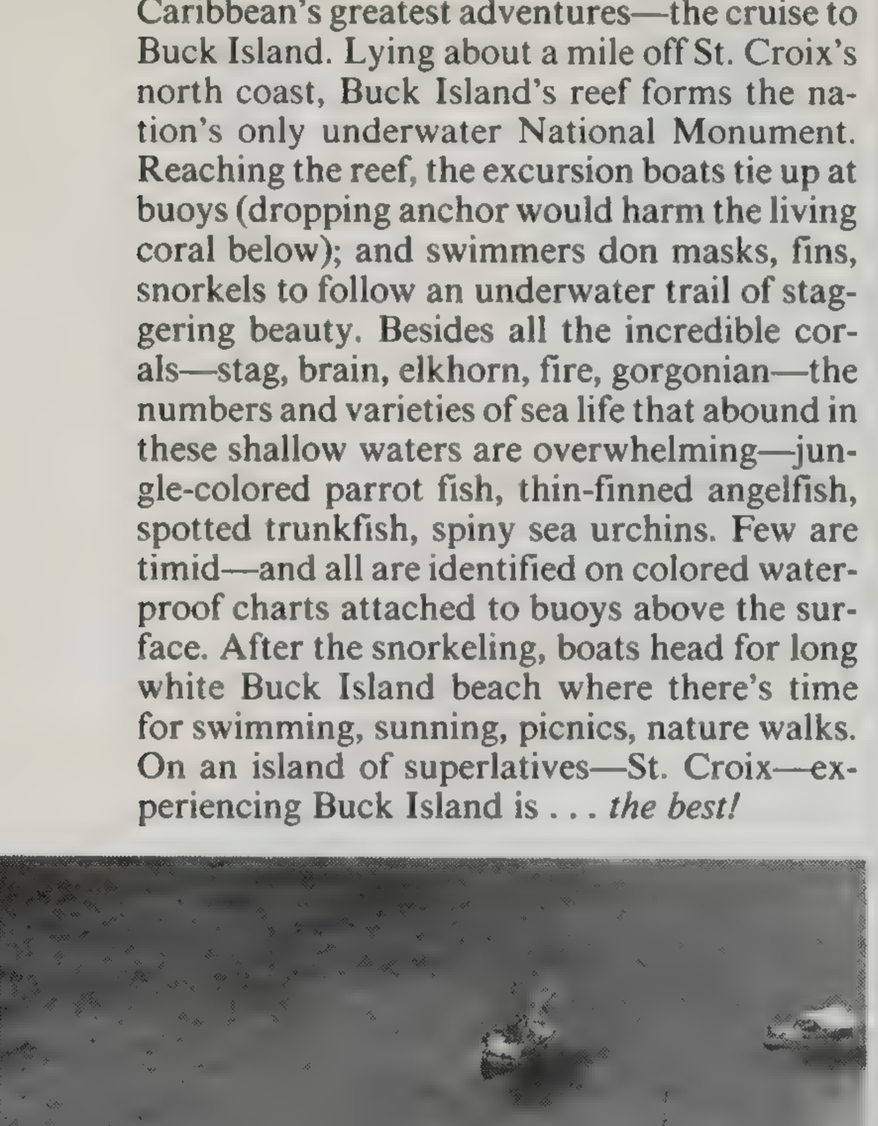
The great treat at Sprat Hall is dinner—an orgy of island dishes prepared from recipes hundreds of years old and served on long mahogany tables in the candelabra-lit dining room of the main house. Guests at other hotels are welcome to dine here—but must reserve. For riding enthusiasts, Jill's Equestrian Stable—run by the owners' daughter—gives horseback instruction as well as rides along the beach and through western St. Croix's rain forest—once used as the location for the film *The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

On the center of St. Croix, the luxurious studios, suites, and villas of Queen's Quarter are set on fourteen acres of terraced tropical slopes. The other lures of this good-looking mountain/island retreat: the largest fresh-water pool on St. Croix, tennis courts, excellent indoor and outdoor restaurants, golf on the nearby Robert Trent Jones-designed Fountain Valley course. Beach buffs shuttle from Queen's Quarter to Pelican Cove where a beach-side bar serves lunch and drinks.

The biggest news on the 240 hilly acres that cradle St. Croix's star resort The Buccaneer is the Brass Parrot Room restaurant. Housed in the Buccaneer's pink-stucco main building, this glamorous new jackets-for-gentlemen dine spot is decorated with thick carpets, bamboo furniture. Big windows frame hills, sea; a piano is played softly; flambéed dishes are special.

Also special: Every morning at 9:30, catamarans and trimarans stop by The Bucca-

neer's dock to pick up passengers for one of the Caribbean's greatest adventures—the cruise to Buck Island. Lying about a mile off St. Croix's north coast, Buck Island's reef forms the nation's only underwater National Monument. Reaching the reef, the excursion boats tie up at buoys (dropping anchor would harm the living coral below); and swimmers don masks, fins, snorkels to follow an underwater trail of staggering beauty. Besides all the incredible corals—stag, brain, elkhorn, fire, gorgonian—the numbers and varieties of sea life that abound in these shallow waters are overwhelming—jungle-colored parrot fish, thin-finned angelfish, spotted trunkfish, spiny sea urchins. Few are timid—and all are identified on colored waterproof charts attached to buoys above the surface. After the snorkeling, boats head for long white Buck Island beach where there's time for swimming, sunning, picnics, nature walks. On an island of superlatives—St. Croix—experiencing Buck Island is . . . *the best!*



Off St. Croix, Buck Island, above: top stop for diving, picnics, nature walks

ST. THOMAS

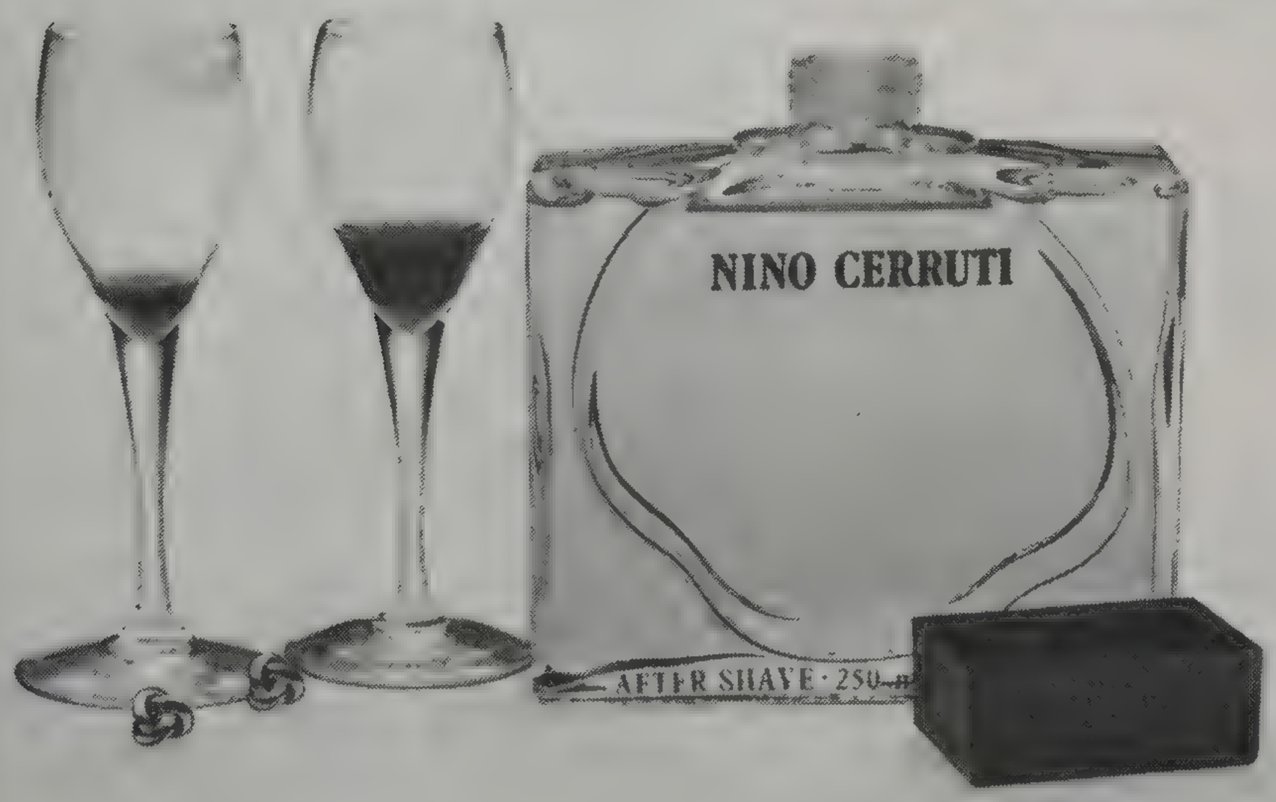
The air-hop from St. Croix to St. Thomas takes about twenty minutes. No long drive from airport to town on this small—thirteen miles long—island: the Harry S. Truman Airport is practically within the limits of St. Thomas' lively main town, Charlotte Amalie. The bustle, traffic, the harbor packed with big cruise ships, ferry boats, motor and sailing yachts all make this capital of the United States Virgin Islands seem much larger than its population of ten thousand.

Adding to the big-city illusion: the profusion of shops, department stores, cafés, restaurants, pubs that take over most of downtown. Duty-free merchandising is Charlotte Amalie's big business—a thriving one since some seven hundred thousand cruise-ship trippers touch base here every year. Besides low prices, an added lure of shopping in the United States Virgin Islands is the fact that U.S. citizens are allowed to bring home $600 worth of duty-free purchases instead of the usual $300.

St. Thomas buys: silver, china, crystal, watches, perfumes, jewelry, luggage, liquor. *Note:* U.S. citizens are allowed to import one gallon (five "fifths") *(Continued on page 212)*

"That fragrance you're wearing. Is it new?"
(She enquired.)

"Effective don't you think?"
(He murmured.)



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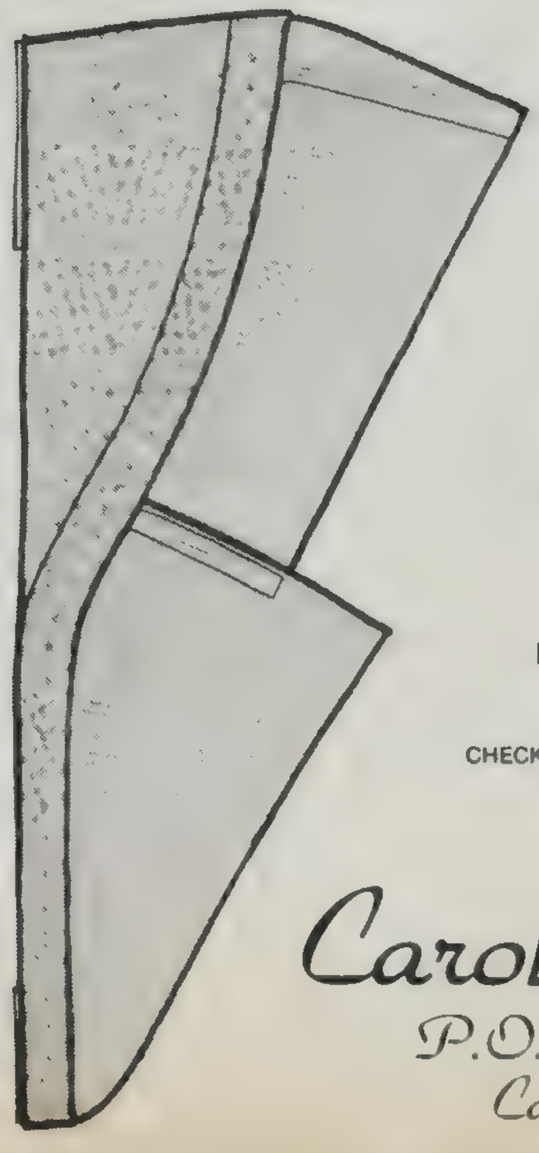
Pamela



Pamela
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Kelly green, navy,
beige, red,
white, black,
blue, rust
(Specify #2 choice)

Marie

Marie
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U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 211)

On St. Thomas: beach/sun days, disco nights

of liquor without paying any tax. Five bottles of a good Caribbean rum such as Cruzan or Mt. Gay come to less than $15; shops pack, ship liquor to the airport where visitors pick it up before passing customs and boarding States-bound flights.

Designer names star Charlotte Amalie's boutiques. In Palm Passage—a long courtyard of palm trees and pink-stucco buildings with vine-hung balconies—Guy Laroche, Courrèges, YSL, Valentino, Les Must de Cartier are among the many design lines featured. In the middle of this same "Designer Alley," Le Petit Pump Room serves breakfast, lunch, drinks, snacks at tables shaded by green-and-white umbrellas.

Royal Dane Mall—three narrow traffic-free streets of fountains, courtyards, and restored stone warehouses—is another top-shop enclave. It's also the setting for the excellent French restaurant L'Escargot. Here, brick-walled and arcaded dining rooms are hung with tapestries, fly baronial flags. Excellent wine cellar; popular with local business people.

Behind Charlotte Amalie's shopping malls, Back Street is the appropriate name of the narrow lane clustering many St. Thomas clubs and pubs. Current "in" places: Chaps—a Western-look saloon with plank floors, Tex/Mex fast food, electronic games, and a Betty Hutton blond bartender. Across the alley, Rosie O'Grady's comes up with Irish sing-alongs late at night. Further down the street, Sandy's is where everyone breakfasts on Belgian waffles, watches movies on Sunday evenings.

For dancing, Safari—just off Back Street—draws a young crowd. Just outside Charlotte Amalie, housed in a low white building on the grounds of the Virgin Isle Hotel, Studio 54—managed and owned by Mark Fleischman of New York's recently reborn disco of the same name—is the hottest boîte on the island.

For dancing to West Indian sounds, Pirates' Parlour at Bluebeard's Castle hotel—on a hill above Charlotte Amalie—pulls in locals and hotel guests with calypso and reggae bands. *Note:* Bluebeard's recently revamped many rooms, added a whole new convention center, and remains an ideal hideaway combining big-resort pleasures—pool, tennis, sun—with easy access to city action.

Beyond the stir of Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas is studded with resorts, surprising places to dine, beautiful bays, and—of all things—a university campus. The College of the Virgin Islands is cradled in steep lush hills west of downtown Charlotte Amalie. Here, a road edged with pink oleander leads to the Reichhold Center for the Arts. Dedicated three years ago, this Japanese-looking amphitheater—built of wood and stone—can accommodate close to twelve hundred spectators. Among the artists set to appear this season in open-air performances: pianist André Watts (February 2), The Joffrey Ballet (March 13), Pilobolus Dance Theater (April 10), Nancy Wilson (April 16-17). Smells of gardenias add to the pleasure of a night at Reichhold.

On the north side of St. Thomas—reached via a twisting mountain road—the French restaurant Entre Nous sits high above the Atlantic. Good cream soups, fish and veal dishes are served in tiny rooms and on a back porch with a dramatic ocean view. Almost next door, A Place in the Sun is a brand-new lunch spot on a property known as Berry's Farm. Run by an old French Caribbean family, the farm supplies most of the ingredients for the simple dishes—quiches, *salades nicoises,* hot and cold soups—served in a delightful garden walled by feathery ferns and set with tables and bright umbrellas. A Place in the Sun is a good place before or after a day on nearby Magens Bay Beach—the island's mile-wide best beach.

Also just minutes *(Continued on page 215)*

Hillside villa-view, above, of Mahogany Run—St. Thomas' newest resort

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U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 212)

away from Magens Bay, St. Thomas' newsmaker resort Mahogany Run sweeps across 315 acres of valleys, hills, and rugged coastline. Guests stay in attractive white low-rise one- and two-bedroom units with kitchens, living/dining rooms, and long breezy balconies that offer glorious views of the ocean and nearby British and U.S. Virgin Islands. Besides swimming pools, tennis, and Magens Bay Beach, the big sports draw at Mahogany Run is golf. The resort's eighteen-hole course—the only one on St. Thomas—is already famed for its cliff- and cove-hazarded thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth holes known as "The Devil's Triangle."

Lying about ten minutes from Mahogany Run on the northeast end of the island, Coki Point is one of St. Thomas' best diving/snorkeling sites. Non-divers can take in some of Coki's undersea beauty at Coral World—a unique marine park with a three-story observation tower built one-hundred feet offshore, and submerged in twenty feet of water. In the tower's bottom chamber, big TV-screen-shaped windows look out on coral, tropical fish, giant crabs, sponges. Equally intriguing: Coral World's reef tank—a huge circular aquarium filled with sharks, sting rays, barracudas, moray eels. Here, small remora fish ride the backs of big sharks—Space Shuttle/747-style—in order to eat the food rejected by their hosts. The news at Coral World: it's now open until 9:00 P.M. for nighttime sea-seeing.

Back in Charlotte Amalie, the news at the St. Thomas Diving Club—located on a secluded peninsula jutting into the harbor—is the new week-long package that combines four days at the Club's small Villa Olga Hotel with three days of cruising and diving aboard the recently acquired *Mohawk II* dive-boat. Also new at the St. Thomas Diving Club: the Chart House Restaurant. Five months old, it's already one of St. Thomas' most popular spots. The restored Victorian Villa Olga (a former Russian embassy) forms the bar area, opens onto a vast dining terrace by the sea. Specialties: lobster, steaks, fish; enormous salad bar; sinful ice-cream concoction called Mud Pie.

For local fish—hind, grunt, oldwife (trigger)—Sparky Cloud Room serves them West Indian-style in a bright cocktail-lounge-red dining room. Dishes come with rice, French fries, *fungi*—a native mix of cornmeal and okra. On Mondays and Thursdays, "Blue Caribbean Nights" feature calypso shows. *Note:* Sparky—east of Charlotte Amalie—will pick up dinner guests from nearby resorts—Point Pleasant, Pavilions and Pools—and take them back at no charge.

St. Thomas dining flash: The 165-foot ship *MV Fanta Sea*—now in the final stages of a total make-over by top interior designer J. Fredrick Lohman—plans to begin dinner cruises in mid-January. On board: a disco, six blackjack tables, fifty slot machines.

Back on land, Charlotte Amalie's landmark Hotel 1829 has just been restored to its 1829 splendor, modernized for 1980s' tastes. The 1829's fourteen guest rooms have brick walls, mahogany-louvered windows, air-condition-mahogany-louvered windows, air-conditioning, televisions. In the dining room, brass ceiling fans and a two-hundred-year-old Moroccan-tiled floor heighten the charm of dining in this historic setting. *(Continued on page 216)*

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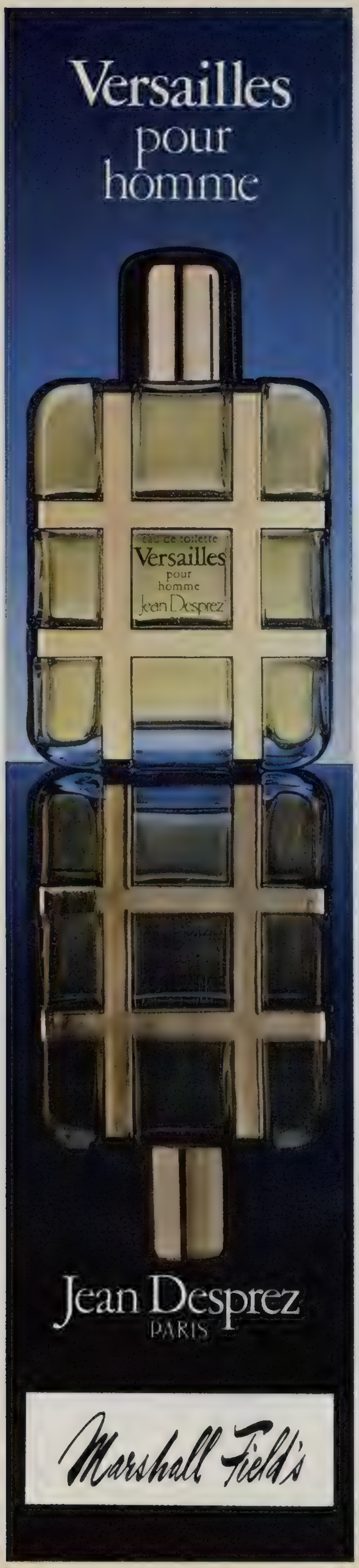

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 215)

Cruz Bay—a Caribbean frontier town

For more history, the United States Virgin Islands' Division of Tourism has recently inaugurated free "after-school" walking tours of Charlotte Amalie. Hosted by local high-school students, these tours visit the seventeenth-century Danish Fort Christian; the second-oldest synagogue in the Western Hemisphere; the 1820 Lutheran Church with its wide "welcoming" steps; the mint-green legislative building. For facts: Visitor Information Bureau on the Waterfront.

ST. JOHN

The ferry ride from St. Thomas' Red Hook Dock to Cruz Bay on the island of St. John takes about twenty minutes. With Virgin Islands constantly in sight, the crossing seems more like sailing on a large lake than on the ocean. At Cruz Bay, glamorous yachts fill the harbor—along with Coast Guard craft and an occasional big black tanker used to haul in freshwater from Puerto Rico.

Back-woodsy Cruz Bay is a far cry from cosmopolitan Charlotte Amalie. Here, big news is the one-hundred-foot sidewalk recently installed alongside the main downtown street. There's a pioneer-town look and feel: the phone company is housed in a trailer, a bookstore/travel agency takes over a tiny wood cabin, a hut holds a car-rental business. To find out island doings—such as which calypso band is playing at Fred's pub on Saturday night—townspeople check "the trees," a tree-trunk bulletin board in the center of town. Nearby, the architecturally crisp restaurant Moveable Feast could easily be in Northern California's Marin County—except for the chickens that wander the wood deck floor.

To sight-see St. John, taxi and truck-bus tours wind around this beautifully coasted mountainous isle, one half of which is a U.S. National Park. Two good guides: "Miss Lucy"—who drives a brown van decorated with flowers; she's especially knowledgeable about the many tropical plants on the island . . . and Rene Penn, said to be a distant relative of William Penn.

St. John is a one-resort island—and that resort is the famous Caneel Bay Plantation. Encompassing 170 close-cropped acres, seven beaches, Caneel Bay offers exactly what its fans desire: fine food, total quiet, luxurious escaping in a setting that's in complete harmony with nature. This year, to assure even more tranquility at Caneel, children must be over ten years old to stay. The joys of Caneel Bay are simple: beach, sailing, tennis, walking the arboretum-like grounds kept perfect by a grounds crew of over twenty and a resident horticulturist. Then, too, there's sleeping to the sounds of sea and tree frogs . . . waking up and taking a dip on the secluded beach steps away from most cottages.

In contrast to the luxurious—and expensive—escaping at Caneel Bay, St. John's two other main stay-places—Cinnamon Bay and Maho Bay—are for those who want paradise at bargain rates. Run by Rockresorts—who also run Caneel—Cinnamon Bay is a beach-side campground within the U.S. Virgin Islands National Park; it rents tents, tent sites, and screened cottages. A commissary provides basic food supplies; a cafeteria serves breakfast, lunch, dinner.

At Maho Bay, boardwalks and wooden stairways connect green canvas tent-cottages built on a thickly wooded hillside above the sea. A shuttle bus heads to Cruz Bay, eight miles away, several times a day. Activities at Maho include scuba lessons, diving expeditions, sails to uninhabited beaches and to nearby British Virgin Islands; passports required for the last. Lectures on astronomy, marine life, natural history as well as impromptu evenings of classical music are more Maho delights. Often, local good cooks cater and host gala dinners, here.

Back in Cruz Bay, Miss Meadas' restaurant serves island food, too—spicy fish, shrimp, chicken—in a little room with green walls and six dinette tables. Poised on a hill above town, The Upper Deck restaurant offers dinner with a view. Sunsets and desserts—banana cream pie, pecan pie—are sensational. Not a bad way to end a day in this "American Paradise." ▽

St. John shop/café center Mongoose Junction, above, in harbor-town Cruz Bay

FLYING THE UNITED STATES VIRGIN ISLANDS

Easiest shot from New York: American Airlines' daily nonstop to St. Croix leaves JFK mid-morning, arrives on the island before one o'clock. The same flight goes on to St. Thomas via a fleet of small prop planes that passengers board immediately. Upon reaching St. Thomas, the Caneel Bay-bound hop a special van to the boat that will sail them to this Rockresort on the island of St. John.

Eastern Airlines flies to St. Croix and St. Thomas from Miami; and the Puerto Rico-based airlines Ocean Air and Prinair fly to the U.S. Virgin Islands out of San Juan.

Nostalgia note: The old Grumman "Goose" and "Mallard" seaplanes that serviced the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico for fifteen years were retired this September.

For further information on the United States Virgin Islands, see the Vogue Travel Guide on page 208.

La galerie des Glaces vue par Jean Desprez

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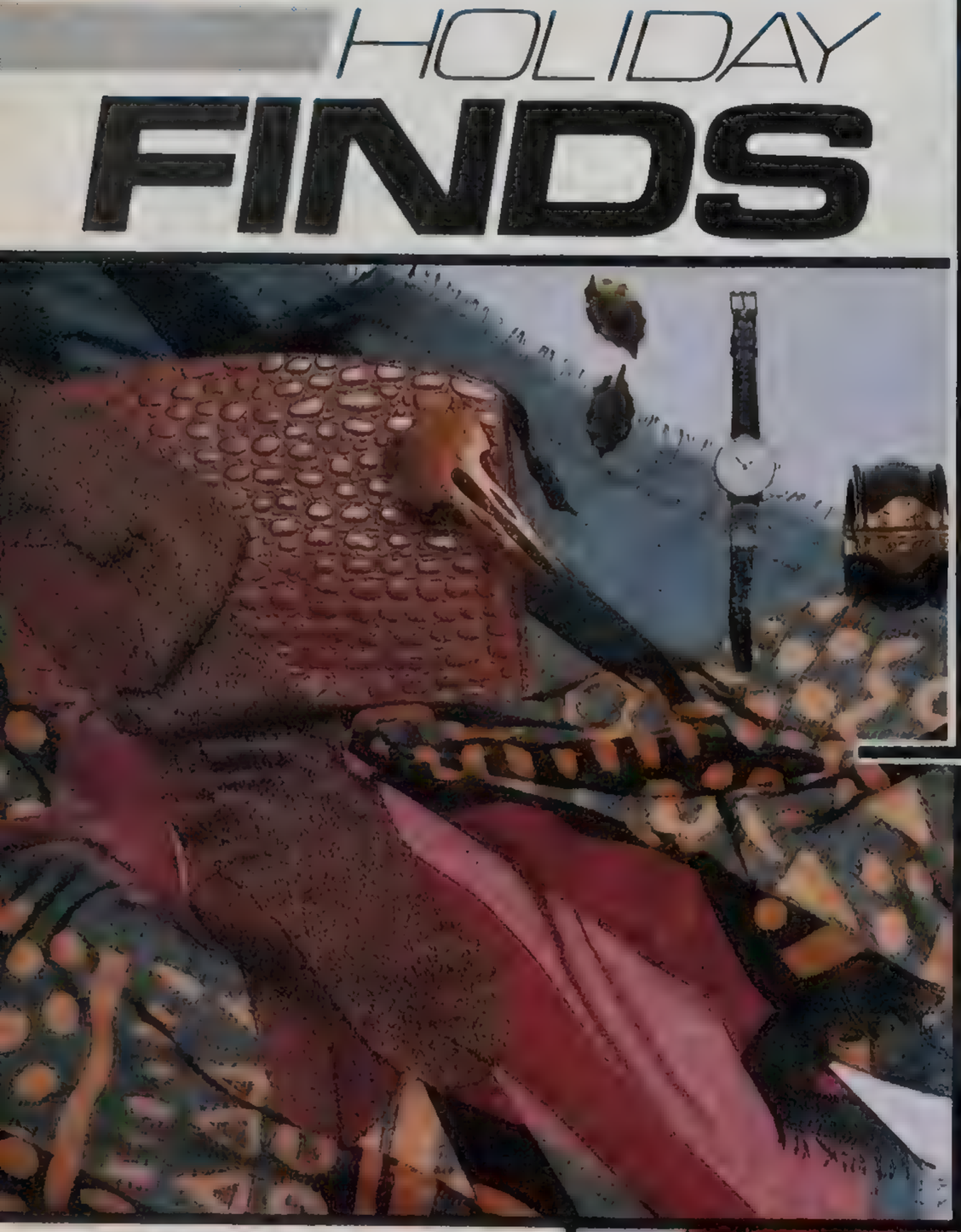
VOGUE'S View

Talk with Walter Hoving... one suit, three attitudes ...new fashion names

Edited by June Weir

HOLIDAY FINDS



If ever there was a season for accessories—this is it! From big, beautiful blanket shawls to bold wooden bangle bracelets to shiny metallics—the feeling is luxurious. Some of the accessories designers showed with their collections cost even more than the ready-to-wear; but, as the pieces shown here prove, knockout accessories need not break your bank account. Remember, though, whatever you pay, accessories this season must look extravagant.

In shawls, bigger is definitely better. Look for clean-cut, colorful patterns such as stripes (all widths), Paisleys, plaids, and geometrics.

Next to shawls, an interesting texture for your legs is most important. Some of the newest textures: cables, argylls, lacy knits.

In jewelry, bold architectural designs look great. Wood, as "real" as gold or silver, is one of the best new materials. *("View" continued on page 222)*

Left, clockwise from top: Bronze ceramic leaf earrings from Flights of Fancy, $8; a classic—the thin round Timex watch, $52; buffalo-horn bangle with brass, by Ilas Accents, $32; a knockout—printed silk/wool challis shawl by Saldarini & Saldarini, $75; more shine—silk/metallic knicker-length socks by Hue, $30; faux crocodile portfolio by Ruza Creations, $60; Rafael Sanchez' gold-leaf wood comb, $28

FIFTEEN GREAT ACCESSORIES EACH PRICED UNDER $75

Right, clockwise from top: To keep warm in—a giant red wool/rayon muffler, British Khaki by Robert Lighton, $40; chunky wooden bangle with gold-leaf design, Valerie Robertson at Artwear, $70; Rafael Sanchez' sculptural walnut lacquered wood cuff, $40; Achille Pinto's beautiful red silk/Lurex print scarf, $55; from Bottega Veneta—a terrific woven straw tote trimmed with leather, $45; the new classic—a round quartz watch from Timex, $40; wooden hair comb—that shines, by Rafael Sanchez, $28; bold two-tone gold/black earrings by Karen Reed for Bergére, $15. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. All prices approximate. Stores, details, next to last pages.

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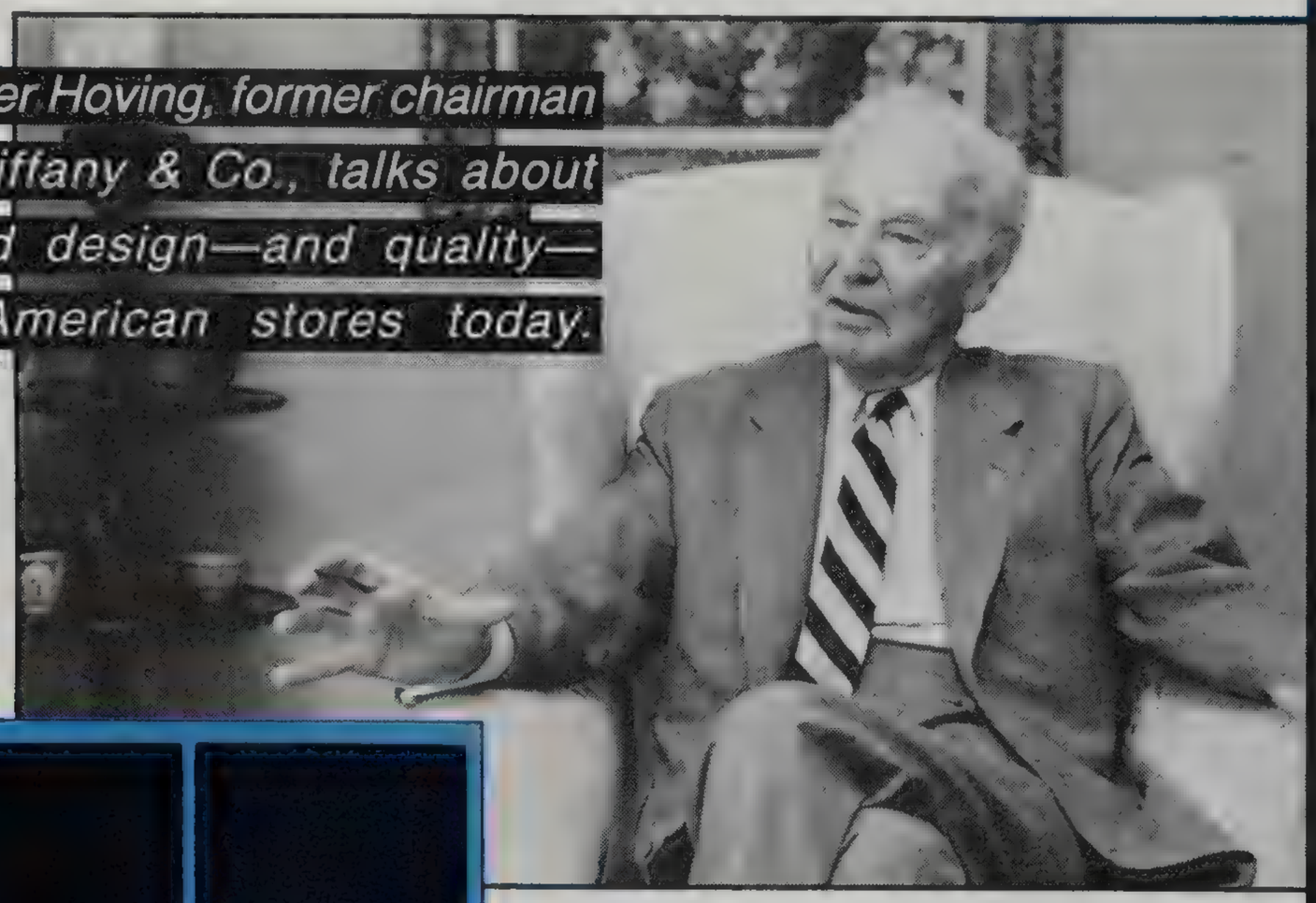
VOGUE'S

View

The quality merchant

Walter Hoving, former chairman of Tiffany & Co., talks about good design—and quality—in American stores today.



SAL TRAINA

"The biggest problem with stores today—they've sold out to outside designers. The designers are getting rich and the stores are poorer. Private labels offer new hope."

Hoving believes the great Tiffany mystique is based on the fact that you can get Tiffany designers only at Tiffany's or by mail

What motivates people to buy today? Has it changed since you first began in retailing?

"It's simple. It's the merchandise. When I took over Tiffany's in 1955, the annual volume was seven million dollars. When I left in 1980, we were doing over one hundred million. We just did one simple thing: we concentrated on the very best merchandise. Some stores put the emphasis on marketing, advertising, or displays. But, if the merchandise isn't right, nothing fools the public. A store must edit and have a point of view.

"I find Bendel's has a point of view—period. Gerry Stutz sells only what she likes."

How do you see approaching this problem of selectivity by the stores?

"The one office every store should have is that of design editor, a top-ranking corporate esthetician who manages the design concept, standards, policies, and programs of the store. At Tiffany today, John Loring is that person. Van Day Truex and George O'Brien were also outstanding in that position. Today, there is an abundance of good designers in America. Money doesn't have a thing to do with good design. If something is well designed, even if it's inexpensive, it will sell better. Three outstanding examples of good product design are the IBM typewriter, Baccarat glasses, and the Ford Ghia cars.

"But the basic problem is that top executives do not know what good design is. Retailers are often so preoccupied with the question 'Will it sell?' that design is overlooked. I'm concerned about the fact that out of all the business schools in this country, not one has a decorative-arts course.

"When I was a vice president at Macy's, Jesse Straus, one of the great merchants, said to me, 'Walter, have you ever taken any decorative-arts courses?' I replied, 'No.' He suggested I should. For the next three years, I went three times a week at night to learn all I could about Oriental rugs, silver, china, and many other topics. Those courses affected my entire career."

Is there an area offering quality to the customer today that you also believe is value?

"Yes. Jewelry. The New York stores—Tiffany, Van Cleef, Bulgari, Winston, Cartier—offer quality, and for what they do, it's at a price." *("View" continued on page 224)*

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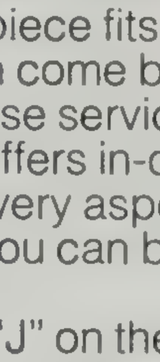

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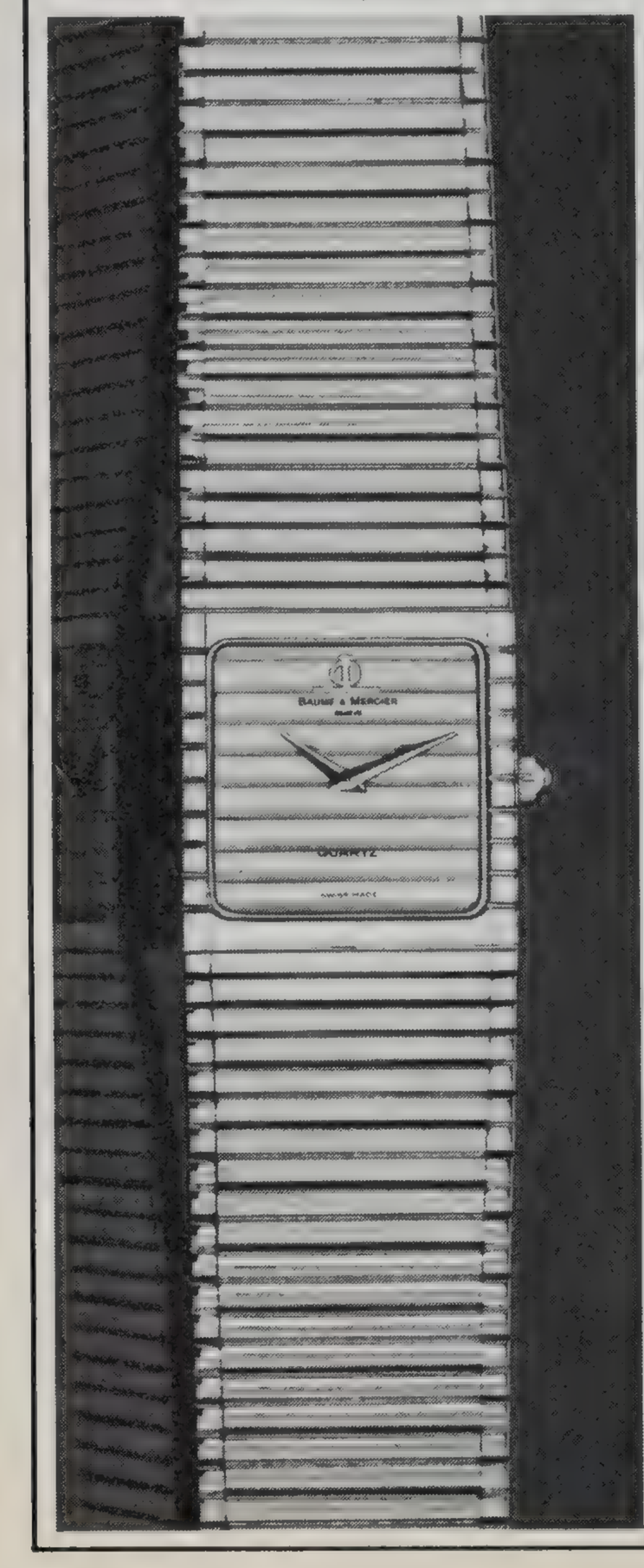

ONE SUIT, THREE AGES

Chris Royer, one of New York's top fashion models, recently solved a family fashion problem. As her mother says, "I am in my fifties and have a husband and three grown children. My last child just graduated from law school. I thought my child-rearing days were over, then I was confronted with the questions, 'Mom, what should I wear for an interview? How should I dress and present myself?' In school, Elizabeth's basic uniform consisted of jeans and a T-shirt. I realized she was grown-up and needed a clean, professional look. I called Chris for help. She advised we start Elizabeth's wardrobe with a very good basic suit. In the process of creating a new look for Elizabeth, I was delighted to find I, too, developed a wonderful new image for myself. Most importantly, we realized we could all wear the same suit, but accessorize it differently to fit our individual styles." They each bought the same black wool ottoman suit by Halston—to wear for day and evening. And, although they range in height from 5'4" to 5'7" and 5'9", they all liked the slim short skirt just around their knees. *("View" continued on page 227)*

For day, Elizabeth, 25, (far left) wore the suit with a white silk bow blouse, red leather cummerbund and bag, off-black hose, and black calf pumps. Chris, 30, (center) chose a yellow cashmere shell, pony belt, black suède pumps, and dark hose. Their mother, 59, (near left) wore a red cashmere turtleneck sweater, black alligator belt and bag, off-black hose, and black calf pumps.

A top model shows her younger sister and her mother how to dress with new impact

PAUL AMATO

For dinner out, Chris adds a black cashmere halter, red cashmere poncho, and gold earrings. For theater, Elizabeth also wears the black halter, a white satin cummerbund, and red satin bag. ("You can fold these cashmere tops," she says, "in your handbag and go directly from work to parties.") For the opera, Mrs. Royer puts on a red silk blouse, black satin cummerbund, black cashmere poncho, and gold Elsa Peretti jewelry.

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VOGUE'S

View

Shopping pro Linda Lee, left, models pieces from the $600 wardrobe she created for "View." Details, below.

SAL TRAINA

A basic wardrobe

What it takes: components that work together. Here, nine pieces for $600

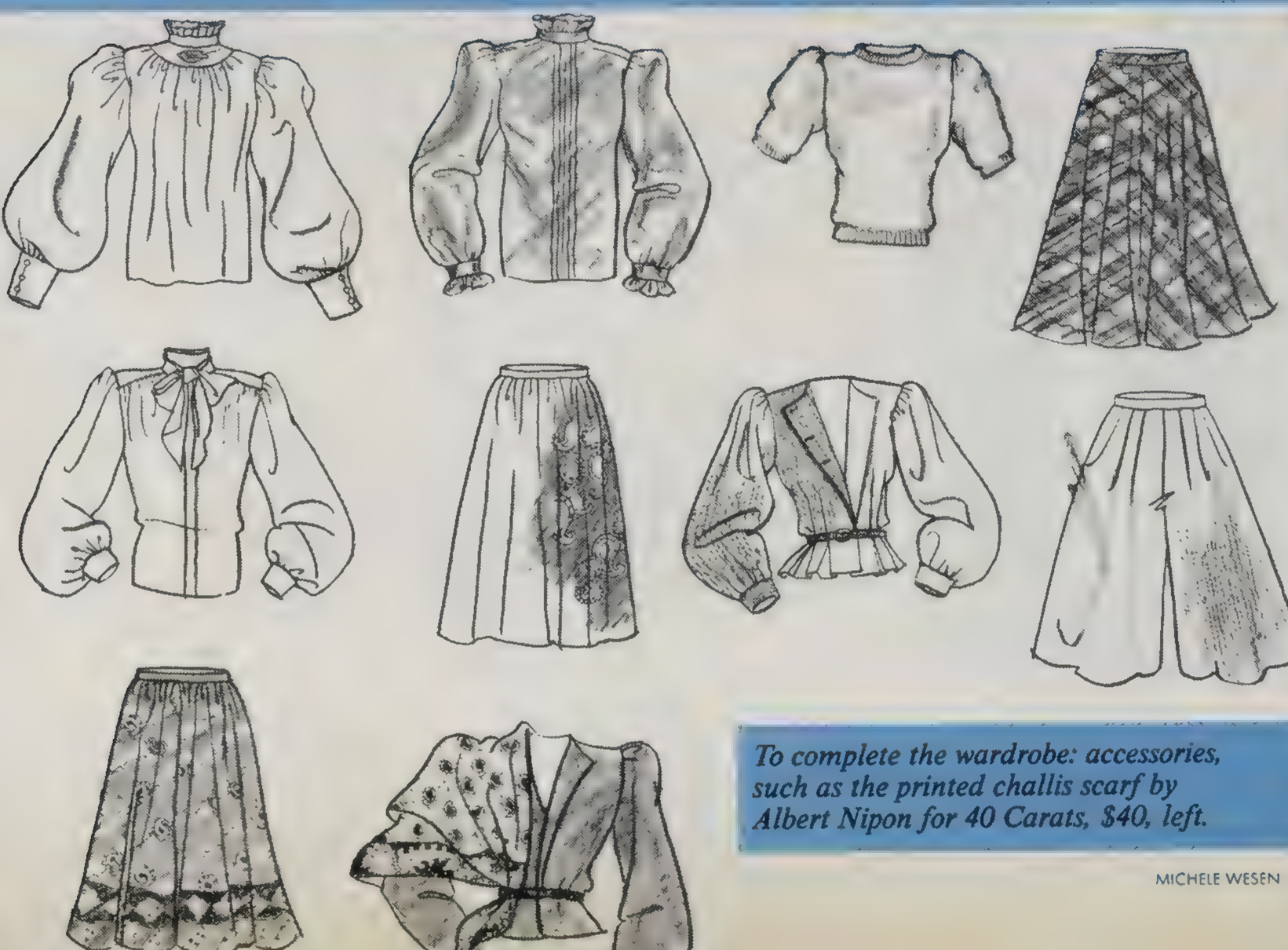
As director of fashion consulting services at Macy's, Linda Lee puts together three or four wardrobes a day, seven days a week. "I see women of all ages—from eighteen to eighty—and with all kinds of budgets," says Linda. "Most simply want help pulling together a basic wardrobe. In addition, working women often want clothes that can make the transition from day to evening.

"The two most important considerations in building a wardrobe should be color and diversity of pieces. Components that work together need some continuity—which color can provide. Diversity becomes important when you think about shapes and fabrics. You don't want three classic Oxford shirts and three plaid skirts, for example. You'd be better off with one plaid skirt, one Paisley, and one solid—in three different shapes such as a dirndl, a flared skirt, and a pair of culottes.

"Once the color palette is decided, scrutinize each piece in terms of its versatility. Ask yourself, 'Can I wear this with at least two or three pieces in my wardrobe? Can it be dressed up to move from day to evening?' In the $600 wardrobe shown here, each blouse works with at least two skirts and the corduroy peplum jacket goes with all four skirts. The romantic blouses and skirts can be accessorized for informal evenings, as well. When thinking about versatility, consider accessories. They can complete—and change—any look."

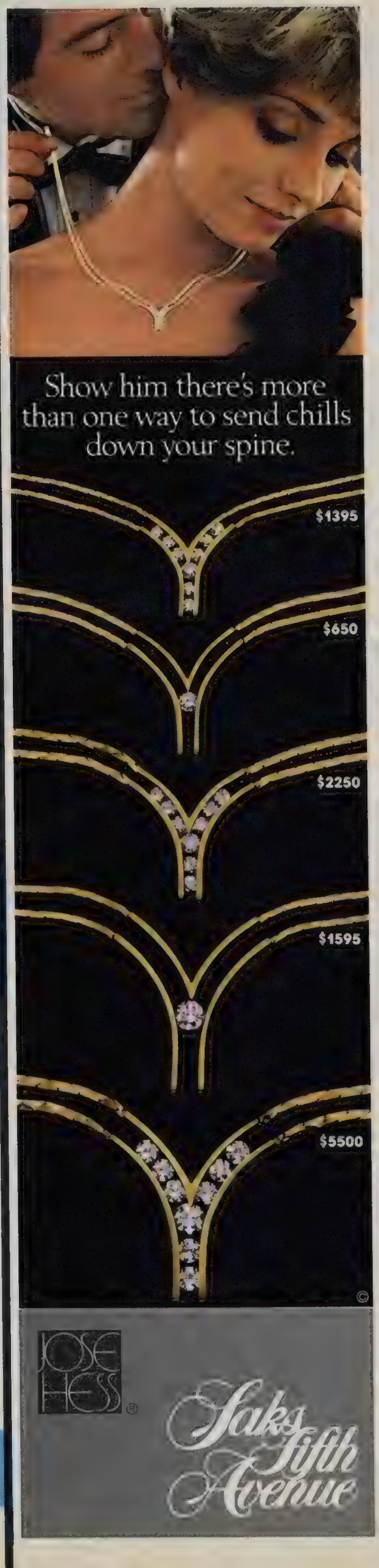
("View" continued on page 228)

A wardrobe—nine versatile, movable pieces that total $603. *Top, left to right:* Fenn, Wright & Manson rust cotton blouse, $40; pewter silk blouse by Evelyn de Jonge, $78; Icarus's navy lambswool/angora/nylon short-sleeved sweater, $38; a navy/rust plaid wool skirt by Evan-Picone, $96. *Middle:* Jerri Sherman's polyester blouse with bow neckline, $68; Ellen Tracy's Paisley challis skirt in khaki/navy, $58; a modern suit—of khaki corduroy—by Cathy Hardwick for Best, the peplum jacket, $70; the culottes, $55. *Bottom:* A dressier version of the Paisley skirt—shot with pewter threads—by Macy's Clubhouse, $100.



To complete the wardrobe: accessories, such as the printed challis scarf by Albert Nipon for 40 Carats, $40, left.

MICHELE WESEN



NEW NAMES

Michael Kors and Mary Jane Marcasiano – two young designers with fresh concepts

Right: In his New York loft, Michael Kors is flanked by two of his resort designs in white silk crêpe de Chine and leather, which sell for $98 to $400, depending on fabrics

In business less than a year, and already buyers from Bergdorf Goodman, I. Magnin, and Ultimo are recognizing that Michael Kors is a young talent on the go. Formerly of Lothar's, a New York boutique, Michael is now on his own; and his latest collection of eighteen pieces for resort in white silk crêpe de Chine and leather is the perfect answer for a woman wanting a travel or city wardrobe. His look is very clean, uncluttered, and in spare shapes. His collection includes V-neck leather vests, classic T-shirts, cropped pajama pants—all workable pieces that go together perfectly or can be added to a woman's current wardrobe for an updated touch.

Only twenty-two years old, Kors firmly believes American women want everyday clothes to be comfortable with dash. And, he makes a point of eliminating any detail that would be gimmicky. "Remember, the great detail that makes a jacket is also the same detail that's going to date it. I don't want anything to date my clothes."

When he talks about fashion, Kors singles out Sonia Rykiel for "the way she does real clothes. They're not French, they're just good clothes. And that's my goal, too."

"I want to make clothes that won't date" —Michael Kors

Left to right: Culottes and hip-length sweater in white rayon; Mary Jane (center) wears a mini skirt to match a silk tussah sweater; a vest in handwoven striped silk tussah covers a sweater and jodhpurs

Down in SoHo, there's another newsy designer, Mary Jane Marcasiano, who also believes in versatile wardrobe-dressing.

A lively curly-headed young woman, Mary Jane builds around fabrics with a hand-made look. "I use only natural fibers," she explains, "and rayon—which is made from wood." For resort, Mary Jane does a wonderful collection of pants, skirts, dresses, and jumpsuits in handwoven silk tussahs, cotton knits, wools, and rayon. She, too, likes to keep these pieces very clean and in spare shapes. They always come out very feminine, however, owing to quality fabrics and appealing necklines.

In business three-and-one-half years, Mary Jane is attracting the attention of fashion stores across the country. Yet, she is very anxious not to change the nature of her business by becoming too big. "I like the idea of one person's being able to follow a piece through from beginning to end. I want to be able to keep doing fine quality by controlling the amount we produce," she explains.

Born in New Jersey over twenty-six years ago, Marcasiano went to the Parsons School of Design in NYC where she studied weaving during her four-year program. Her first collection of handwoven silks brought Bendel's and Bloomingdale's to her downtown showroom. The second season, she did knits. Now, she keeps cotton knits on her line year-round.

Mary Jane's concern for comfort is similar to Michael Kors's. She uses no buttons, no zippers, and everything is sized either small, medium, or large. "I don't like to impose a look. I prefer a woman to have her own style." *("View" continued on page 230)*

"I don't like to impose a look"—Mary Jane Marcasiano

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HALSTON NIGHT

PERFUME COLOGNE SPRAY COLOGNE

VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

New skirts, watches, new ways to get more from "pieces"... sportswear changes, surprising designers ...the lingerie and shoes that women want

What's coming? Color, certainly more color than we've seen for a while: Designers—for resort, in their collections for spring—are working in clean, pretty, paint-box colors—tomato red, blood orange, clear blue, few baby pastels, and nothing murky. And what's interesting are the ways they're using real colors now: in remarkable stripes, in brightly mixed—and still subtle—prints at Ungaro, in surprising fabrics—fuchsia, lemon-yellow, or blue suèdes, suède colors that you've never seen before, certainly never seen together as Giorgio Armani works them. Accessories, for spring, are turning up, too, in some unlikely colorings: a patent-leather portfolio that's lacquer red, a mustard-yellow patterned-leather tote, shoes that are pumps colored bright green or persimmon. The idea: To wear fewer accessories—a bag, say, and a bold cuff bracelet—but to make those accessories count. The first step: a very special color.

One thing seems clear: classic sportswear isn't exactly a top-seller this winter, and most women, when they're buying pieces now, aren't reaching for another navy blazer, starched white shirt, or skirt in grey flannel. What does this mean when you shop? This season, you may well find more "fashion" than you would in another year from some very traditional sportswear makers. Department stores, reportedly, are aggressively searching out new (or new-to-them) names for their sportswear departments—and they're names like Izabel Lam, Michael Kors, Mary Jane Marcasiano, or Alfred Sung, from Canada. A number of well-known designers, now, are expanding, reexamining, or adding on new licensee lines (example: Valentino's new Chesa and Valentino for Carla Leathers). What that means: they're coming up with a variety of ways to hold down prices. . . . Will women ever again take to high-high heels with a passion? Probably not, says designer/shoemaker Joan Helpern, of Joan and David. "I don't think modern women are about to dress themselves up like they're going to a costume party. When it comes to shoes, 'fashionably sane' is going to be around a lot longer."

"Designers are working in clean, pretty, paint-box colors—few baby pastels, and nothing murky"

Here come the sailors: Among designers' resort—hot-weather—clothes, one of the clearest themes you see is a strictly nautical one—everything from sailor front-button pants at Dior Sport to a Ralph Lauren Roughwear white "middy" dress to admiral-like gold stripes on an Ungaro jacket. Some of the best "nauticals" around? The cleanest blue-and-white or red-and-white stripes that you find on a maillot or a pull-on sweater. . . . It seems you can tell a lot about women's roles, at any one time, simply by looking at what they're choosing from lingerie departments. Some top sellers, now: the laciest, sexiest pieces—bras, camisoles, teddies—around and, too, anything that can be worn out in the world: full white petticoats, a velvet *bustier*, say, or classic charmeuse pyjamas. Women are buying those pyjamas for at-home, then wearing the top or pants out, at night, with other "separates" pieces.

People are talking about . . . the new Tiffany's Classics, that famous label's newest group of quartz watches. One of the best new Classics—their new "black watch"—has a large round face, black watch case, and black leather strap; it's great-looking, water-resistant, costs about $275. . . . At a time—now—when you often find "pieces"—T-shirts, pants, silk sweatshirts—at a comfortable price within resort collections, how do you get the most from these pieces? The secret may be simply keeping them together—and in the same coloring. Result: more of a look . . . and fewer demands on any one texture or fabric. . . . Is there a trend, now, for shorter hair? You might think so, looking at some models: More Europeans are showing up in New York with short haircuts; some U.S. runway models are cutting their hair and waving it, for more volume. . . . From Norma Kamali, that master at transforming sweatshirt fabric, now comes total throwaway fashion: a group of Kamali clothes—in white paper. The paper—specially treated and, in theory, machine-washable—is being made up in favorite Kamali shapes (blousons, short flippy skirts, jumpsuits); there's even one beach-going package (beach skirt, carrying bag, bikini).

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

Dorothy Lamour might not recognize it, but the sarong is making a definite appearance as a "new" skirt shape these days. What's different about sarongs, now, is that they're not those familiar beach coverings but "serious" wrap-and-tie skirts. In nighttime fuchsia satin at Andre Van Pier, in printed and textured silk for spring from Anne Klein, in suède from Blassport, they're all short, narrow skirts—in soft fabrics that look great brought in close to a woman's body. . . . What's attractive? The way some women are mixing soft ruffled blouses with some unlikely—often seasonless—bottom pieces, now: putting Kenzo's white cotton deep-ruffle shirt with a wool challis skirt or a white charmeuse blouse with khaki cotton pants, using Ralph Lauren's chambray "Prairie" blouse to soften the look of some black leather trousers.

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PERFUME SPRAY PERFUME COLOGNE SPRAY COLOGNE

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HALSTON

1-12 FOR MEN Z-14

HOW TO GET A JUMP ON FASHION FOR A NEW YEAR

THE SECRET IS KNOWING WHAT TO WATCH NOW

There are moments in fashion when more is happening than meets the eye. Moments when, if you know how to read certain signals, you can find something extra, something that takes you a little bit farther. The secret, of course, knowing which signals to watch; the ones that indicate changes of a far-reaching nature. This is a month—an issue—filled with those kinds of signals; a month where an interesting turn of events can have deeper implications. The following is a guide to the signals to watch, a guide to keeping one step ahead . . .

What's clear at the start—wherever you look—the prevailing fashion climate has shifted. Gone are traces of excessiveness: too much fabric, too much glitter, too much anything has been swept away. In its place: a cleanliness, a clarity; suddenly everything is lighter, sharper, lifted. And that fact sets up a different framework, a different set of expectations.

From there, the clearest signal—the biggest difference to keep your eye on—the change in length. There's no question that shorter rather than longer will be the predominant theme in the months ahead. It began in the resort collections: a decided playing around with length . . . and a decided move upward. And while it's true that there are still some longer skirts and longer dresses—breezy, delightful in a hot-weather place—the emphasis is on short. Shorter skirts. Shorter pants—from shorts to knee-length cropped trousers to above-the-ankle trousers.

But it isn't only a question of length: what you see in the way of line, of shape also indicates changes to come. Hemlines, as we've said many times before, are not the point: proportion is. And with shorter lengths there is a new narrowness—a narrowness from the hip. A narrowness worked out in body-skimming, straight-falling dresses and skirts. A narrowness that *feels* different: never tight or confining. A narrowness held by a new belt—one that just drops off the hip or by a belt that wraps and wraps at the hip. And it's a narrowness that's always balanced by a new scale of top—much looser, easier. These are all interrelated changes and they point to a different silhouette, a different look to clothes in the months ahead.

Keep your eye on color—bright, clear, natural-looking. In every city—New York, Paris, Milan—there is a wonderful new range of coloring. Colors that are soft without being pale, brilliant without being garish: shades of sky blue, jade green, orange-red, egg yolk, coral, rose-pink. Colors that are combined with a certain sophistication and not in big bi- or tricolor blocks: instead, a bright yellow jacket the cuffs and lapels of which are faced in blue.

Color at its sharpest—in the "print" to watch—stripes! Stripes at every turn, every way, every width: stripes within stripes, criss-crossing stripes, stripes clearly used as an element of design. And everything—from a maillot to a crisp linen pants suit to a silk crêpe de Chine blouse and matching skirt to a pyjama—comes in stripes. One of the most effective stripe—and color—combinations—something else to watch: black-and-white. And where you'll see it most often, in the world of "real" dressing: in a black-and-white-striped suit; a sharp black linen dress; a black jacket—softer, dropped at the shoulder—over tweedy silk culottes in black-and-white.

Easy signal to read—that of blouses. Blouses that are and will continue to be fashion's star performers. A blouse with presence of its own—meaning it doesn't depend on or need a jacket to make a look. A blouse usually in one of the strong new colors or in stripes, and always a blouse to tuck in and belt. More of the difference: in its easier scale and in the clean feeling—no ruffles, no extraneous details, no collars in many cases.

Indicating more "serious" pants dressing still to come: the continued design effort, the continued variety of options in lengths and shapes. From the shortest shorts and just-as-short culottes to wear in casual situations to pants that are the base of the most attractive, finished warm-weather day looks: cropped-at-the-knee trousers (the perfect short skirt equivalent) or tapering-to-the-ankle pants.

And for every kind of evening, every degree of dressing, the ongoing prevalence of a pyjama with an equal number of options . . . cozy velours warm-ups to a one-piece soft-legged jumpsuit to simple bias-cut crêpe pants that slide under the most extravagant jacket. It's a simple fashion fact of life: pants dressing is the base of some of the most modern dressing at night.

There's a whole new world of dressing and ornamentation that goes with a bathing suit now . . . and it implies a different and very charming beach dressing to come. It isn't only that bathing suits look different—sleeker maillots with less exaggeration in cut, fewer gimmicks: these are almost classic suits in white, in black, in black-and-white with stripes or a very sharp geometric print. But the real news: what covers a bathing suit is *very* different—whether it's a pretty linen dress or gold-piped warm-up pants or a gold-striped rugby cardigan or a great, soft "cocoon" of sweatshirting.

One of this—and next—year's most outstanding fashion highlights: the phenomenon of leather and suède. If you had bought a suède pullover or leather pants or a chamois blouse three months ago, you would still be wearing it with great pleasure today. And what you buy right now in leather and suède is something you'll be wearing with great pleasure three months from now. What makes these pieces particularly appealing at the moment—the interesting new takes: a textured suède tunic printed with gold . . . a sensational whipstitched jacket in soft lavender suède . . . a subtle metallic leather tunic.

More than a signal: a constant today—a certain sense of balance in fashion. It's built in to the number of available options, the different degrees of dressing possible across the board. Which isn't to say that anything goes; that's never the case—there will always be things that look better, work better, are better; things that go better. But within the various fashion possibilities that exist now, there is the freedom to spin off in opposite directions without losing your equilibrium. There is still, especially in December, a place for decorativeness, for a high level of ornamentation. And that need is met this December by a series of extraordinary looks based on gold.

What also exists—at the other end of the spectrum—a very cool, low-key way of dressing. For day, in clothes that are really heightened versions of classics—familiar pieces but racier, sharper—a new version of a white linen suit, a cashmere sweatshirt or linen overshirt and narrow-legged pants. And even at night, the same coolness—in a narrow, hip-wrapped silk dress that dazzles in its own sneaky way.

In makeup, the same sense of contrast applies. For special evenings, very special effects—ornamental, iridescent makeup that shimmers everywhere. At the same time, there's a move to total sheerness, to a very minimal makeup, and with it, a change in coloring. The palette to watch: peach, apricot, coral—colors that will head the list for warm weather. In all of these options, there's an exhilarating sense of choice. It's something we can often forget or take for granted: it's well worth remembering now . . . and it becomes another delight in a season of delights. . . .

THE SWIRLING MOTIONS AND SUPERNATURAL LIGHT OF EL GRECO'S CHRISTMAS SCENE OF THE SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING THE HOLY INFANT ARE ECHOED IN JACKSON POLLOCK'S ECSTATIC FLICKERING IMAGE. POLLOCK'S LIFELONG INTEREST IN EL GRECO, WHOSE TURBULENT MYSTICAL TEMPERAMENT MATCHED HIS OWN, LINKS THE TWO GREAT VISIONARY ARTISTS OF SPAIN AND AMERICA ACROSS HISTORY, REVEALING POLLOCK'S RELATIONSHIP TO OLD MASTER ART

Painters of a flaming vision: El Greco and Jackson Pollock

BY BARBARA ROSE

Right: El Greco's "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (oil on canvas, 56⅞" × 39⅞"), from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund. Above: Pollock's "Number 19, 1949" (enamel on parchment, mounted; 31" × 22⅝"), from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. Israel Rosen. Photo courtesy E. V. Thaw & Co., NYC. *(Continued)*

LAVDAMVS TE BENEDICIMVS

To see El Greco paintings: *This spring, the Museo del Prado in Madrid will open an exhibition of "El Greco of Toledo" designed to travel to three American museums in 1982-1983: the National Gallery of Art, Toledo Museum of Art, and Dallas Museum of Fine Arts.*

To see Jackson Pollock paintings: *Two exhibitions are stimulating a reevaluation of Jackson Pollock's works. This month in NYC, the Grey Art Gallery and Study Center at New York University shows Pollock in the context of his fourteen-year relationship with his wife, painter Lee Krasner. Titled "Krasner/Pollock: A Working Relationship," the show includes rare early works by both, including Pollock paintings influenced by El Greco such as "Something of the Past" (page 239). In January, the Musée National d'Art Moderne du Centre Georges Pompidou (Beaubourg) in Paris opens a major Jackson Pollock exhibition, the first full-scale retrospective since the 1967 MOMA show. The debut exhibit of new Beaubourg director Dominique Bozo, who created the Picasso Museum, the Pollock retrospective in Paris—where Pollock has always been held in high esteem—may well be the last extensive exhibition to bring together Pollock paintings from all over the world.*

Early in his career, Pollock copied El Greco's paintings in his sketchbooks. Memories of these works stayed with Pollock through his life, inspiring even his abstract works.

Right: Pollock sketch from detail (inset) of one of El Greco's paintings of the "Purification of the Temple" (oil on canvas, 16 1/2" × 20 5/8"); reproduction copyright The Frick Collection, NYC.

Here is a description of the artist: "He is always worried and restless, of a tempestuous chimerical disposition, full of languor, tormented, overwhelmed by a sudden powerful melancholy, a nature whose unexpected moods help overcome his apathy, always obsessed by the desire to reach higher. . .His gestures are of a rare primordial instantaneousness; he seeks and combines tones carried to their extreme limits. He explores realms of art unknown before. Beyond the pictorial he discovers associations, contrasts strange victories, harmonies that ring almost false, which are in fact nothing but the outcome of sharp over-excitement. Haunted by excessive, painful fantasms he paints with an almost morbid feverishness. His prodigious genius is not superhuman but, on the contrary, deeply human."

Except for the archaic language, the above sounds very much like contemporary accounts of the intense, brooding, unpredictable titan of the New York School Jackson Pollock. In fact, it is a description of the Greek-born Spanish Mannerist painter El Greco by French art historian Paul Lafond.

Recently, while researching the origins of Pollock's style, I was struck by the uncanny similarity of the temperament of the American artist who died twenty-five years ago and that of the towering genius of sixteenth-century Spanish painting. As I dug more deeply into the roots of Pollock's passionate and emotional style, which naïve writers have treated as if it were a total break with the tradition of art history, I found that there was indeed an impor-

"...Pollock's El Greco's

tant relationship between the Cretan painter who migrated first to Venice and then to Madrid and Toledo and the farmer's son from Wyoming who traveled across country from California to New York to become, in the eyes of many, the greatest artist America has ever known. In many respects, the careers of El Greco and Pollock were similar: Both came from nowhere, provincial painters drawn to art capitals who quickly retreated from the snobbery and frivolity of aristocratic society, taking refuge in small towns near the great capitals. There they painted their most glorious works which challenged the accepted taste of their respective epochs.

Domenikos Theotocopoulos, who became known in Spain as El Greco, was born near Candia, on the island of Crete, in 1541. Before he was twenty, he left for Venice to study with one of the most famous artists of his day, Titian. In 1577, El Greco moved to Toledo. After a brief sojourn in Madrid, where court taste deemed his style primitive in relation to the familiar art of the High Renaissance, he returned to nearby Toledo, where he settled permanently. Jackson Pollock, who was as incapable of relating to high society and its values as El Greco, would later also desert the dazzling world of his patroness Peggy Guggenheim for the dunes and woods of East Hampton, Long Island. Both El Greco and Jackson Pollock would be inspired by the countrysides in which they chose to live, away from the activity and materialism of the city.

In Toledo, El Greco lived in the ghetto and frequented Jews and mystics, which only added to his reputation for eccentricity. At a critical point in his life, Jackson Pollock spent much of his time with an occult metaphysician and student of the Cabala, Russian emigré John Graham, whose roots, like those of El Greco, were in Byzantine mysteries. Much to the horror of contemporary artists, El Greco's friends were simple local people or poets. Pollock similarly scorned the company of the high and the mighty for that of the farmers, fishermen, and tradesmen of East Hampton.

Other similarities and coincidences abound: El Greco was profoundly interested in the supernatural and was believed by many to be mad. Today, it is still popularly held that Pollock was insane—which may be how society perceives inspiration. El Greco, unlike his verbose academic contemporaries, spoke little and wrote nothing about painting. He was considered secretive, obsessed by the demonic, and quite possibly the victim of hallucinations. According to French art historian Elie Faure, "Towards the end of his life he used to paint as if hallucinated, in a kind of ecstatic nightmare, concerned only with spiritual expression." To describe the possessed way Pollock worked, critics have used the term "trancelike," and his silences were notorious.

El Greco was esteemed by connoisseurs during his lifetime; but his work, especially the late, difficult, nearly abstract paintings we particularly admire today, was so advanced that he was virtually forgotten for nearly three hundred years. His reputation began to reemerge shortly before the time Jackson Pollock was born. The complete catalogue of El Greco's oeuvre did not appear until 1908. At this point, El Greco joined the pantheon of artists like Rubens, Velázquez, and Rembrandt whose message is so universal and enduring that their reputations are not subject to fashion.

In some respects, we know far more about Pollock than we do about El Greco because microfilm, the tape recorder, the Xerox, and other information systems have recorded more about his life. However, Pollock's art remains mysterious, an enigma as difficult to decipher as El Greco's mystical visions. Jackson Pollock also spoke little, wrote nothing about art theory, and preferred the company of farmers and shopkeepers to that of intellectuals. He, too, arrived in the capital before he was twenty and headed straight for the studio of the most famous artist of *his* time, American Scene painter Thomas Hart Benton, who was, coincidentally, a great admirer of Titian. From Benton, Pollock learned to appreciate the complex design and detail of Old Master painting.

Benton, who began his career as an abstract artist, had turned vehemently against Cubism as a superficial style devoid of human feeling. In class, Benton taught his students to work as El Greco himself had worked—from small tableaux of wax or clay figures, studying the patterns of light and shade and the allover composition created by the relationship of the figures. Benton also required his students to diagram the paintings of the Old Masters, reducing their compositions to abstract rhythmic patterns. El Greco was only one of the Renaissance and Baroque painters Benton required his students to study, but he was clearly the master Jackson Pollock admired the most.

Pollock, who was poverty-stricken until he was forty, owned three books on El Greco and made more than sixty drawings after the *(Continued on page 334)*

art remains mysterious,
an enigma as difficult to decipher as
mystical visions"

Above: El Greco's "The Vision of Saint John" (oil on canvas, 87½" × 76") from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund. Right: Jackson Pollock's "Something of the Past," 1946 (oil on canvas, 56" × 38"); from a private collection.

"The rhythms Pollock used are based on the contrapuntal patterns and flickering surfaces of the Old Masters...El Greco'

DIANA ROSS: SOLID GOLD!

Sensational! One of the most dazzling performers anywhere—Diana Ross...a continuing star onstage and in the movies, in a succession of chart-busting hits, in the dazzling "confections" on these four pages...

Diana Ross: A "supreme" star, from her first hit in 1964, "Where Did Our Love Go?" (with The Supremes) . . . to her recent smash, "Endless Love" . . . in this year's "star" fantasy, right—Zandra Rhodes' "Elizabethan" creation of frills and ruffles. Top, about $1800; skirt, about $2100; sash, about $840. David Webb diamond earrings . . . and Galanos' splendid golden tapestry pyjama (Abraham), above left (about $11,000). Stores, details, last pages.

Avedon

DIANA ROSS: SOLID GOLD!

The dash, the bravura of golden girl Diana Ross (her latest album, which she also produced: "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?") . . . and the most spectacular evening suit around, left: Yves Saint Laurent's solid "gold" beaded cardigan and narrow, body-hugging skirt, jeweled with chunks of stone. —a suit that's worth its

Avedon

weight in. . . .
A natural
affinity, right:
the sizzle of
Diana Ross . . .
and Norma Kamali's
knockout skating
outfit: a shimmering
gold strapless
top-and-skirt
with a flash
of purple lining
and matching
gold panties
(about $100).
By OMO
Norma Kamali.
These four pages:
Hair, John Sahag;
makeup, Ariella.
Fashion details,
stores, last pages.

WHAT HAPPENED AT VERSA

Left: The private apartments
of Madame du Barry—
entirely gilded on her insistence
despite the objections
of the King's own architect

From the book *Unseen Versailles*
by Deborah Turbeville. Copyright
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by Doubleday and Co., Inc.

LLES?

Deborah Turbeville's Unseen Versailles–
a disturbing and dramatic visual meditation
on history, photography, and the taste of our times.
On these six pages–the photographer and her photographs

What happened at Versailles?

What did it mean then?

What does it mean to us?

BY BARBARA ROSE

Unseen Versailles is a remarkable book with two related themes: a meditation on the meaning of a famous historical monument wrenched out of its familiar *ancien régime* context, as well as a meditation on the history of photography. In her poetic re-creation, or more precisely transformation, of Louis XIV's pleasure palace into a spectral graveyard haunted by the ghosts of the past who evoke the specters of the future, Deborah Turbeville reveals herself as a genuine and original artist. Not only her capacity to transform the images of the royal apartments and galleries, documented so often that they have degenerated into the purest cliché, but also the very photographic processes by means of which she has transformed these images are astounding. The images themselves—cut, scratched, distorted, faded out, artificially altered to resemble old photographs—contradict the technical perfection available today to even the amateur photographer. Turbeville exposes the lie of technique with the artist's determination to create an imaginative content resonant with ambiguity, which is superior to any technology. Indeed, their sense of going "against the grain" of technology is what makes her photographs so significant.

The images in these photographs are so still they seem to be about stasis itself. Yet their stillness belies an undercurrent of violence: this tension between an artificial frozen strangeness and the intimation of violence creates their drama and their peculiar mood, at once alluring and horrifying. Everything happens offstage, where violence takes place in tragedy: Marie-Antoinette and the guillotine are at the Conciergerie; only peripheral clues allude to the Terror. This violence is doubled by the artist in her art. She violates her own pictures: she mistreats and abuses her negatives to create "bad," faded, imperfect impressions of variable density and scratches or exposes her prints so that they look neglected or aged. This dual theme of secret violence, the similarly ironic treatment of both the subject and the medium, runs throughout the book. It is a brilliant leitmotiv as well as a singular marriage of content and medium.

Melodramatic, staged set-ups, these images are the very antithesis of the candid or documentary "straight" photograph that dominates contemporary photography. Their consciously manipulated surfaces and theatrical staging with "actors" and "sets" are related to the erotic and nostalgic picture stories of Lucas Samaras and Duane Michals. Like them, Turbeville has made of still photography a narrative art. However, it is history not psy- *(Continued on page 337)*

"The tension between stillness and intimations of violence create the peculiar mood—both alluring and horrifying."
Right: Statues removed from the entrance façade of Versailles during its renovation.

Copyright © Deborah Turbeville

"A woman's photographs are completely different from a man's. In a woman's, there's always a sense of waiting...."

TURBEVILLE

AN INTERVIEW

BY AMY GROSS

At the moment, Deborah Turbeville is living in a sublet, a long dark tunnel of an apartment in New York that breaks into light and a garden at its southern end. Only slightly and awkwardly furnished, yellowed walls. This suits her. She's a tall woman, 5' 10½", with a long Virginia Woolf-like line and the skittering walk of a rare big bird. For the last six or seven years, she's been shuttling between New York and Paris. This suits her too. She likes being unsettled down, not belonging to "any place or group," she says, "and the same thing could be applied to my personal life. And it's true of time too. I don't want to belong completely to the present. There are things I love about the past. Atmosphere—I crave atmosphere the way some people crave food or sex," she laughs. "When I'm in Europe, I just like to go out and smell the cities—even if it's an oppressive atmosphere—too grey, too damp, too foggy. . . ."

If you're dislocated, everything becomes theater. You remain vivid against your background. You don't lose self-consciousness.

"All those cities become a little bit of a stage set," Deborah says. "That's the way I always feel in Paris, anyway. Slightly surreal and dislocated, which is my favorite way to feel." She laughs again. "People will tell me . . . someone said recently, 'You should go to Buenos Aires.' I said why? He said, 'You'd like it there. You'd feel dislocated there.'"

An abysmally recorded Prokoviev piece is playing on a tiny tape recorder. The piano notes are pitiful; they seem to come from a low corner of a vast emptiness, squelched by space. The apartment is equipped with a serious stereo, but Deborah prefers "this tinny kind of thing. It sounds like bad ballet-school music."

The most theatrical of contemporary photographers, Deborah comes from the world of fashion. Her first job, after abandoning college halfway through her freshman year, was as a model for the designer Claire McCardell. She went on to magazines as a stylist and editor, never losing a certain ditsy quality—an obliviousness to the rules, a kind of naïveté—that made her pages breathe. They attracted attention, those pages—mostly admiring, some appalled—with their eccentricity, their humor, the staging that layers meaning, melodrama, the tail ends of dreams and memories onto clothes.

She was always thinking pictures, she says; not clothes but scenario. All her pages, now and then, are theater pieces. Years ago, Richard Avedon chose her for his photography seminar—where she finally defined herself as a photographer—because something was going on in her pictures even then (I think it was Oscar Wilde who said, "Only mediocrities develop.") Deborah already had a world. It was a beautiful and vague world where time bent. This season's suit, through her camera, flew back in time to catch the wit of Charlie Chaplin's walk, or the romance of Tolstoy's Russia or a Fitzgerald summer. Versailles's old buildings and rooms, through Deborah's eyes, shoot forward into a modern's vision of post-civilization, littered with broken gods. And the women she photographs—the way she photographs them—are ghosts of women now, the shadow selves to be resisted as both danger and temptation.

"You're always photographing your times," she says. "You don't think you are . . . I always think I'm having a romance with the past. But I'm explaining the past in the present." And explaining the present in the vocabulary of the past.

Deborah once described a woman she was photographing as having "a small girl's soul." I think the same could be said about Deborah. You can see a child in her schoolgirl bangs, the plum-brown eyes that are as large as a child's, the beautiful skin with the high coloring of an excited child. I have a theory that you can spot a woman's secret idea of herself in the character of her shoes. Deborah—wonderfully turned out in a black suit cut like an Edwardian ice-skating costume—is wearing opaque black tights and black suède Mary-Janes.

I'm watching her, the night of the opening of her show at the Sonnabend gallery, of photographs from *Unseen Versailles*. She's posing for six, eight photographers, looking flat-out radiant one minute and the next, for art's sake, lowering her eyes in Burne-Jones melancholy. She poses alone and then with her "boyfriend" Stephen, about whom I know only that he is Yugoslavian, gets around New York on a bike, and looks hammered roughly and massively out of stone, which is not a bad way to look. Deborah, who can wallow as deeply into mystique as anyone, can also think like a mechanic. Pulling out a photo she's taken of Stephen, she notes in his face the same "impassive, pensive" mood she finds in her "girls" (as she calls her models). "Impenetrable, too," a visitor says. "Well, that's something in the Slav bone structure . . . and the fact that they have small eyes."

"She just *(Continued on page 335)*

At Versailles, a dream of Louise de la Vallière, a royal mistress, who, it was said, "should be visited only by moonlight."

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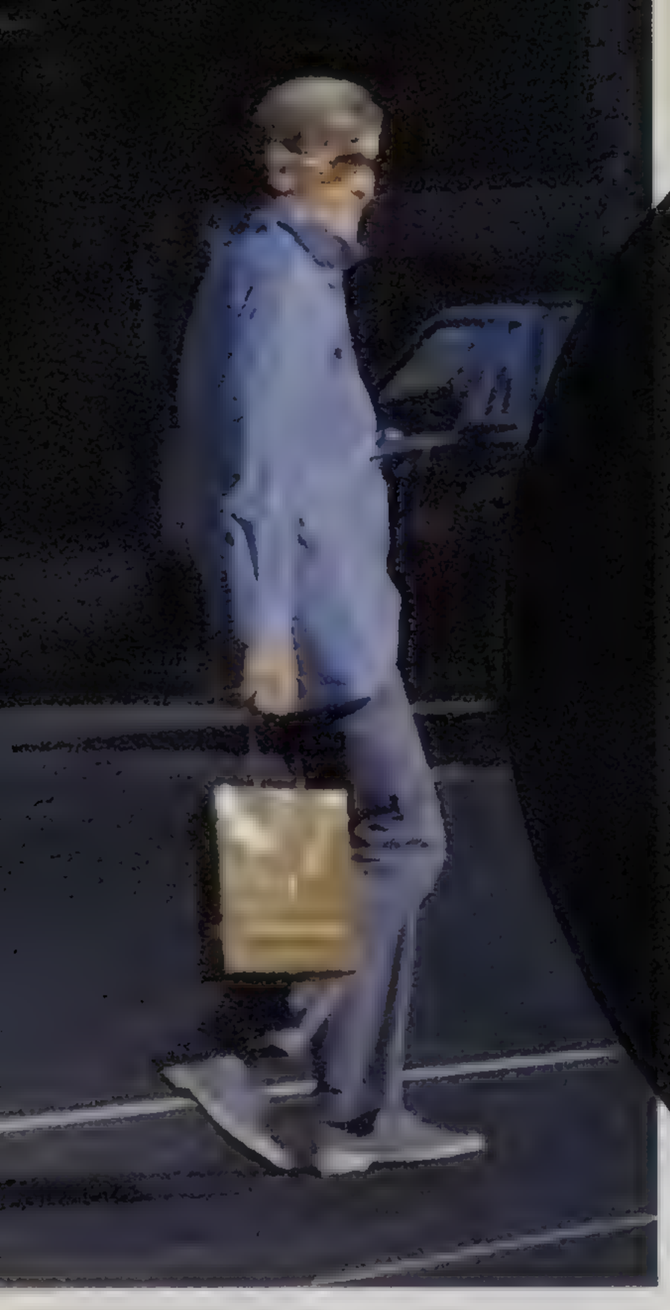


greta garbo

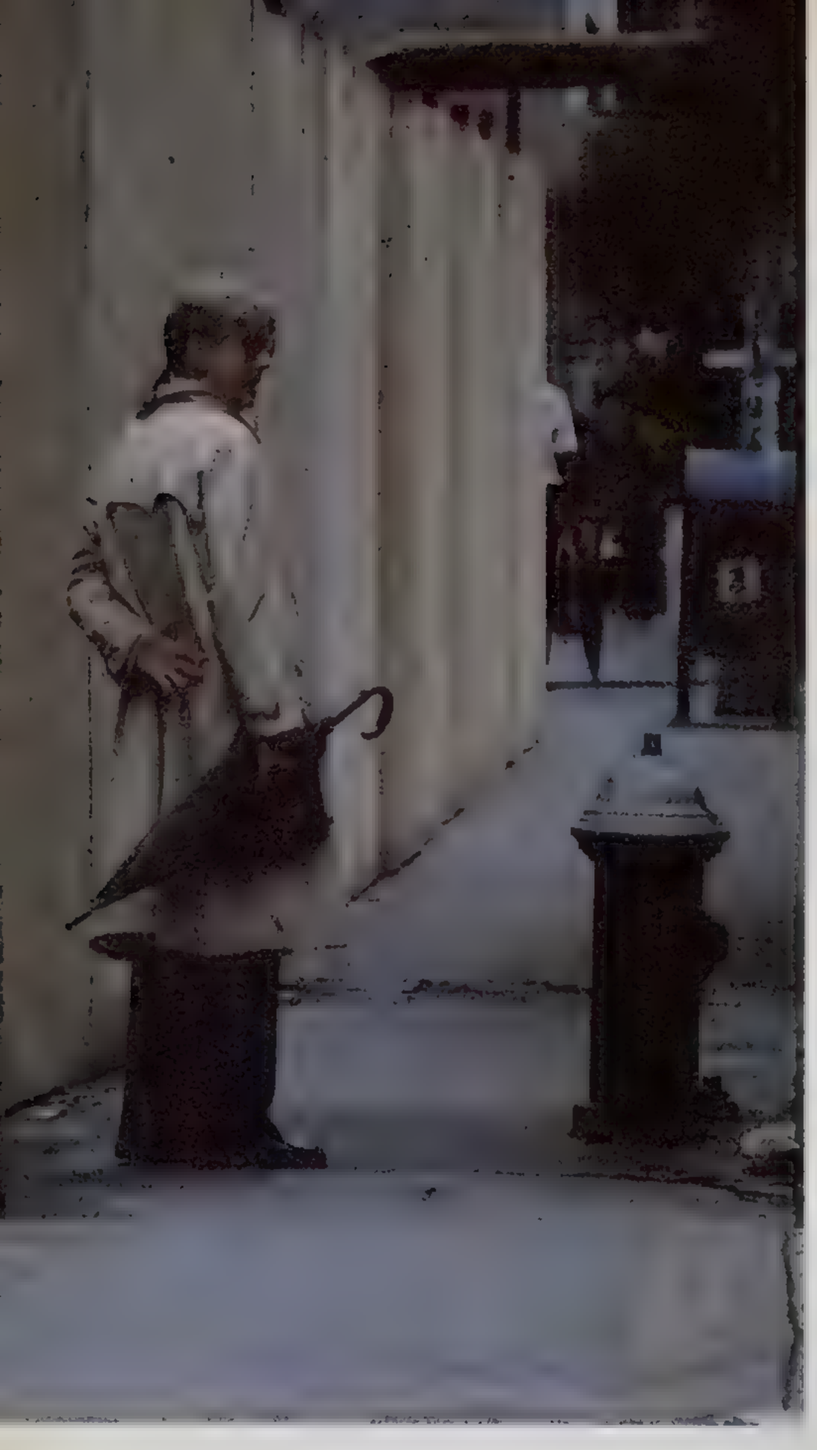
Eternal style—her incomparable fascination...After forty years of tough-minded retreat from movie-making, Garbo's legend not only endures—it enriches us now...On these four pages, Greta Garbo today—a photographic essay by Ted Leyson; by James Wolcott, a surprising '80s appraisal

She's the guest every talk-show host longs to snare. The star every moviegoer longs to see emerge from parting curtains and take her place beneath the glare of studio lights, offering herself to the peel and probe of impertinent questions. But to the chatter of the modern age Greta Garbo has contributed not a jot; and it seems unthinkable that she would end four decades of silence for the dubious honor of being fawned over by Mike or Merv or Johnny, who sprinkle compliments as if they were pinches of fairy dust. Garbo dwells in silence, in a pool of calm unrippled by the agitations of cant and fashion. And she's managed to dwell in silence without exiling herself to the far side of the moon. Where J. D. Salinger remains holed up in New Hampshire, a ghostly eminence tramping through frost and dew, where Thomas Pynchon darts across the landscape like the shadow of a flitting bat, Garbo (as these photographs document) spends her days on the streets of New York in the prosiest of pursuits—walking, window-shopping, taking in the sights. She's a handsome and enigmatic presence in Manhattan, yet familiar, earthbound. She's like an archangel who's left her wings on the dresser and chosen to live among mortals, bowing to the inevitabilities of time and flesh.

If such language sounds extravagant, well, Garbo's allure has always inspired wooing extravagance. In perhaps the most eloquent tribute to her, critic Kenneth Tynan wrote, "Tranced by the ecstasy of existing, she gives each onlooker what he needs: her largesse is intarissable." ("Intarissable," which the *Oxford English Dictionary* defines as inexhaustible, is one of those words so rare and lovely it seems to hover on the page like a pink-flecked moth.) Other sirens of the *(Continued)*

garbo

Walking down a city street, waiting at a traffic light ...a look, a gesture . . . Garbo. Of course. Leyson, eyeing her with his camera, is her self-appointed iconographer, making her every step his own. Here, the record of a marvelous obsession



greta garbo

"Nearly all of the sex icons of our time have had this androgynous mystique —from Kate Hepburn with her tomboyish daring to Mick Jagger with his bitch-queen pout and strut, from Joan Crawford's hard, mannish edges to Elvis Presley's honey-pie curves"

(Continued) talkie era seem to have their well-trod stretches of turf: Bette Davis and Joan Crawford pace up and down the drawing room, cigarettes cocked for combat; Marlene Dietrich, legs unveiled, lets out her purring croak in cabarets thick with smoke and indiscretion. But in her films (comedies, tragedies, historical dramas), Garbo is both in the world and serenely above it. She's generous with her loving gaze, notes Tynan; she looks at "flowers, clouds, and furniture with the same admiring compassion, like Eve on the morning of creation." No matter what rusty vehicle Garbo was strapped into (and they don't come much rustier than her last film, *Two Faced Woman,* released in 1941), she never lost her aura of otherworldliness. Of current stars, perhaps only David Bowie has the same alien glamour, though he isn't a benign sprite like Garbo but a touch sulky and snittish. Garbo likes it here on earth (we're rather dear creatures); Bowie would prefer to be beamed back to the distant moon he calls home.

Garbo and Bowie share something else: a fine-boned androgyny—a flair for slipping in and out of gender without turning themselves into drag caricatures. Nearly all of the sex icons of our time have had this androgynous mystique—from Katharine Hepburn with her tomboyish daring to Mick Jagger with his bitch-queen pout and strut, from Joan Crawford's hard mannish edges to Elvis Presley's puffy honey-pie curves. (If Albert Goldman's biography of Elvis can be trusted, Presley in his last days became a warped mirror image of his mother: a mascara'd ruin of soft feminine flab.) From the neck up, Garbo is woman supreme, her indelible face—amused crescent eyebrows, delicately etched mouth—dipping like a flower from her stem-like throat. From the neck down, Garbo is suavishly slim, her elegant lines uncontained even by the boxy uniforms she wore in the early sequences of *Ninotchka.* What gives Garbo her androgynous aura is that burr of huskiness in her voice, a huskiness that makes her voice not masculine, exactly, but ambiguously cosmopolitan. It's the sort of voice that seems on intimate terms with rue and fatigue and erotic companionship. A voice that would be at home in a Colette novel.

The peril of androgyny is that it *does* harden into caricature. Garbo—wittily, seductively—toyed with androgyny in *Mata Hari* and *Queen Christina* but never allowed it to become an imprisoning style (as it did for Mae West, who became a drag parody of herself in the unfortunate *Sextette*). In an essay titled "The Face of Garbo," Roland Barthes observes that in *Queen Christina* Garbo's makeup "has the snowy thickness of a mask: it is not a painted face, but one set in plaster. . . ." For Garbo, it must have been liberating to free herself from that snowy mask and let it live as Image and Icon untouched by time while her own face aged into a weathered handsomeness. *(Continued on page 339)*

Ted Leyson

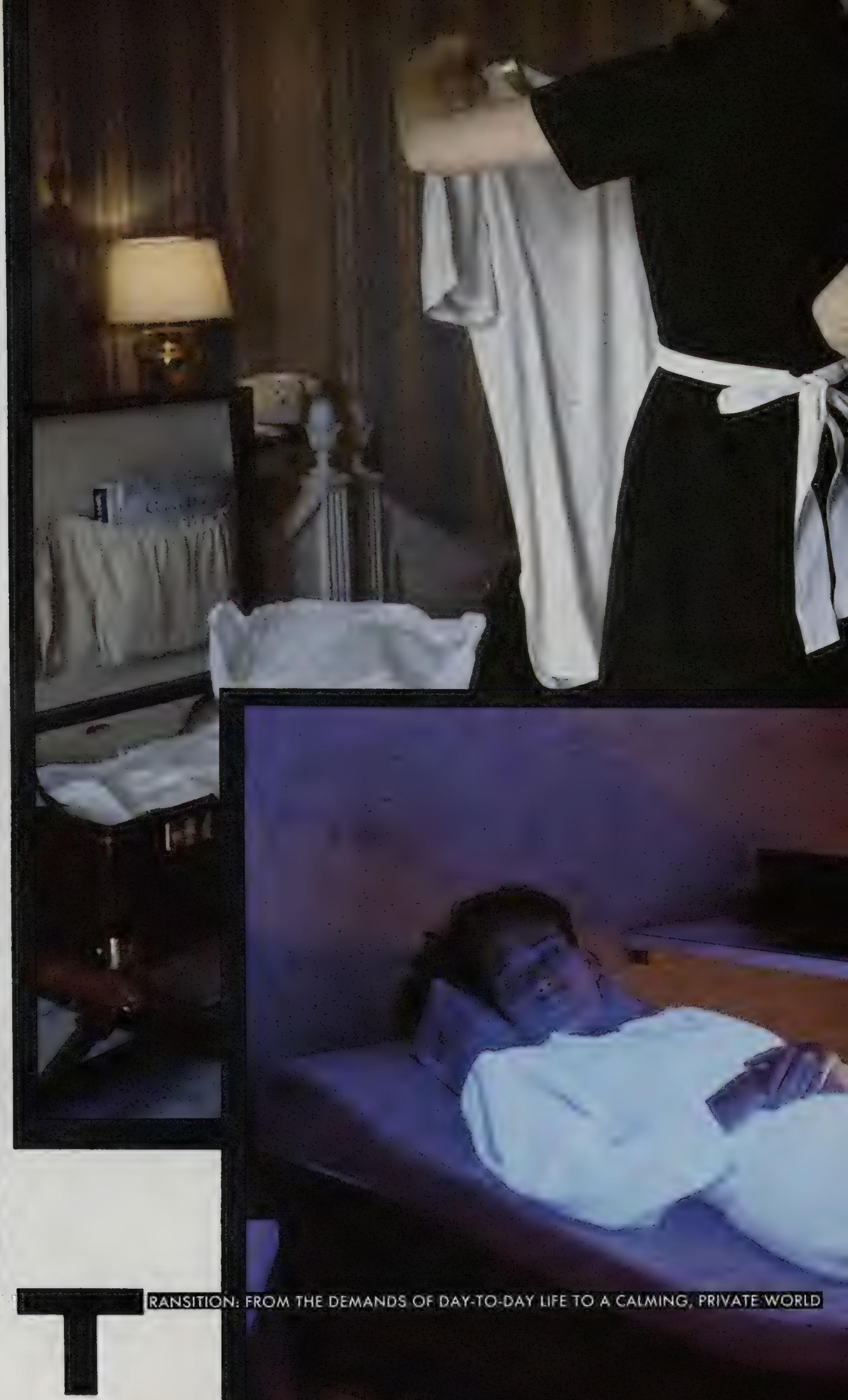
THE

The modern escape—into the world of a spa. The luxury that's no longer a luxury, but a necessity for any woman leading an active, demanding life; a way of satisfying the need to get away—a need everyone shares—and of satisfying much, much more. A spa is that ideal combination: vacation/relaxation plus the healthiest of regimes. On these eighteen pages, a special spa adventure. The setting: Louison Bobet's Institute of Thalassotherapy in Biarritz, France—a spa where all the treatments and routines are based on the therapeutic power of the sea. The story you'll be seeing is something else again—an intriguing subplot devised to add an element of romance, of mystery. But—the spa, the escape is very, very real . . .

PERFECT ESCAPE...

Arriving in Biarritz, arriving anywhere in the world in great style . . . a wonderful suède jacket—soft, seasonless, weightless—the kind of top that's never idle. Ralph Lauren's "blanket" jacket in whip-stitched lavender suède (about $716), with his easy beige suède trousers (about $490), a white cotton pullover shirt (about $118). January at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; The Polo Shop, Washington DC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Houston and Dallas. Evans Collection fur. Concord Collection Delirium La Scala watch. All hair and makeup these pages, Rick Gillette. Fashion details, men's clothes, last pages.

Denis Piel



Change of scene, *above:* the Hôtel du Palais in Biarritz—the wonderfully luxurious home-away-from-home on these pages. And it begins: the process of settling in, starting to unwind, to let go. Cashmere sweatshirt, Valerie Louthan for Sterling-Kohn, about $400. Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Lou Lattimore; Therapy, Aspen; The Star Store, Seattle. Accessories, last pages.

At the spa, *below,* a moment of total relaxation . . . a room bathed in infra-red light—its warmth having a soothing, calming effect. And in the air, a high concentration of ozone—the negative ions in which are said to be regenerative, restorative. White terry robe, OMO Norma Kamali. About $250. Bergdorf Goodman; J. M. Cooke, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago; Dayton's; Lou Lattimore. Details, last pages.

TRANSITION: FROM THE DEMANDS OF DAY-TO-DAY LIFE TO A CALMING, PRIVATE WORLD

THE PERFECT ESCAPE

Dazzling . . . the effect of a certain easygoing personal style. In evidence, *above*, with Ralph Lauren's perfect worm-weather suit in navy-pinstriped white linen—soft jacket (about $290); side-buttoned, cuffed trousers (about $238); white handkerchief linen blouse (about $178). January at Bonwit Teller; Filene's; Garfinckel's; Polo/Ralph Lauren Shop, Atlanta; She at La Place, Beachwood OH; Bullock's North. Jewels: Harry Winston. Watch, Concord Collection Delirium La Scala. Setting: the Hôtel du Palais, Biarritz. Temptations of a simpler kind, *opposite:* the seafood still-life at Chez Albert, a charming quai-side restaurant in Biarritz. And the continuing appeal of a beautiful blouse—here, striped silk from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche (about $350). Bloomingdale's; Barton Sligh's; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Oakbrook IL; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Beverly Hills; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, San Francisco. Accessories, next to last pages this issue. . . .

Beauty Note: The charm of an unaffected makeup for day with gentle shimmer. The colors here—and throughout these pages—from the Prescriptives Makeup System: Pale Ecru Moisture Protective Makeup 2 with Chamois Powder Cheekcolor; Capucine Sport Lipstick glazed with new Gold Opalescence .

Denis Piel

TEMPTATIONS OF EVERY KIND, AT EVERY TURN . . . ALL OF THEM, IRRESISTIBLE

The spa life, continued. *Opposite,* a look at Louison Bobet's "sea-mud bath": a treatment in which mud and sea algae (rich in minerals) are specially prepared, heated by infra-red rays to 100°F, and massaged into the skin—all preceded by a gentle rain of sea-water droplets. Used in both their rheumatism and weight-reduction programs. . . . White terry bikini, OMO Norma Kamali. About $45. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Fieldcrest towel.

Another side of Biarritz, *below.* The rugged Atlantic coast. An afternoon walk to . . . ? The charming way to go, a charming legginess: white cotton cloqué overblouse with a clean bateau neck, soft fluttery sleeves; matching shorts. By Shamask, about $400. Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Hattie; Ultimo, Chicago; Sakowitz; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Details, see next to last pages this issue.

Denis Piel

EVERYWHERE—INDOORS AND OUT—THERE'S ALWAYS MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

THE PERFECT ESCAPE

STOLEN PLEASURES. STOLEN MOMENTS.

Denis Piel

A DIFFERENT SENSE OF TIME

The start of something, *opposite*—a secret rendezvous at the lighthouse, hours borrowed from a quiet, sun-filled afternoon. . . . The start of something different in fashion—a different kind of legginess. At its most irresistible, at Chloé: Lagerfeld's charming gold-piped black silk sweater of a dress—short, bare, narrow, and very racy . . . it signals changes to come. Galtrucco silk. About $745. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

The luxury of time, *this page*. The real luxury of any vacation, any "escape"—having time for yourself, time to use your way, time to do all the things that don't normally fit in a crowded everyday schedule, whether it's time for jogging, for having a massage, for reading the latest best seller, for serious hair conditioning—the choice is yours, and that in itself makes all the difference. Details, next to last pages.

Beauty Note: Always a smart time investment—hair care. Hair that's well cut and well conditioned is hair that works, that demands less time in the end. One of the best serious hair conditioners—the one used here—René Furterer's Hair Pack Vegetal (organically based like the other Furterer hair products). It's literally a "mask" for hair—one that helps strengthen and protect, and adds thickness.

Something to watch, *below*—the leather case . . . it's a recurring "prop" on almost all of these pages. Something else: the line, the ease of a look like this with a soft, but narrow-falling linen overshirt—longer, looser, held low on the hip (about $140)—over tapering pants in khaki linen/cotton (about $86). Geoffrey Beene for Beene Bag (Fabric, Telene). March at Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Balliet's; Frost Bros. Accessories, next to last pages. Impact . . . sometimes it's in the "details." And when you move into the world of late day/easy evening dressing the difference an accessory makes is all the difference. *Opposite*, the season's standout accessory: multi-strand necklaces of silvery-grey and blue beads—an interesting variety of textures, shapes, sizes. From Arthur Koby. With Geoffrey Beene's lacquered silk raincoat in smoky grey. The sleek steel watch: Les Must de Cartier's new Vendôme Santos quartz. Ferrari from Daverat Automobile, Bayonne, France. Details, last pages. *Beauty Note:* More of the late day/easy evening difference—in makeup. Here, paler skin, a smoky metallic eye, softer lip color. From Prescriptives: Bisque Moisture Protective Makeup 1—their sheerest foundation—with two new color-colors: Rose Mica powder cheekcolor and Egyptian Pink sport lipstick—both delicate, almost translucent.

SECRET MEETINGS. FAST GETAWAYS. NO TIME TO LOSE . . . AS THE MYSTERY DEEPENS

Denis Piek

DAY AND NIGHT . . . AT THE SPA, AT THE HOTEL—THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE WATCHING

The rhythm of a spa day. At Louison Bobet, it can include in-the-water exercises—sometimes done, as *at right*, with scuba flippers—they add weight, resistance; the exercises become more difficult, more effective. . . . A new way of total beach dressing: the sleekest chevron-striped maillot in black and white (about $56), wrapped in a wonderful "cocoon" of black sweatshirting (about $62). Norma Kamali. Both at Macy's, Herald Square; John Wanamaker; Neiman-Marcus; Macy's San Francisco; Frederick & Nelson.

Beauty Note: Exercise and diet are always the "givens" of body care. But you can go further with treatments designed to deal with specific areas of the body.

From Elancyl, new Body Aesthetiques, with a Beauty Treatment for the Bust, and Stretch Mark Beauty Cream.

The Hôtel du Palais dining room, *opposite*. The watching continues, in a very subtle way. . . . Under any circumstances, the perfect late day/dinner dress from Geoffrey Beene: yellow silk jacquard, lavender striped, and more—his usual sophisticated color/pattern mix. The news, the difference: in the narrowness—the way it just skims the body (and the knee!), the way it's held by a low hip-wrapping sash in contrasting silk print. About $1300. January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Jacobson's; Balliet's. Details, stores, last pages.

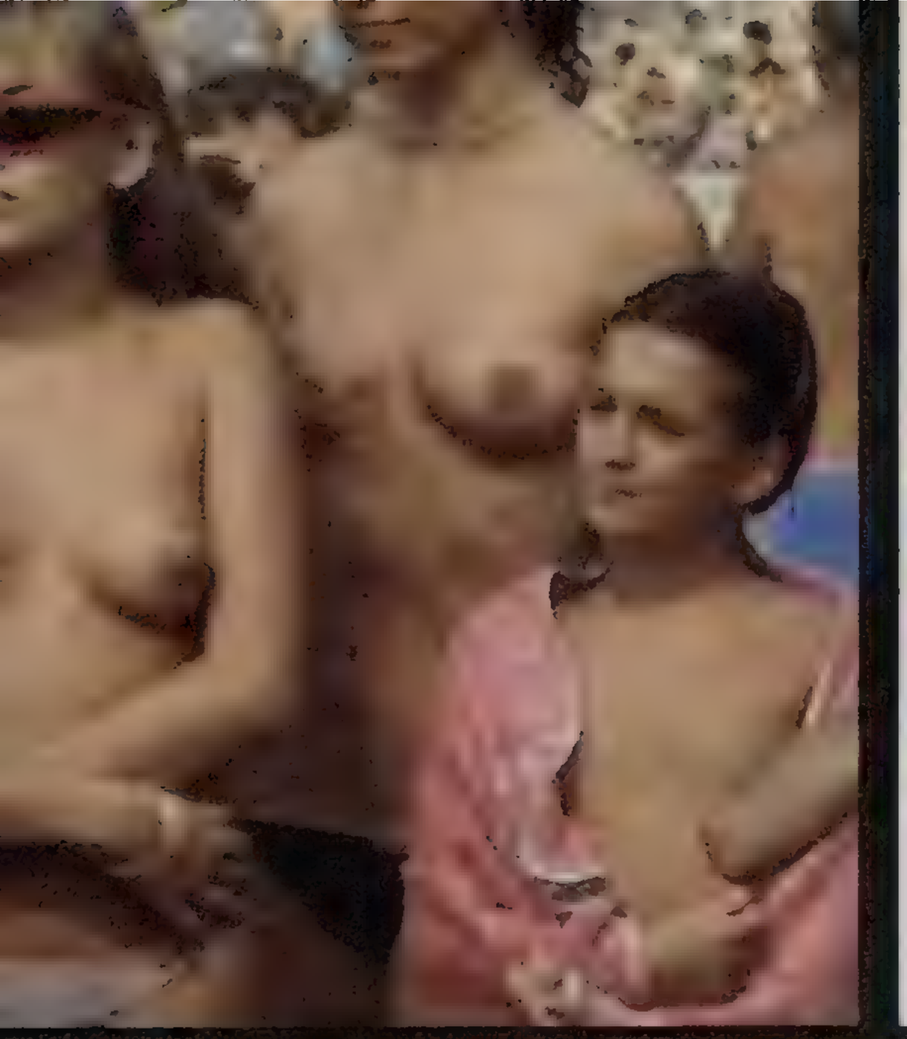
Denis Piel

In the hotel suite, *above*, surrounded by every luxury and a few interesting possibilities. Part of the pleasure of being at-home—anywhere, anytime—dressing in a soft, cozy warm-up. Here, the softest: ivory velours pull-on pants with knitted cuffs and a matching blouson. From The Unicorn & The Rainbow, about $90 (of cotton/polyester). Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Details, last pages.

Another kind of evening, *right*—dazzling, stops-out glamour. Another kind of pyjama dressing that starts with a memorable jacket: Halston's extravagant cardigan of opalescent sequins fringed with opalescent beads—a jacket that's as movable, as seasonless, as effective as any accessory (about $2800). Underneath, simple bias-cut ivory crêpe pants and a twisted halter top (about $750). Halston Originals. Available January, to order at the Halston Boutique, Detroit. Fur, Evans Collection. Details, next to last pages.

ADVENTURES AT NIGHT . . . THE OPTIONS HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE VARIED, MORE ENGAGING

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS. GROWING SUSPICIONS. DID SHE OR DIDN'T SHE???



It must be a case of mistaken identity. Still, where there's smoke. . . . Another way to steal any scene—guaranteed—OMO Norma Kamali's sizzling new halter bikini, *left,* in shirred nylon jersey (about $185), with its long matching nylon jersey tiered robe (about $585). OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. . . . The perfect ending, *below:* the money, the jewels, everything. And she lived happily ever after. . . . Here, in a perfectly simple, narrow white silk satin caftan. Fernando Sanchez, about $240. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Nan Duskin; Balliet's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Harry Winston jewels. Details, last pages.

Beauty Note: The real test of good skin—whether it can take this kind of exposure—and the barest minimum of makeup. The only way to maintain that level of "health"—to work at it with products that work for you—personalized, foolproof. The idea behind the Prescriptives skin-care system—everything you need to cleanse, moisturize, protect, and energize skin.

THE BEST SPAS IN THE WORLD

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT YOU'LL FIND WHEN YOU GET THERE

BY SHIRLEY LORD

A world-wide report, with top marks going to spas in the U.S.— the only place where you literally can put yourself in the hands of experts to reshape your body and recharge your vitality

There's only one way to ensure that you get the results you are paying for when you decide it's time you checked into a spa. Ask yourself the question—Why do I want to go? Is it to lose weight under expert supervision (the main reason for the majority)? Is it because you're exhausted, dispirited, and long for rest and relaxation? Is it to build stamina, improve your tennis? Or are you just fascinated by the many treatments you've heard are available, from thalassotherapy (see page 338) to Fango Therapy, body wraps, Swiss showers, and Scotch hoses?

Only by analyzing your real reasons can you avoid disappointment and save time and money by going directly to the spa best able to help you reach your major objectives, a spa which you may find among those listed on the right according to facilities, location, and—most important—attitude . . . a spa that can be considered one of the best of its kind in the world.

QUESTION

Can you explain the differences between "permissive" and "non-permissive" spas? And where do you get best all-around results?

ANSWER

Where you can "sign on" for a spa treatment in the same way you book a court for tennis or a trail for riding, where there is no attempt to enforce rules—that's a permissive spa, often part of a huge sports complex, offering both sexes the vacation choice of a "resort" or "spa" plan. It's more difficult to achieve dramatic results where rules hardly exist; but if you are in good shape on a year-round basis and enjoy regular participation in sports, then a "permissive" spa is the spa for you.

Outstanding examples of "permissive" spas are La Costa Hotel and Spa, outside San Diego, California; The World of Palm-Aire, Pompano Beach, Florida; The Palms, Palm Springs, California; The Oaks at Ojai, Santa Barbara, California; The International Health and Beauty Spa; Gurney's Resort, Montauk, New York.

La Costa describes its own spa plan as "offering a full range of activities to keep your days and evenings as active or relaxed as you choose. From massages or herb wraps to exercise or yoga to diet lectures or dancing in the Continental after dark!" La Costa is sumptuous, with tennis courts, a golf course, saddle club, three outdoor swimming pools, as well as many special "treatment" pools in the "his and hers" totally

equipped facilities. Four-day minimum spa stay, $325 (double), $225 (single) per day. For more details, telephone (714) 438-9111.

The spa at Palm-Aire, a fifteen-hundred-acre resort with three hotels, four dining rooms and a separate spa building, obviously offers many options. You can proceed at your own speed—which can mean breaking calorie-count/no-alcohol rules—especially in the four-day "spa and sports" plan, which includes use of the Fitness Center equipment, as well as golf—there are five eighteen-hole courses, tennis courts, a Parcourse jogging area, and an Olympic-size swimming pool. Or you can enroll in one of the more structured plans: the Seven Day Renaissance, where you receive a full physical examination, special diet, prescribed and progressive exercise programs (includes golf, tennis, racquetball), a complete performance evaluation, and take-home "Fitness Package." More details, call (305) 972-3300 in Florida, or toll free (800) 327-4960 outside.

Both The Palms at Palm Springs and The Oaks at Ojai, California, are resort hotels with excellent spa facilities under the ownership of Sheila Cluff, California authority on physical fitness. A registered nurse is in daily attendance and a qualified nutritionist supervises delicious low-calorie meals. At both spa "resorts," the day can start with a supervised walk of two or three miles, depending on the guest's preference. Exercise classes take place from sunup to sundown in a pool as well as in gyms. For more details, telephone The Oaks, (805) 646-5573; The Palms, (714) 325-1111.

For rest, recreation, and a huge variety of treatments, the International Health and Beauty Spa, part of the Gurney's Inn complex at the tip of Long Island, New York, is in a class by itself. The staff includes a medical doctor, twelve licensed massage therapists, three registered nurses, a nutritionist/dietitian, and seven exercise specialists. It is the only spa in the country that offers real thalassotherapy (seawater) treatments, because it uses the Atlantic Ocean, literally right on its doorstep. Even the Olympic-size indoor swimming pool, built next to the wide beach, is a seawater pool. Here, treatments and facilities can be "booked" by the hour even by nonresidents: Fango therapy, a hot mud-and-paraffin "body mask" . . . saunas, with Helo electric stoves from Finland . . . Vichy rooms, for invigorating hot and cold salt- and fresh-water showers. Spa visitors use the same accommodations as "resort" guests at Gurney's, and although the spa has its own dining room, spa visitors can choose to eat in the main dining room, where the menu is primarily Italian! More details, telephone (516) 668-2345.

QUESTION

Who offers a medically supervised, strict weight loss/overall fitness program which also takes into account an active working life?

ANSWER

The Sea Pines Behavioral Institute, located at Sea Pines Plantation, South Carolina (one of the largest privately owned sports resorts in the U.S., offers "health" maintenance programs for twelve and twenty-six days. The former is for executives—emphasizing cardiovascular fitness; the latter is a weight-loss program, based on behavior modification, exercise, and diet, monitored by a team of doctors under the direction of Peter M. Miller, Ph.D., clinical professor of psychology at the Medical University of South Carolina. Both welcome men and women. For more details, call (803) 671-6181.

QUESTION

Where are the best "non-permissive spas"? And which of the rules do they insist be followed?

ANSWER

Deborah Szekely founded The Golden Door in Escondido, California, often described as the best result-producing spa in the world. As Emily Wilkens wrote in *Secrets from the Super Spas* (Grosset & Dunlap): ". . . most of the American spas have copied her [Deborah's] ways and hired their key personnel from the ranks of her instructors and attendants. Deborah Szekely could be called the mother of American spas. . . ."

On arrival, every guest (thirty-three maximum) is assigned a personal-fitness instructor. Once a program is prescribed following the medical check, it is his or her job to see that the guest's program is adhered to faithfully. This way, the diet (delicious) stays at the allotted calorie count, and no flagging is allowed as far as exercise is concerned—between four and a half and five hours a day . . . divided between a mountain walk (at 6:30 A.M.), spot, aerobic, dance, and water workouts. Biofeedback courses are used in conjunction with meditation periods. There always seems to be a waiting list at The Golden Door, and for the best reason: it works. Although Deborah founded The Golden Door for women, she realized the importance of her strict routines for men; so there are a number of men's and couples' weeks during the year. More details, call (714) 744-5777.

At the Phoenix, opened only eighteen months ago in Houston, Texas, the emphasis is on nutrition and fitness. Executive director Judith Fatjo explains, "This shouldn't be just a fun week but something that will remain part of your life." To continue healthy habits, guests (maximum thirteen to guarantee personalized attention) take home menus, recipes, skin-care tips, a videotape cassette with their specific exercises, coordinated by director Chris Silkwood, formerly with The Golden Door. Facilities include an Olympic-size pool, indoor and outdoor jogging tracks, weight-training room, sauna, basketball, volleyball, tennis, and racquetball courts. Warmup suits, shorts, T-shirts, and caftans are provided. On eighteen forested acres, only minutes from the center of Houston, the Phoenix is part of The Houstonian complex, a fitness/conference/"preventive" medical center where, for an additional fee, you can get a complete physical examination. Special week-long programs for men, couples, mothers and daugh-

(Continued on page 338)

William hurt
MASCULINITY... the new image

The new hero... "Hurt's got that old-fashioned masculinity: he doesn't take sex, or women, for granted...and women, after a decade of bold, clinical, automatic sex, are ready for a change"

BY MOLLY HASKELL

The first time I noticed him was in Public Television's *Verna: U.S.O. Girl.* The time onscreen was 1944, Sissy Spacek was performing her radiantly amateurish song-and-dance routine for the troops, and there in the audience—his blond hair gleaming in the olive-drab twilight, a rapt smile on his face—was William Hurt. He was leaning on one hand, his army fatigue jacket had slipped off one shoulder, and I could hardly decide whether to keep my eyes fastened on that smooth, sexy shoulder or to return my gaze to that angelically handsome face.

That's the kind of problem the man provokes, and he's the first star to have done so in quite a while. Christopher Reeve and Richard Gere, immediate rivals in the pin-up sweepstakes, look like narcissistic ninnies in comparison. There's a sexual reticence to Hurt, like a kid brother still wet behind the ears. He doesn't force himself on us, or on the women he stars with, doesn't parade his beauty; and that may be why we—and they—come to him.

That's one reason why Hurt is the man of the hour. And then there's the fact that he's gorgeous—6'2", blue eyes, and thirty-one years old, and formidably talented. But there's more to it than that. Hurt's attraction—and it's becoming clear that he appeals to women of all ages and political persuasions—lies in an unusual combination of charms. He's romantic and sexy, innocent and experienced, old-fashioned and up-to-the-minute new. Here and there, in an intonation or a look, he conjures up other actors. The obsessed scientist of *Altered States* is first cousin to De Niro in his neurotic intensity, in the driven, vein-popping madness of the modern anti-hero. In *Eyewitness,* as he lays bare his soul to Sigourney Weaver in Central Park, we hear Dustin Hoffman in the shy, husky-voiced sincerity of the lovelorn janitor. There's something almost vampirish about it, as if Hurt took the best from different types and strains and made them his own. He has the square-jawed, all-American good looks of centrist stars from Gary Cooper to Robert Redford, but the aura is different: whole-grain rather than white-bread WASP.

Hurt does something I wouldn't have thought possible: he brings back the idea of masculinity. It's a concept that's had rough going in recent years, *(Continued)*

Annie Leibovitz

(Continued) evoking as it does images of raw aggression, territorial bullying, and red-meat sexuality. But Hurt's is an old-fashioned masculinity: he doesn't take sex, or women, for granted. And women, after a decade of bold, clinical automatic sex under the banner of "liberation," may be ready for a shift backwards.

Hurt was courtly, of course, as the shy captain of *Verna: U.S.O. Girl;* but even as the lazily promiscuous Ned Racine of *Body Heat,* he is gracious to his one-night stands. And his affair with the captivating Matty (Kathleen Turner) proves that sex can be steamy and discreet at the same time. It is in Lawrence Kasdan's witty, sultry '40s-style melodrama that we finally get a chance to feast our eyes on the rest of that shoulder, so tantalizingly exposed in *Verna: U.S.O. Girl*—and the arm and the back and the other shoulder and the chest, smooth, taut, hairless. (Pardon me while I catch my breath.) But he never becomes a mere "sex object" any more than his co-star does.

Indeed Hurt, determined not to be taken for a pretty boy, has grown a mustache in keeping with his unsavory character. Ned Racine surrenders his heart and the last of his scruples to a dame who's way ahead of him (and Turner is sensational as your high-school beauty queen turned Lady Macbeth), but he can't fool us. Even at his most ridiculous—and Turner misses no occasion to rub salt in the wounds of his shattered pride—he is undeniably and irresistibly a *man.* There are inner resources there, a sense of solidity that can't be touched. A woman could lean her head on that shoulder and the man wouldn't take advantage, or boast of his sexual triumph. Perhaps because he's not swaggering or streetwise or sophisticated, and his hang-ups don't have to do with women, we feel we can relax with Hurt. Hoffman, Pacino, De Niro always made us a little nervous. They were too busy locking and unlocking the mysteries of their own souls to consider, really consider, women as individuals.

There's a danger that Hurt, too, will go that route. He tells me he prefers playing character roles to those of leading men. We are in his publicist's office where our off-again, on-again interview is finally taking place. We were originally to have met in the West Side apartment Hurt shares with Sandra Jennings, a dancer with the New York City Ballet, but I assume he opted *(Continued on page 339)*

a new look ... at HEROISM "chariots of fire"

That old-time male ethic—strength, valor, conscience . . . the goal of victory over self. Sticky sentiments for the '80s? Hardly. Rather, a daring movie's enterprise: a bold return to value . . . the guts not to be cynical—these days, a very risky business indeed. In "Chariots of Fire," two 1924 Olympic runners chase a vision of glory—of mankind at its best. No wide-eyed optimism here—just a civilized belief in human potential, and hope for a battered world. This is (let's face it) a movie about heroism—a shaky concept in an era of antiheroes and superheroes but few quietly brave men. "Chariots" is at once nostalgic and adventurous. It takes risks—but then, that is exactly what heroism—and courageous moviemaking—are all about.

Running for glory: Ian Charleson (*left*) as the devout Eric Liddell, and Ben Cross as passionate, obsessed Harold Abrahams—Olympic performances by two dynamic newcomers to film...here, captured by Avedon, the spirit, pure drive of these stars

Avedon

our most glorious FEMALE HERO... Katharine Hepburn

She opens on Broadway this month in "West Side Waltz," playing a woman described as Peppery, Staunch, and Proud. In the fifty years of her career, she's given fifty unbeatable definitions to these words: Tomboy, Yare, Spirit, Gallant, Headstrong, Straight, (as in Straight-Arrow), Indomitable, Individual, Manners (and early on, Mannerisms). In "Stage Door," she made Calla Lilies her own. In "Philadelphia Story," she was described onscreen as both a Virgin Goddess and a Perennial Spinster; in the screwball comedies, she made scattered brains as desirable as skinny beauty. From the beginning, she has shown the world what American class is—and should be. Offscreen: A private life marked by one major passion, Spencer Tracy; an ethic based on discipline, simplicity, a clean strong honesty.

Photographed in her New York house by Horst, the actress whose life proves that you can live as you want, dress how you please, stick to your standards, and still be a star

kate

What she's made her own: A style based on character, and purity of spirit that's been the model for generations of actresses, a clear-thinking private morality that is the envy of weaker women, an inner aristocracy that imbues her every appearance—on stage, on film, and in the street—with the indomitable aura of royalty. A Yankee from Connecticut, she was the first actress to embody essentially American virtues of plain speaking and tomboy independence in an era when women were sluts or violets. She's the first and perennial female *Hero;* and only now, fifty years after her debut, has the concept of hero become an attainable ideal for women.

Her first public appearance was in a suffragette parade; her latest, now, as Margaret Mary Elderdice, an independent widow of seventy-three. Inevitably, she's played Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew,* but her film roles have all shown her taming power, used on such greats as Tracy, Bogart, Olivier, *et al*. Her strength and assurance were thought years ago so monumental that plots had to revolve on humbling her, reducing her to human frailty through love or pain. Possible in films; in life, time can do nothing of the sort; and her looks have not really changed in thirty years, when she put her hair up for *The African Queen* and never took it down again.

A Kate among Kates—the perennial enduring face of a woman who fits no mold save her own

Horst

The Hepburn wisdom runs from "Perfection is the only standard for stars" to "Water cures all ills"; she has three Oscars and a working fireplace, a blessed sense of proportion. Astride a stool in her trademark pants (gave up skirts fifty years ago, "Never liked stockings"), full of curiosity and a righteous mischief (she told off Huston, Bogart, O'Toole for their wild ways), Katharine Hepburn is a living lesson in individuality. She's demonstrated that bravura is nothing without bravery, and her life, like her voice, never lost its pitch. Opposite, top, Kate between two busts by Robert McKnight, and a figure and mask by Frances Rich.

Always this season: more festive evenings are "at-home" . . . yours or theirs. Different this year: what "dressed" for these evenings can be. There's a whole new range of easy, un-pompous looks. Looks you can move in, feel good in, handle . . . ornamentation that comes from an unexpected fabric, color, pattern . . . from the special effect of makeup with a little glitter or shine.

"DRESSED" ...IS A MATTER OF DEGREE

Prime example of this easy attitude, this low-key ornamentation: Geoffrey Beene's dress, *here* —a shape as simple, as uninvolved as a T-square. It slides over the body in one quick, narrow line. The impact's in the color, the striping, the sensuous silk. About $1200. Late December at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets, Sylvia Heisel. These and the following two pages photographed at the home of Robert H. Sweet. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Vincent Nasso. Details, last pages.

BEAUTY NOTE: For festive evenings, makeup with a little glitter, shimmer, or shine. Just enough to catch the light, change your look. In just one place—the mouth, eyes, hair, the earlobe, bare shoulder, back. On the eyelids here: Maybelline's Antique Gold shadow and their lash adhesive to hold the II-Makiage glitter chips. Also from Maybelline: the soft Terra Copper lip color; the Cinnaspice creme blush.

Andrea Blanch

Some fashion ideas are fundamentally so attractive, so workable—they move from their original purpose into other areas; they become classics. Case in point: the "warm-up." Now a "warm-up" can be, *this page*, a black cashmere, silk-bowed top (about $510) and silk charmeuse pants (about $510) . . . the least complicated, least affected way to be "dressed" at night. By Jonathan. Bonwit Teller, NYC; The Right Stuff, Washington, DC; Suchie and Pearl's Little Shop, Birmingham MI; Pompian Shop, Chicago; Therapy, Aspen; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . .
Another idea whose time has come: the all-in-one jumpsuit. The version, *opposite*, in black silk charmeuse—full, oversized at the top, narrowing down to short cropped pants. By Samantha Robbins for Sami. About $150. Ult NYC; Body Language, Greenvale NY; Mon Affaire, Englewood Cliffs NJ; Coco, Miami; James Lingerie Boutique, Dallas; Victoria Rayles, San Francisco. Rings, Harry Winston. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Fashion details, last pages. . . .
BEAUTY NOTE: The "something extra," *left*—eyeshadow with a touch of iridescence: Alexandra deMarkoff's Ballet des Fleurs.

Andrea Blanch

The gold super-top, *above*, you just slip into, wrap and tie closely at the hip over black warm-up pants . . . over any pants. Norma Kamali. Top, metallic/acrylic backing, about $220. Pants, cotton/acrylic, about $36. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Alex & Lee. Bracelet, DeBare Saunders for Laguna. . . . The most intimate at-home look, opposite: Fernando Sanchez' slit-to-the-thigh black point d'esprit dressing gown (about $220). Over his wisp-of-lace teddy, about $40. Fernando Sanchez for Lily of France. Dressing gown at Bergdorf Goodman; Lingerique, Troy MI; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Swansons on the Plaza, Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles; Creed's, Canada. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon. Makeup, Vincent Nasso. Fashion details, last pages. . . .

BEAUTY NOTE: One luminous touch is all you need. *Above:* Max Factor's Golden Bronze Colorfast lipstick with Gold Fever gloss. *Opposite:* Another attractive option—Max Factor's new lightly shimmered Soft Contour/Lustrous Highlighter on the cheek.

"DRESSED" IS A MATTER OF DEGREE

Andrea Bianchi

DRESS OF DEGREE IS A MATTER OF

Andrea Blanch

Another easy shape, another unexpected mix: Geoffrey Beene's soft top and full skirt—in gingham-y checks and lace . . . with gold lamé. A sophisticated look. Polished enough to go anywhere. But as undemanding to wear as a T-shirt and skirt. About $1360, including the wide gold belt. Saks Fifth Avenue; John Wanamaker; Swansons on the Plaza; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Checked fabric: wool and silk (Giuseppe Scacchi Fabbrica Seterie); lamé: silk and polyester (Diochon). Earrings, Mirtha Savage. Necklace, Arthur Koby. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Vincent Nasso. Fashion details, next to last pages . . . .

BEAUTY NOTE: A little glitter and gleam do spectacular things for your eyes. Here: Revlon's Formula II Bronze Eyes trio, with Stagelight's Gold Body Jewels brushed into the brows. The pretty lip color, Revlon's Moon Drops Cinnamon Toast.

WHERE ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD

IN GREECE,
A MARBLE "PALACE"
HOUSES THE AMAZING,
RICH, SOMETIMES ZANY
WORLD OF THE ULTIMATE
ART COLLECTOR—
ALEXANDER IOLAS

Horst

Alexander Iolas, *opposite page,* with "Phryne," named for the fabled hetaera of ancient Greece, in front of the gold sheeted doors sculpted with warriors and centaurs by Pikionis, the architect of this extraordinary house. Holding up Iolas' private world, ancient stone pillars from Ravenna. Inside the front hall, *above,* a golden chair that does not invite you to sit down—a sculpture by Princess Michael (Marina) of Greece. Bannister: delicate wrought-iron tracery of flowers and leaves, created by Claude Lalanne.

"THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO KNOW THIS HOUSE IS BY STAYING HERE," SAID ONE GUEST WHO DINED HERE MANY TIMES AND FELT SHE WAS "STILL NOWHERE." "IT'S OVERWHELMING UNTIL YOU UNDERSTAND THAT IT HAS ALL BEEN PUT TOGETHER WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY HAND AND EYE. IOLAS IS THE UNIFYING FACTOR"

ALL THAT GLITTERS

By Hebe Dorsey

White marble and tuberosa, Dali and Max Ernst, Magritte, Fautrier, Léger, Wols, Picasso, Braque, Stevenson, Warhol, Klein, Rauschenberg. Man Ray, Matta. Also Roman columns, Greek gods, arm reliquarys, Egyptian ibis, Cycladic cups, Byzantine crosses, Corinthian alabasters, Tanagra statuettes, Etruscan chalices, Hapsburg decanters, footed malachite bowls from some imperial workshop. And once you've finished crisscrossing continents and leaping back and forth through centuries, you end up with Alexander Iolas' house.

Some call it a museum, others an art gallery, others still a palace; but to Iolas, the magnificent, it is, he says pointing at the endless white marble horizons, "a royal pain."

The House is in the suburbs of Athens, in a most unlikely, unprepossessing area, surrounded as it is with low-rent apartment houses, torn-down sidewalks, and cheap tavernas blaring with bouzoki. But it is in keeping with Iolas' original intentions, as he tells you with a sigh: "What do you want, *chér-rie* (with Iolas, everything, even words, assumes monumental proportions), when I first saw this place, twenty years ago, there was nothing but vineyards." The reason why he gathered under one roof what many consider one of the greatest art assemblages in the world is that "I was sick and tired of paying $700,000 a year in storage." The mind boggles. "Did you really say $700,000?" "Yes," the master answers, placidly, "for twenty years."

So, a warehouse to Iolas meant that finally, after all that time, he brought in something like one thousand cases from here and there and everywhere.

"Oh! *chér-rie,* they came from all over the world. New York, Paris, London, Italy, Switzerland, I can't tell you. Every time I saw something, I'd get excited and buy. No, I didn't buy anything in Greece. There's nothing here, it's all junk. All the good things are abroad.'" As the workmen would drop the cases, Iolas would go through them, "and I'd say: 'This will go here, this will go there.' I had no decorator, just did it as I felt. And, I must say, I have never moved a single object."

Somebody once said that the place is miraculous in that it doesn't hang together. That, however, is not so. It does hang together by a magic, almost abstract thread, not too unlike its master, in fact.

Right now, the illustrious Iolas, wearing a tatty yellow bathrobe, is busy at his favorite and seemingly endless pastime—playing solitaire with a well-worn pack of blue cards on the white marble-topped kitchen table. It is not as if he lacked clothes, you understand. Down in his basement, he has closets full *(Continued on page 332)*

The art of tomorrow: upstairs salon, *left,* explodes with the vibrant worlds of Harold Stevenson and Takis: In the background, invisibly, the insistent beat of electronic music. The dancers: Nikki de Saint Phalle's overstuffed, jolly "Nanas"; to the right of them, painting in red by Fontana. In front of Harold Stevenson's gigantic mural, a tall iron flower by Takis, and a mysterious Magritte birdcage chair. On the floor, "mummified culture" (Iolas' words)—concrete books by Eliseo Matriacci.

Horst

Endless white marble terraces surround the house, *opposite page,* because, as Iolas says, "This is Greece, not England—you can't grow beautiful lawns here." Instead of real flowers outdoors ("real flowers die so fast and they stink; is there anything dumber than nature?" Iolas asks)—a giant iron flower by Takis (upper right corner); one of Takis' erotic sculptures (left, foreground). *Above:* More of Takis' sculptures and paintings in upstairs salon—"Symbols," says Iolas, "of the universal magnetism of the erotic." In the foreground, a human torso, and a black metal slide you can clang with a suspended ball that hangs in back; in the corner a series of three white paintings mounted on ancient stone capitols; against the wall, a yellow three-dimensional painting with retractable white discs that return magnetically after you pull them forward. "A tableau is a surface from which things come out," says Iolas. "Takis broke the surface."

ALL THAT GLITTERS

IOLAS ON SOME OF HIS FAVORITE ARTISTS: "MAX ERNST—TOTAL POETRY; MAGRITTE—PREMONITION AND REVOLUTION; TAKIS—EROTICISM AND MAGNETISM; MATTA—POETRY AND POLITICS. THE GREAT MIRACLE IS THAT WE LIVE THROUGH OUR GENIUSES"

Horst

The master bedroom, *right,* that became a guest room because Iolas found it too far from the kitchen, the nerve center of the house. On round table, Iolas' favorite Greek sculpture, an exquisite marble of Escalapius. Small, finely embroidered Greek rugs illuminate floor here, and in adjoining bathroom. "Imagine," said one guest, "using a Greek rug as a bath mat." *Above:* The world of today and yesterday—a white brocaded salon presided over by the Three Graces, extraordinarily fine Alexandrine sculptures from the Hellenistic period (third and fourth centuries B.C.), and by rare seventeenth-century Venetian mirrors with blue-tinged glass, intricately painted frames. Warming the marble floor, an Aubusson rug like a flower painting. *Below:* In the small but perfect dining room, an ornate ebony and silver Boulle cabinet filled with antique silver; on the table, always white flowers arranged by Soula, Iolas' maid.

ALL THAT GLITTERS

Horst

THE GUEST ROOM—A LAVISH EMPIRE GOLD SATIN ROOM—

FOR VISITORS WHO BEAR SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NAMES IN THE ART WORLD PAST/PRESENT

What sets these furs apart—a special edge—and the simple fact: that they're the best on every level: shape, style and quality . . . and all unmistakable in the coat, *left:* from Fendi, a 3/4-length, hooded, tobacco-dyed zorina—a luxurious wrap of a coat that reverses, skin-side out to hand-painted gold. About $14,500. Bergdorf Goodman; I Magnin, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Leather trousers, also by Fendi. Peridot ring, Paloma Picasso of Tiffany.

a new meaning to the word "luxury," *opposite,* Yves Saint Laurent's full-length natural beige chinchilla, vertically worked in a mosaic effect, tucked and pleated at the shoulders. For Alixandre, about $20,000. Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago. Fashion details, last pages. Hair, these eight pages, Christiaan; makeup, Alberto Fava.

Arthur Elgort

FURS... LA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME

There are furs—and then there are furs . . .
On these pages, this season's most obviously luxurious—
not only the best quality skins, but the most precious:
sable, chinchilla, fisher, mink.
Fur as sumptuous as anyone could want—with a new raciness,
an unmistakable dash, a heightened sense of style . . .

furs setting new standards as "classics": *Opposite,* the pure, clean line of a natural earth-toned Samink coat—one of the most luxurious minks—soft-falling and fur-sashed, with the ease of a soft-wrapping robe. About $15,000. I. Wasserman & Son. Ben Thylan, NYC; Barbatsuly Bros., Garden City NY; Bricker-Tunis Furs, West Bloomfield MI. Watch, Concord Collection Delirium La Scala.

and, *right,* the year's "success" luxury fur—natural Canadian fisher. A polo coat from Grosvenor Canada: notch-collared, sashed, generously—luxuriously—cut. About $37,500. Chudiks of Birmingham MI; I. Magnin, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Co., Kansas City MO; Edwards Lowell, Beverly Hills; Eaton's of Canada. To order at Bloomingdale's. All details, see next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

a new mood for sable—with a casual raciness that's part of the luxury this year. Here, *opposite*, Maximilian's full-length natural golden sable coat, T-shaped and straight-falling, very easy, with a dashing, olive-gold silk rain shell. About $23,000. To order at Maximilian, NYC; Bonwit Teller, Chicago and Beverly Hills.

another example, *left*, a wonderful topcoat, cut like a man's, with a bit more fullness, but no bulk, in herringbone wool, lined with glossy natural Russian sable. From Jean-Paul Avizou for Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue. About $25,500. All fashion details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

In an extraordinary year for furs, two very glamorous choices . . . Opposite from Fernando Sanchez for Louis Mineva, a natural full-length Barguzin sable with a rich depth of color, square-shouldered and straight-cut sweep worn here with Barry Kieselstein-Cord's silver concha belt. Coat, about $80,000. Nan Duskin, Bloms Vogue Chicago, Herbert's Furs San Francisco.

And, near left, a coat with a very easy kind of glamour, narrow on the body, and very, very feminine. Valentino's natural golden sable, with a slightly broadened shoulder and a "pleated" fur sleeve. The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago IL. About $45,000. Details, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

PACE-SETTERS...LOOKS TO WATCH

On these four pages—the beat of what's happening: forward-looking signals of changes ahead. . .

To start, great style and a real change in proportion—from Galanos. First, *this page,* his knockout version of a "little black dress": one that's very short—two inches above the knee—and very narrow, in black wool crêpe, with satiny charmeuse dolman sleeves. And the way he showed it—always with a darkened "smoked" leg, a higher heel. About $2425. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. To order at Nan Duskin.

And, the new, off-beat proportion he showed again and again, *opposite page,* worked out at its best in different textures of black from matte to shiny: a 3/4-length black wool cardigan-coat with widened sleeves, over a *longer* black wool gabardine tunic, and both over black "waffled" silk ciré above-the-knee shorts. About $3390. Saks-Jandel; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; I. Magnin. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin. Jewelry, Carimati Jewelers. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Alberto Fava. Fashion details, see next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

a look as ornamental—as special—as anyone could want . . . and one that you won't find anywhere else—totally Fendi, *left:* a black tulle/lace blouson with elbow-length ruched sleeves, a black suède very short skirt, and, a black mole "wing" wrap, slightly curved in shape, lined with bronze embroidered flowers. Blouson, $995; skirt, about $375; wrap, about $3250. Turnout to order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

the charm of Fendi never stops . . . *right,* another take on short and narrow in a look that's whimsical, slightly unexpected in character: a short greige suède tunic dress, straight-falling and belted low—and a theme that ran throughout their collection—stenciled with small, charming Mandarin figures. With Mongolian lamb borders at the cuffs and neck, about $2150. Bergdorf Goodman. To order at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Tights and boots both pages, Fendi. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Angelica Novaes for Xavier, New York. All fashion details, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

When it's warm and you want to get "dressed" and go: new "switches" off the classics.

Arthur Elgort

new variation on a summer suit, *far left,* from Christian Dior Sportswear—a very relaxed wool/silk houndstooth jacket (about $240); matching cropped pants (about $120)—the perfect skirt replacement. With a white silk shirt, cut with fuller dolman sleeves (about $140). Bloomingdale's; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz; Bullock's, Westwood; Nordstrom, Seattle.

the cool, fresh appeal of stripes, of silk, of a softer, fuller line, *near left:* Beene Bag's red-and-white pinstriped pants (about $120) and matching T-shirt (about $110) with a slidey navy-and-white pinstriped jacket (about $140). All of silk crêpe de Chine. Geoffrey Beene for Beene Bag. Mid-February at Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. On these four pages: Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Angelica Novaes for Xavier, New York. Details, last pages.

PANTS... THE NEW ATTRACTIONS

the very classic—very attractive—side of warm-weather dressing, *far left:* a sharp navy double-breasted blazer (about $300); with white pleated trousers (about $170); and navy silk wrap blouse (about $90). Jacket and pants of English doeskin wool. All, Joseph Picone Designer Collection. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Woolf Brothers. . . .

Beauty Note: The pretty switch in make-up—a touch of shimmer: Siena Gold lips, Gold Brilliante cheeks. By Princess Marcella Borghese. . . .

dressing to go! . . . with a racier edge, *near left:* a black cotton poplin jacket, "loosened" with drop shoulders and shirt sleeves (about $100); matching shorter pants (about $110). By Betty Hanson. Bloomingdale's; Rizik Bros., Washington, DC; Exit Shops, Miami; Jackson Graves; Nordstrom, Seattle. Details, see last pages this issue.

Arthur Elgort

The news of this year's resort collection: stripes, everywhere. And with them, gold! Maillots, pyjamas, cover-ups, dresses—all in classic shapes with something extra, some added interest.

[illegible]

[illegible]— amé straps on a striped maillot, La Perla, about $125. Loooies Margate NJ; Montaldo's; Lingerique, Troy MI; Neiman-Marcus; Gloria, Scottsdale and Las Vegas; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills.

Beauty Note: Sun-warmed color in makeup, *left*—Pinecone Russet lipstick, Cordovan blush, by Germaine Monteil. Hair, these two pages, Sean Hosking for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Alberto Fava. Details, last pages.

King

hot news/stripes

Stripes take a new direction: *Left*, in bright colors—Gloria Sachs' silk crêpe de Chine pyjama. Top, about $250; pants about $320. Lord & Taylor. Makeup here, Alberto Fava. . . . *Below*, to wear wherever it's warm: Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. striped linen/cotton twill pants, narrowed to the ankle, about $160. Linen gauze shirt, about $160. January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Ivey's Carolinas; Higbee's; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; Liberty House of Hawaii. Man's watch, Concord. Makeup, Sandy Linter. . . . *Opposite*, a different way of dressing—a charm all its own: Ralph Lauren's Navajo-stripe cotton skirt (about $154), over a white cotton petticoat (about $178). Floral-print cotton blouse (about $158), cotton cummerbund (about $40). January at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC: Ralph Lauren Shop, Tampa; Selber Bros., Shreveport LA; John Freeman, Tyler TX; Ms, Houston. . . . *Beauty Note:* Makeup color, Ralph Lauren's way—for day, Kumquat eyeshadow, Cayenne lip color. Makeup here, Alberto Fava. Hair, these two pages, Sean Hoskins for Garren at The Plaza. More stores, accessories, men's clothes, last pages.

King

This year's maillots—classic, with a difference: *left*—white, strapless, banded with gold. Antron/Lycra, about $44. With its own cotton cardigan—striped gold, shaped like a rugby sweater. About $60. Both, Cole of California. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Robinson's, Beverly Hills and Santa Monica; I. Magnin. . . . More of the news in bathing suits now: pure white. Here, *inset*, with a deep V-neck, ribbing. Gottex, in Antron/Lycra, about $52. Altman's; John Wanamaker; Ivey's Carolinas; Solomon's, Beachwood OH; Hudson's. . . . *Right*, white plus color—wide-spaced stripes on a strapless maillot, by Gabar, Antron/Lycra, about $37. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; John Wanamaker; Burdines; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . .

Beauty Note: Warm-weather news in makeup, to wear now—Apricot Blossom lipstick, Tangerine Tulip blusher, from Shiseido. On these two pages: hair, John Killebrew for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Angelica Novaes for Xavier, New York. Details, last pages.

King

hot news/stripes

VERY EASY VOGUE PATTERN 7899

Short, loose, easy—
the perfect shape
of a dress you can live in,
in warm weather.
Left, bateau-neck dress,
with a drop shoulder,
(Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7899),
to make in any fabric . . .
in a black-and-off-white
T-shirt stripe cotton lisle
(Fabricland, New York).
Available at B.&J. Fabrics, NYC.
Right, the lighthearted
appeal of a sweatshirt—
in a dress! The shape, from
Chloé—turtleneck, elasticized
at the waist. Vogue
International Designers
Chloé Pattern 2737.
Grey cotton/acrylic
sweatshirting, Gloversville
Continental Mill.

VOGUE INTERNATIONAL
DESIGNERS
CHLOÉ PATTERN 2737

Distributed by Troika-Tex
and available at Singer
W. 72nd Sewing Center, NYC.
Beauty Note: Hair-care news
for black women, for easier
styling—Johnson's Gentle
Treatment Conditioning
Cream Relaxer.
Hair, these two pages,
Sean Hoskins for Garren
at The Plaza;
makeup, Ariella.
Accessories, pattern
details, see last pages.

VOGUE'S Last Word

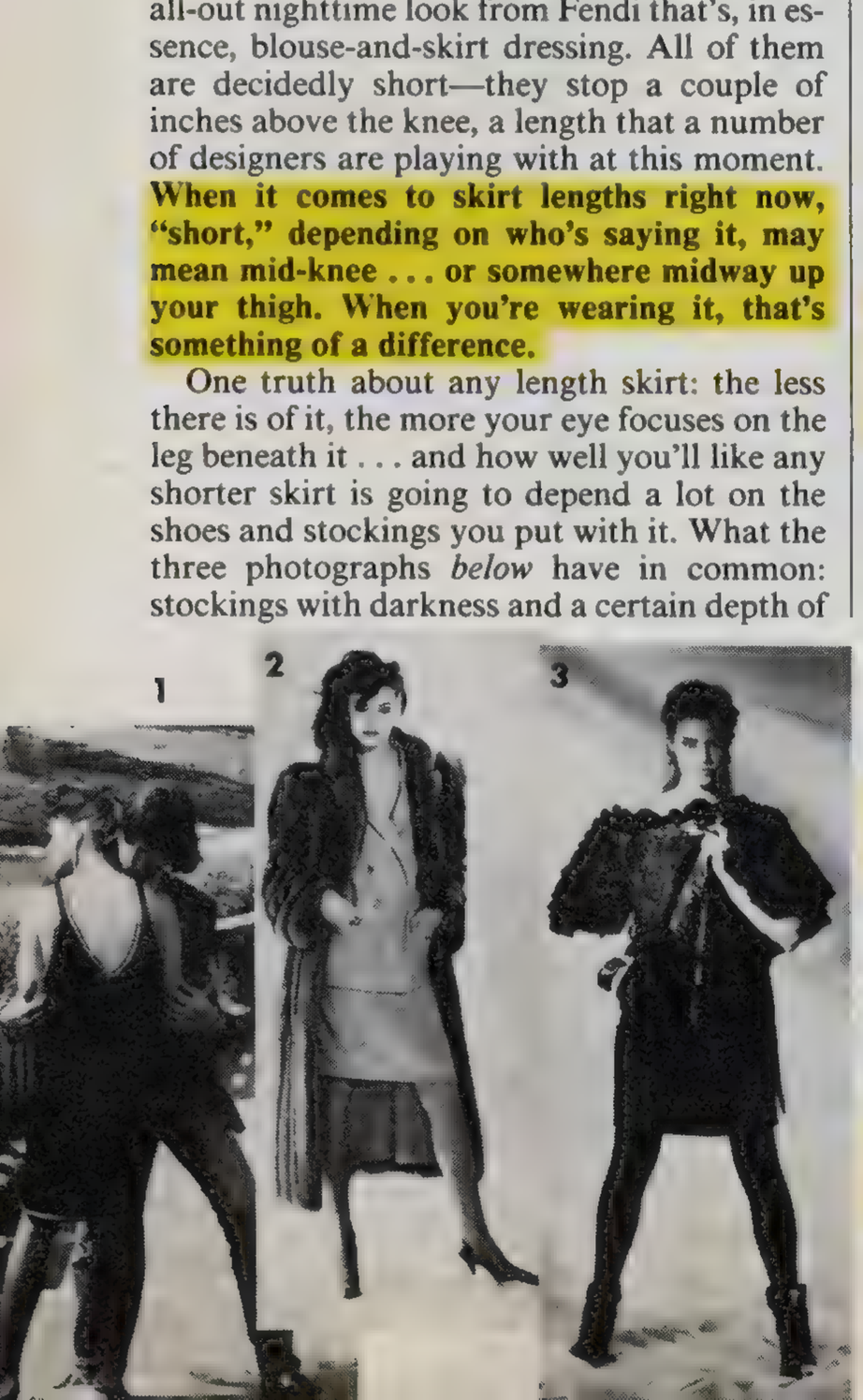
ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: when you're wearing shorter skirts, narrower skirts, skirts for a resort or hot weather . . . if it's a long coat, a very special hat, or a dress to take you back to dresses

First point, one that's obvious, maybe, but worth mentioning: there aren't any pants on this page. What's interesting about that is, simply, that it's indicative of something in the wind: more news in skirts and dresses than we've had in a while, more looks that depend on a shape that's essentially short and—what's a bigger change—narrow.

Look at the photographs *below*—they're three ways of working short-and-narrow from this issue: a flirty Chloé dress, John Anthony's beige pinstripe suit, an all-out nighttime look from Fendi that's, in essence, blouse-and-skirt dressing. All of them are decidedly short—they stop a couple of inches above the knee, a length that a number of designers are playing with at this moment. **When it comes to skirt lengths right now, "short," depending on who's saying it, may mean mid-knee . . . or somewhere midway up your thigh. When you're wearing it, that's something of a difference.**

One truth about any length skirt: the less there is of it, the more your eye focuses on the leg beneath it . . . and how well you'll like any shorter skirt is going to depend a lot on the shoes and stockings you put with it. What the three photographs *below* have in common: stockings with darkness and a certain depth of



color—semi-sheer black stockings, deep taupe stockings, no bare pale legs. With Fendi's densely black suède skirt *(3)* we put heavy black opaque stockings; most often, you'll look for dark stockings that come with less bulk, less thickness. With that skirt and heavier stockings are Fendi's short flat black boots; they're racy-looking, but they're hardly an everyday pleasure. What works most often, with these shorter lengths: shoes with some delicacy *(1, 2),* shoes with low—not totally flat—heels, shoes with the same degree of refinement as the narrow suit or dress that you'll put them with. **Saint Laurent, in his winter couture collection, showed his shorter, narrower proportion in clothes with dark sheer stockings, with pumps. The shoes' heels measured in at almost three inches.**

A point worth mentioning: A shorter skirt doesn't mean a winter coat hem starts moving upward, chasing after it. Look at the Valentino coat that's over John Anthony's narrow suit *(2):* it's long—calf-length; it's the length of a fur that's proven to work for most women: for long skirts, short skirts, pants, for cold weather. In spring, in a raincoat, you may want something that's 7/8 length or at the knee. **A winter coat functions first for warmth and that implies some length—whatever you choose to put under it.**

With shorter skirts and some narrower proportions, though, some other things scale down. With less fabric to act as a balance, we found, you'll want fewer jewelry pieces and a smaller, more refined bag—not a rugged shoulderbag. **Most of these small straight dresses, narrow skirts and long tops depend on a certain ease, not a cinched-in waist. You won't automatically reach for a belt . . .** unless it's one you can wear slung low on your hips, something you can belt a bit more softly.

Let's face it: There are hats and there are hats . . . and there are any number of hats that don't have much to do with most of our days or way of dressing. That hat *left* (from page 302) has an honest purpose—it's meant to be foul weather gear—and it's got an honest history: it's the basic felt fedora—man's hat—that's been a sign of personal style for everyone from Humphrey Bogart to Dietrich to Lauren Hutton. It's something that you bang on your head, pull down a bit, and let take the shape of your head through lots of seasons. It gets better as it gets wetter.

People talk a lot about "separates dressing"; the Ralph Lauren pieces, *right,* practically define it: A shirt, full skirt, a petticoat that work together; as individual pieces, they easily take on other roles. At a resort, you could take off that petticoat, put the skirt with a black tank top, tuck the shirt into pants. Alone, the petticoat works as an easy skirt or as the cover to a white maillot. One thing that makes it work: it's as finished at the waist as any other skirt is.

That shape—clearly waisted, wide-skirted, long—has been the premise behind most of the dresses we've seen for a while; Geoffrey Beene's narrow silk jacquard dress, *right,* may be the shape of some dresses to come: ones that fall straight and don't have too much length. We wrapped that dress at the hips with a wide sash; often, these dresses work beltless. In a dress like this—or the black Chloé *(1)* you look for a certain fit: one that doesn't mold to your body but touches your body when you move. These dresses are easy ones for most women to wear, and the Geoffrey Beene is a signal of **something else you'll be seeing: some stronger, prettier colors. They may just get you thinking about dresses again.**

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WHAT'S A SPECIAL EVENING WITHOUT
A LITTLE MAGIC?

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Perhaps it's that taste of magic that has made Baileys America's fastest growing liqueur.

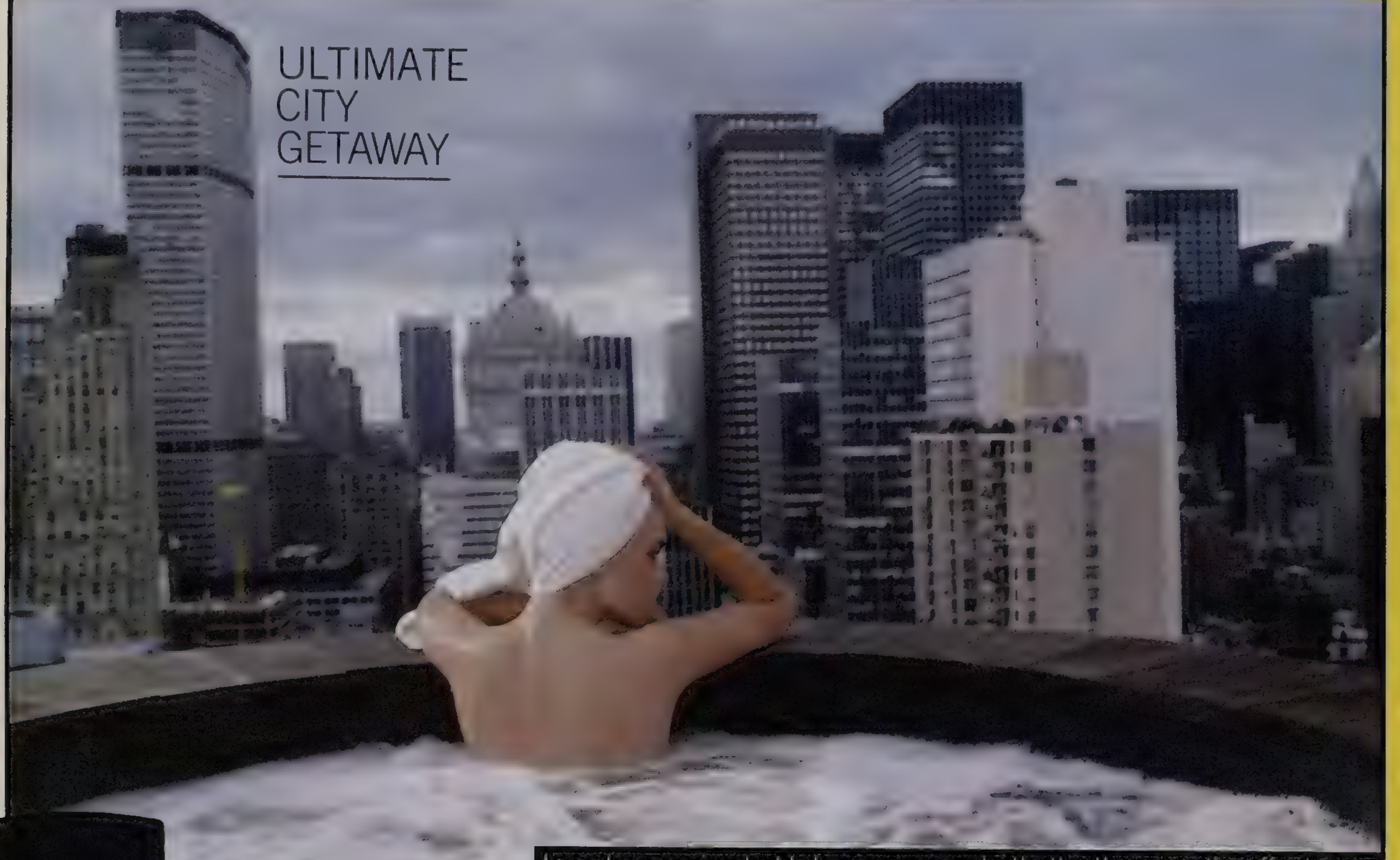
BAILEYS. TASTE THE MAGIC.

VOGUE'S

HEALTH *style*

WATER: RELAXATION THERAPY...KEY TO GOOD POSTURE: EXERCISE...A MOOD-DIAGNOSING QUIZ...CALORIE-CONTROLLED PARTYING...THE RIGHT EXERCISE DRESSING

ULTIMATE CITY GETAWAY



In a skyscraping hot tub or your own bath, the therapeutic effects of water work to dissolve tension, both mental and physical...

itness is more than a matter of exercising and pushing your body hard; it also entails the realization that you need to relax your muscles, to soothe aches and sore spots. And to relax your mind. Mental fitness involves taking the time to set your mind at rest, to put your day in perspective before you attack the next project on your list."

Those are the thoughts of fitness consultant Charles Kuntzleman, Ed.D.—and they echo a view that is gaining converts everywhere. So much so that people are setting aside space in their homes dedicated solely to relaxation. Central to many: the therapeutic aspects of water. Hot tubs, whirlpools, and Jacuzzis may have gotten their big start in California, but they have spread—indoors and out—rapidly across the country.

In New York City, interior designers like Eric Bernard are being asked to "redesign the bathroom before any other room of the house." His recent projects run from "a one-person whirlpool tub for a single fitness enthusiast to an entertaining-and-exercising environment for a couple who felt that their health club had become too crowded. Now they can work out on their exercise machines, spend a languorous half hour in their hot tub, and still get some work done before going out in the evening."

The staff of Robert K. Lewis Associates, Inc., recently designed a bathroom that's practically a spa in a renovated New York townhouse. "The area is completely compartmentalized," explains Mr. Lewis. "In the center is a six-by-nine-foot *(Continued)*

WATER SOFTNESS

can make a difference in how you feel when you get out of a tub. Minerals in hard water, often healthful for drinking, can leave a soap residue on your skin as well as on the tub. (Despite the legendary powers of "taking the waters," there is no scientific proof that skin absorbs minerals from water.) Result: you won't feel as clean after a bath in hard water as one in soft water.

Water is essential inside, too. Elizabeth M. Whelan, Ph.D., executive director of the American Council on Science and Health, recommends drinking six to eight glasses a day and eating "water-rich" foods like fresh fruits, skim milk, and lettuce.

California Hot Tubs, NYC, photographed by Jay Ackerman at Peter Schwadel's NYC apartment; Fieldcrest towel

Now...broad spectrum relief for severely dry skin.

New Vaseline® Dermatology Formula™ Lotion. Clinically proven to relieve every major dry skin symptom.

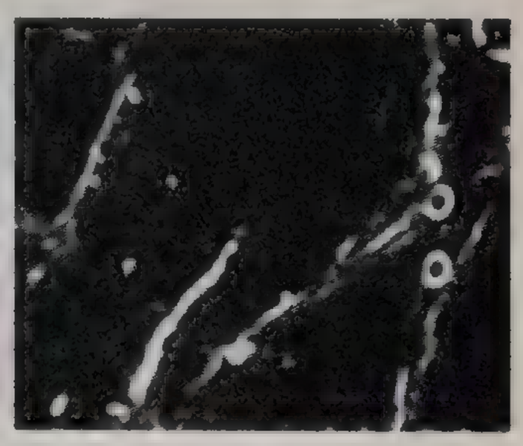
Developed and tested with dermatologists, this remarkable new lotion is a major advance in dry skin care.

Clinical tests prove new Vaseline® Dermatology Formula™ Lotion gives broad spectrum relief...fast, effective relief of chapping, itching, cracking, flaking, roughness, soreness, redness—every major dry skin symptom. Makes even severely dry skin normal and healthy again.

Give your dry skin broad spectrum relief, with new Vaseline Dermatology Formula. Lotion or Cream.

Microscopic Tests Prove It

Before treatment. Electron microscope shows severely dry skin symptoms—roughness, chapping, flaking.



After 4 days of treatment, dry skin symptoms virtually disappear. Skin is soft, smooth, and healthy-looking again.

For a trial sample, send 50¢ in coins to: Vaseline® Dermatology Formula™ Lotion Sample Offer, Box 4005, Jefferson City, MO 65102. Void where prohibited.

A SIDE OF ME WANTS A SOAP TO CLEAN MY SKIN WITHOUT DRYING

A SIDE OF ME WANTS A SOAP TO SOFTEN WITHOUT A GREASY FEELING

Now there's a soap that can clean without drying, soften without that greasy feeling. It's new Tone. With a unique cocoa butter formula, now with added glycerine. Get clean and soft ... with new Tone.

NEW TONE. BALANCED TO BRING CLEAN AND SOFT TOGETHER.

NEW FORMULA!
Glycerine & Cocoa Butter
Tone
SKIN CARE BAR

(Continued) whirlpool tub with showerheads at each end and natural light streaming in from a skylight. It is flanked by double sinks and a dressing room, all in soothing shades of travertine and pale peach."

The practical side effects to the sybaritic joys of such a setting? "Hydrotherapy is an excellent way to relax your muscles," says Michael Marino, registered physical therapist at The Lenox Hill Institute for Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma. "A whirlpool bath is basically a combination of moist heat and gentle massage, which increases the circulation to your muscles and helps them to relax." While pulled muscles should always be given prompt medical attention (and cold, not heat, treatments), physicians usually prescribe warm whirlpool baths a few days *after* the injury.

When you take your bath is an important consideration. "You should *never* take a hot soak immediately following heavy exercise," cautions Robert B. Arnot, M.D., physician for the U.S. Ski Team and medical director of the National Emergency Service. "Since your body is already overheated from so much exertion, it could go into heat stroke. You need to wait until you have cooled down—done your post-exercise stretches and rested for fifteen to thirty minutes. Then, when body temperature and breathing rhythm have returned to normal, you're ready for a warm-water soak."

The optimum water temperature for relaxation is a bit above your natural body temperature, somewhere in the 100-104° F range. "The water should feel warm, not hot, to the touch," advises Dr. Kuntzleman, "and you should stay in long enough to fully relax, about fifteen minutes or so. Ideally, I would alternate training days with relaxation days, to take full advantage of totally unwinding, then give your all to your workout the following day."

For more on water's benefits, see the spa report on page 272. ▽

Keys to good posture: loose hips, loose shoulders, strong stomach muscles

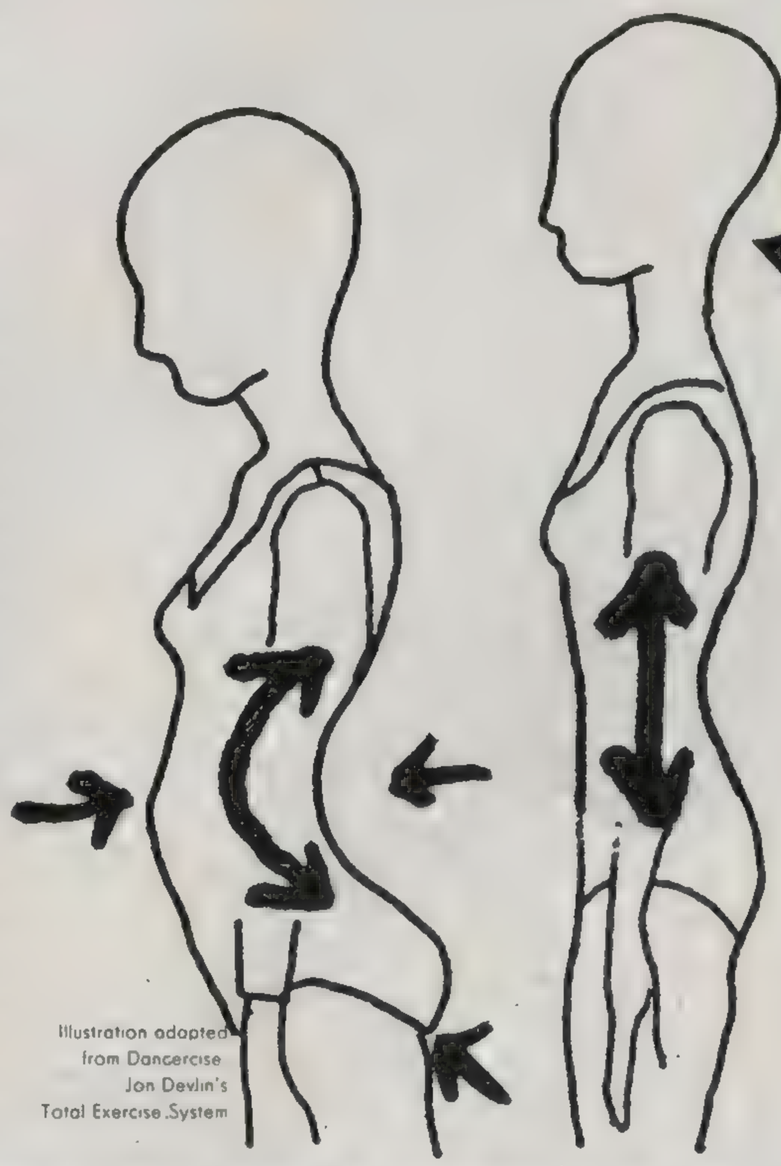


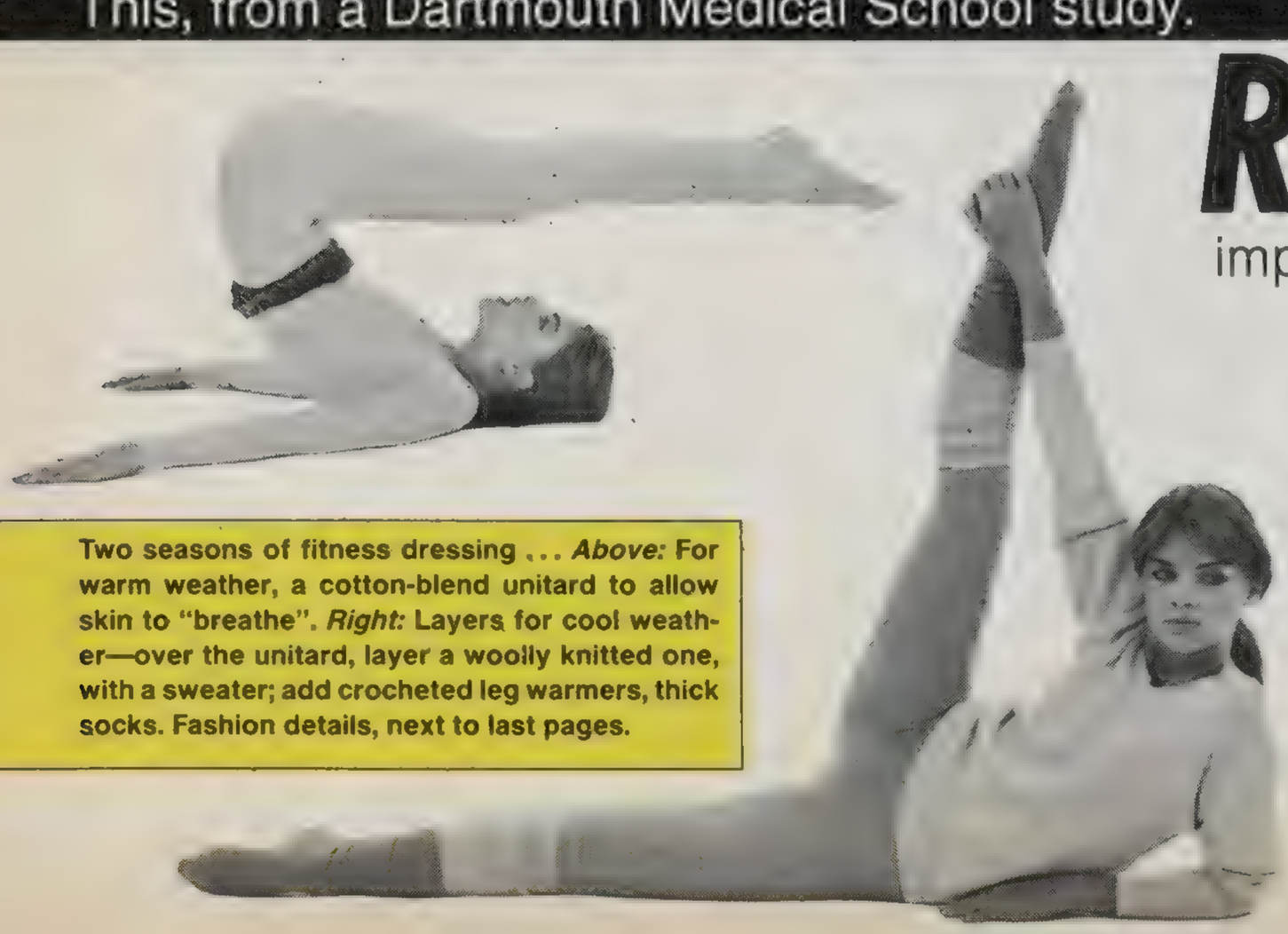
Illustration adapted from Dancercise Jon Devlin's Total Exercise System

Rarely does poor posture have a 'medical' basis," says Willibald Nagler, M. D., director of the department of rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "Most often, it is the result of sloppy movement and lack of exercise. As children, carrying heavy school bags, we learn bad habits that ruin the way we stand, carry ourselves. Sleeping on too many pillows, sitting down all day long, wearing tight or uncomfortable shoes—all can contribute to bad posture."

"Over a period of time," adds Jon Devlin, creator of the Dancercise exercise program, "swayback—one of the most common posture problems—may result in various problems, including a pelvis that tilts forward, flabby thighs, and knee problems [sketch, *far left*]."

Dr. Nagler's advice: "If you think your posture is poor, see your doctor or physical therapist. Simple tests can help determine which areas you need to work on. The three keys to good posture—loose hips, loose shoulders, strong stomach muscles—can be developed through exercises."

Two aspirin taken occasionally at bedtime may help you fall asleep. But aspirin gradually loses its sleep-inducing quality after three consecutive nights' use. This, from a Dartmouth Medical School study.



Two seasons of fitness dressing . . . *Above:* For warm weather, a cotton-blend unitard to allow skin to "breathe". *Right:* Layers for cool weather—over the unitard, layer a woolly knitted one, with a sweater; add crocheted leg warmers, thick socks. Fashion details, next to last pages.

Right exercise dressing can improve performance, up motivation

"In cool weather, layer clothing while you exercise—sweaters or sweatshirts over leotards; leg warmers and socks over tights—to keep muscles warm and flexible. Air trapped between layers of clothing keeps warmth in muscles, increasing their ability to stretch. Peel off layers as you warm up," says Lydia Bach, owner of The Lotte Berk Method. "After your workout, always remove damp exercise gear, including underwear, and put on dry clothing. Damp clothing can cause muscles to chill and cramp, defeating the purpose of your exercising."

JAY ACKERMAN

HEALTH *style*

a Test-Your-MOOD QUIZ

Are you floating on top of the world? Or does the expression "down in the dumps" more accurately describe your feelings? Whatever you *think* your mood is, put it to the test by taking this simple quiz. If you're feeling blue, chances are you may find it's nothing more than a simple case of longing-to-be-home-for-the-holidays—and that your general mood is a lot better than you think.

In his book "Feeling Good" (William Morrow and Co.), David D. Burns, M. D..includes the standard mood-diagnosing test (known as the Beck Depression Inventory), which helps determine how you're feeling. Read each of the groups of four statements, then circle the number next to the one statement that best reflects your feelings during the past few days. Leave no blanks.

1
0 I do not feel sad.
1 I feel sad.
2 I am sad all the time and I can't snap out of it.
3 I am so sad or unhappy that I can't stand it.

2
0 I am not particularly discouraged about the future.
1 I feel discouraged about the future.
2 I feel I have nothing to look forward to.
3 I feel that the future is hopeless and that things cannot improve.

3
0 I do not feel like a failure.
1 I feel I have failed more than the average person.
2 As I look back on my life, all I can see is a lot of failures.
3 I feel I am a complete failure as a person.

4
0 I get as much satisfaction out of things as I used to.
1 I don't enjoy things the way I used to.
2 I don't get real satisfaction out of anything anymore.
3 I am dissatisfied or bored with everything.

5
0 I don't feel particularly guilty.
1 I feel guilty a good part of the time.
2 I feel guilty most of the time.
3 I feel guilty all of the time.

6
0 I don't feel I am being punished.
1 I feel I may be punished.
2 I expect to be punished.
3 I feel I am being punished.

7
0 I don't feel disappointed in myself.
1 I am disappointed in myself.
2 I am disgusted with myself.
3 I hate myself.

8
0 I don't feel I am any worse than anybody else.
1 I am critical of myself for my weaknesses or mistakes.
2 I blame myself all the time for my faults.
3 I blame myself for everything bad that happens.

9
0 I don't have any thoughts of killing myself.
1 I have thoughts of killing myself, but I would not carry them out.
2 I would like to kill myself.
3 I would kill myself if I had the chance.

10
0 I don't cry any more than usual.
1 I cry more now than I used to.
2 I cry all the time now.
3 I used to be able to cry, but now I can't cry even though I want to.

11
0 I am no more irritated by things than I ever am.
1 I am slightly more irritated now than usual.
2 I am quite annoyed or irritated a good deal of the time.
3 I feel irritated all the time now.

12
0 I have not lost interest in other people.
1 I am less interested in other people than I used to be.
2 I have lost most of my interest in other people.
3 I have lost all of my interest in other people.

13
0 I make decisions about as well as I ever could.
1 I put off making decisions more than I used to.
2 I have greater difficulty in making decisions than before.
3 I can't make decisions at all anymore.

14
0 I don't feel that I look any worse than I used to.
1 I am worried that I am looking old or unattractive.
2 I feel that there are permanent changes in my appearance that make me look unattractive.
3 I believe that I look ugly.

15
0 I can work about as well as before.
1 It takes an extra effort to get started at doing something.
2 I have to push myself very hard to do anything.
3 I can't do any work at all.

16
0 I can sleep as well as usual.
1 I don't sleep as well as I used to.
2 I wake up 1–2 hours earlier than usual and find it hard to get back to sleep.
3 I wake up several hours earlier than I used to and cannot get back to sleep.

17
0 I don't get more tired than usual.
1 I get tired more easily than I used to.
2 I get tired from doing almost anything.
3 I am too tired to do anything.

18
0 My appetite is no worse than usual.
1 My appetite is not as good as it used to be.
2 My appetite is much worse now.
3 I have no appetite at all anymore.

19
0 I haven't lost much weight, if any, lately.
1 I have lost more than five pounds.
2 I have lost more than ten pounds.
3 I have lost more than fifteen pounds.

20
0 I am no more worried about my health than usual.
1 I am worried about physical problems such as aches and pains, or upset stomach, or constipation.
2 I am very worried about physical problems and it's hard to think of much else.
3 I am so worried about physical problems that I cannot think about anything else.

21
0 I have not noticed any recent change in my interest in sex.
1 I am less interested in sex than I used to be.
2 I am much less interested in sex now.
3 I have lost interest in sex completely.

SCORING: Add up the twenty-one numbers you have circled. The lower your total, the better your mood. If you scored 0, congratulations! If your score is between 1-10, no need to worry: you're experiencing normal ups and downs. From 11-16—mild mood disturbance; 17-20—borderline clinical depression; 21-30—moderate depression; 31-10—serere depression; orer 10—extreme depression. To keep track of emotions, repeat the test periodically. (A persistent score of 17 or abore indicates you may need professional treatment.)

Beck Depression Inventory, copyright © 1978, Aaron T. Beck, M D

VOGUE, December, 1981

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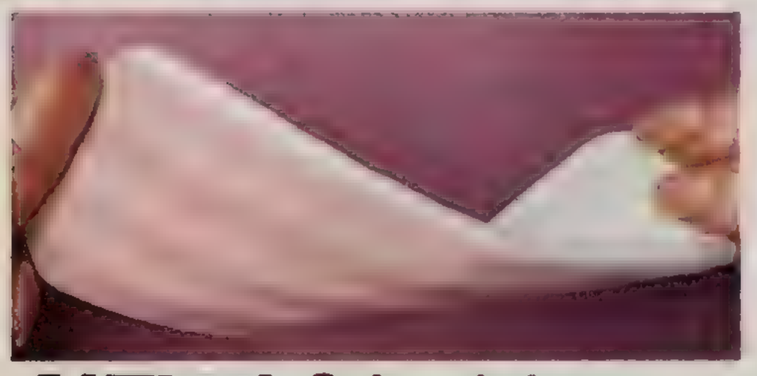

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You are about to taste whole grain as you've never tasted it before. With Nutri-Grain™ cereal. The only line of flaked cereal that gives you the whole grain – the germ, the bran, everything – in a crisp light flake with no sugar added. Because the delicious whole grain flavor of corn or wheat, barley or rye, needs no sugar. It's not just another cereal. It's Nutri-Grain. Discover the whole grain difference.

Nutri·Grain from Kellogg's
A whole grain different.

HEALTH *style*

Q&A

Calorie-wise advice on healthy holiday party snacking... vitamin C/cystitis: does it really help?

With party season here, I find it almost impossible to resist the peanuts and potato chips everywhere. How can I keep my weight down and still enjoy the feasting and celebrations?

"It's unfair to yourself to try to lose weight during the holidays," says Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., associate professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis, "but you *can* make an effort to hold your own." She recommends "calorie banking" to anyone who is trying to watch her weight at this time of year. "If you know you're going to a party on Saturday," she advises, "eat lightly Monday through Friday, and 'save' about one hundred calories each day. Then you can eat at the party and not feel guilty."

When it's time for the party, eat a light snack beforehand, since even the strongest willpower weakens in the face of real hunger. As much as possible, "plan what—and when—you're going to eat," Dr. Stern suggests. "Don't eat anything for the first fifteen minutes or so. Then choose nutritionally wise snacks. Nuts and seeds are good sources of protein, but they're also high in fat. Salted pretzels and potato chips will make you thirsty—and alcohol is high in calories. That doesn't mean you can't eat or drink. Just stick to plain drinks, like dry wine or Scotch instead of a whiskey sour or eggnog. And if you're faced with the choice between one snack and another (say, sunflower seeds vs. Spanish peanuts), choose the one that takes longer to eat. The more time you spend crunching on a celery stick or opening sunflower seeds, the less time spent consuming calories."

Sarah Short, Ph.D., professor of nutrition at Syracuse University, suggests the following "survival tactics" for watching your weight during cocktail-party season. "If you feel uncomfortable standing around without a glass in your hand, drink water or club soda instead of a high-calorie alcoholic beverage. No one will know what you're drinking except you. And be aware of what you eat. A handful of salted peanuts has 166 calories, while six to eight carrot sticks have only twelve—a big difference when you'll be at a party for a few hours. Avoid eating while you're talking, since it's hard to keep track of what you're taking in. If it's at all possible, munch on fresh fruits and vegetables—without dip—instead of peanuts and potato chips."

To make party-going a less-fattening experience, Dr. Short's under-forty-calorie snacks: 12 celery stalks; 8 cherries; 30 extra-thin pretzel sticks or 5 ring-shaped pretzels; $1^1/_2$ cups unbuttered popcorn; $^3/_4$ cup strawberries; $1^1/_2$ cups cauliflowerets; or $1^1/_2$ tablespoons raisins. But what if you're the type who, once you start eating, can't seem to stop? "If all else fails, tell your hostess you have an upset stomach and don't feel up to eating anything," suggests Dr. Stern. "Never say that you're dieting—you'll just be told to worry about it tomorrow."(More on surviving holiday fare, see page 174.

Recently, I've heard of cases where vitamin C has been prescribed to treat cystitis. Is this effective?

"For uncomplicated cases of cystitis, where there are no underlying problems, vitamin C can be very helpful," says David T. Mininberg, M.D., associate attending surgeon (urology), The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "The vitamin acidifies urine thereby preventing bacteria from multiplying.

"In dosages up to 1000 mg. a day, vitamin C seems to produce no significant side effects. It is less expensive than antibiotics, and, unlike antibiotics, bacteria do not become resistant to it over the long run. If you develop cystitis—or if you have repeated bouts of it—see a urologist and discuss this with him."

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Nail strengthener
Complete cuticle care
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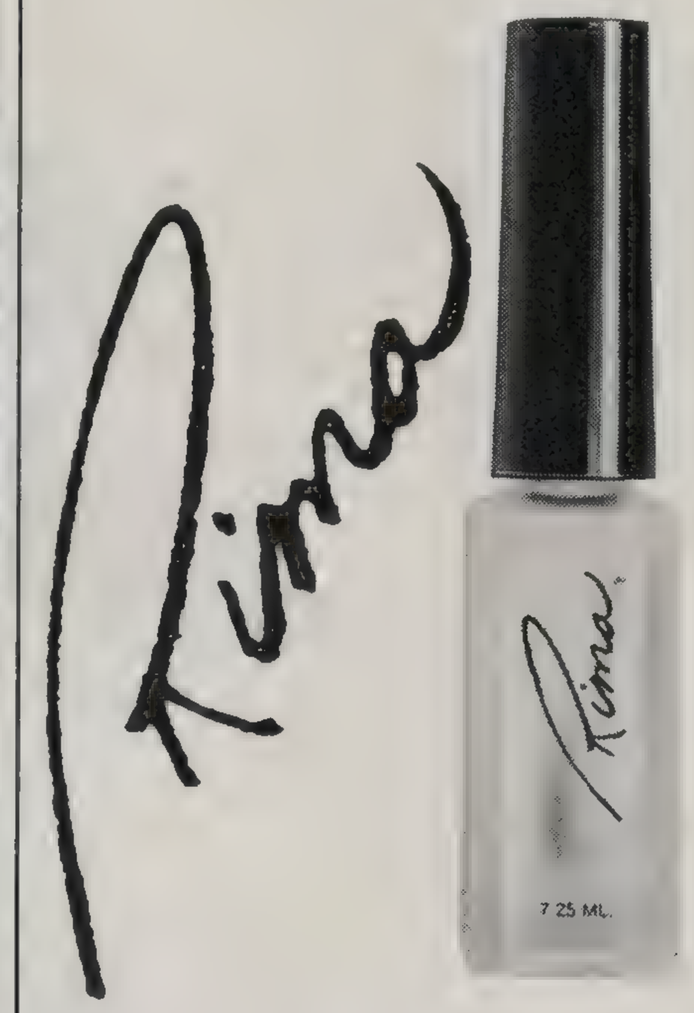

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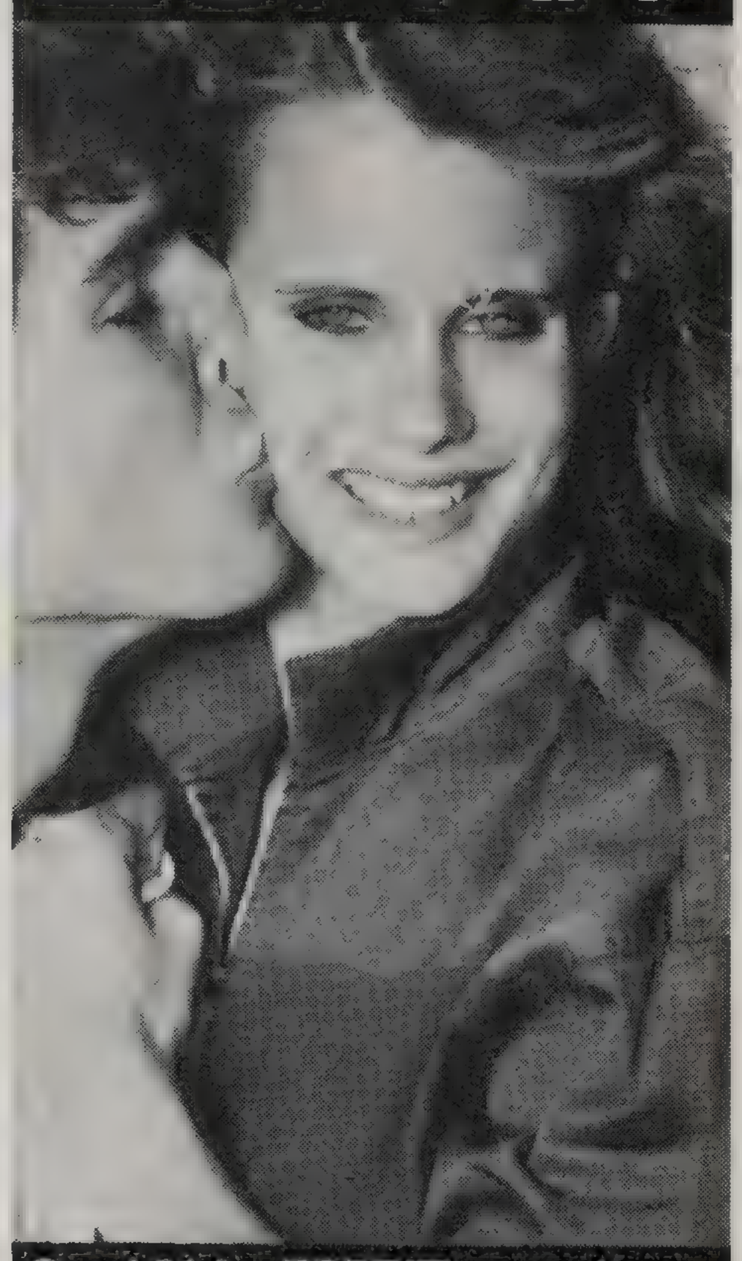

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(Signed) Richard A. Shortway, Publisher

ALL THAT GLITTERS

(Continued from page 293)

of the wildest gear, including diamond-studded, red-heeled boots. He also has twenty-five fur coats, including a full-length sable, "I love furs, darling, but I hate the snow," he says.

You look at him and wonder. Who is he, anyhow? You could call him an art dealer, since he has had galleries in Paris, Milan, Geneva, and London, and still has one in New York. He was once a dancer in the Russian ballet. He was also a model. "I was a great beauty," he says. "I went posing for a lot of painters. Now and then, they'd give me a drawing. Sometimes, I dared buy, too."

He was sent by his father, a rich Greek in the cotton business, from Egypt to study in Europe. He was first moved by a work of art in Paris.

"I was going down the rue de Marignan when I saw that de Chirico in the window of an art gallery. I went in. I was totally intimidated. I didn't know what a gallery was. I asked the price. It was twenty thousand francs, which would be like twenty million today. I couldn't resist. I bought it and paid for it week by week. I was nineteen. Later, when I met de Chirico, it was as if I'd known him all my life. He spoke Greek to me. As a result, he was one of the men who most influenced my life."

Iolas will also tell you how he started his first gallery in New York with $2 in his pocket in 1945. He gave them to a woman who was to become his partner, the Duchesse de Gramont, née Ruspoli, who then worked for Elizabeth Arden.

"She was a duchess without being typically French," is the roundabout way Iolas describes her. "Totally unexpected, cosmic, extraordinary. Unique, total elegance. I gave her those $2 and she played the horses. She came back with $200. With that, I rented a gallery at 14 East Fifty-fifth Street. The rent was $300, I had only $200. But they gave her credit because she worked for Elizabeth Arden. I believe they thought it was an Arden gallery," he says with a mischievous smile.

Be what may, "Nothing stopped me; no, nothing," Iolas says. "Max Ernst understood me fully, when he dedicated his book *Ecritures,* with the words: 'Who crosses the oceans against the one way sign? It's Alexandre Iolas.' My motto," he adds, "is taken from a Greek poet. It's 'grow forever, grow eternally.' Life is wonderful," Iolas also says, "if it unfolds all by itself. You have to be available, completely open and everything that life offers you'll see with love."

But back to the kitchen, where Soula ("She has the best passport: she was born in Olympia, sublime city since antiquity," Iolas chants) is arranging mountains of white flowers, including the famous, strong tuberosa, with all the sophisticated talent of a Parisian florist. Soula is forty-four, she looks sixty, she has a sweet, toothless smile, greyish hair that doesn't quite fit into her grey bandanna, and white socks that keep rolling down her legs. She is one of the cast, part of Iolas' entourage, together with Jorgos (he looks like a Greek god and runs errands) and Michaelis (whose main function in life is to read your fortune in your coffee cup, his hair standing this way and that, a kind of radar, so to speak, comparable to Dali's mustache).

"They all hate each other," Iolas says with a delighted grin. "They're atrociously jealous of one another. Without any reason. They have everything to lose, nothing to gain. I don't like jealousy, it bothers me. I've never been jealous in my life . . . except of thin people," he laughs.

Michaelis is also a painter, whose naïve art hangs in the kitchen behind the master, over a Renaissance forged-iron fence. "He's a rascal," Iolas says with delighted finality, "The only one who's been able to steal from me. Do you know that after I buy all his paintings, he steals them, only to sell them back to me, all over again. Nobody, not even Picasso, has been able to do that to me."

Yes, precisely, and what about Picasso? The best line comes from Pauline Parry Karpidas, a friend of Iolas' who has known him for years and visits him every day. She is one of his most loyal customers as well, her latest purchase being, yes, a Picasso, whose colors are now being matched to her Avenue Montaigne apartment in Paris.

"What I love here," Pauline says, "is the total surprise, like finding a new Picasso under the bed." Pauline also tells the wonderful story about that Picasso case that got lost en route from New York last spring. "Alexandre received those six cases," Pauline said, "and when he opened what he thought was the Picasso one, all he found were children's paints." The Picasso case was eventually found (it had gone to the Riviera); but, Pauline says, "You know what, he never fretted."

Of Picasso, the man, Iolas says: "He wanted only cash, but he didn't know how to count. I once brought him a suitcase full of money for a gouache. He spent five hours counting the money. Never could get it right."

Max Ernst was completely different. "I'd bring him millions. He'd say: 'Is that money?'

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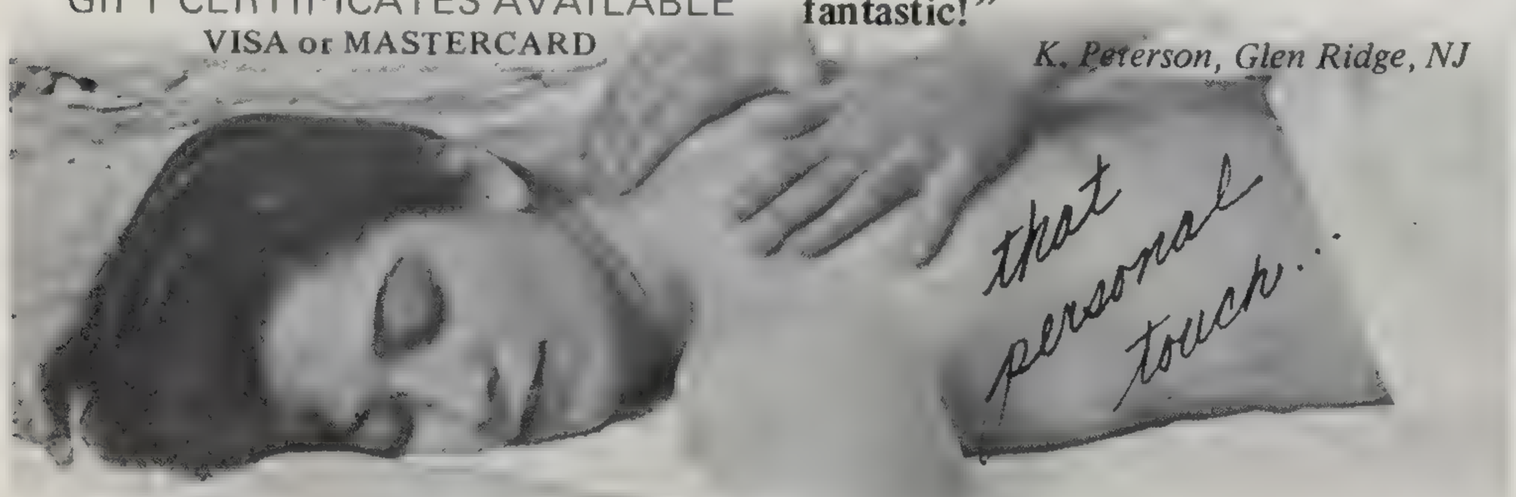

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then he'd stuff the bills into a drawer and half of them would stick out because he wanted to get rid of it so fast."

A silence. "I like monsters," Iolas says, "I find plenty of them right here." Just then, Michaelis, grabbing the dog's leash, proceeds to put it around his own neck, in a crazy, Fellini, surrealist gesture.

Iolas is ready to leave his kitchen, but it's hard, you understand. For everything happens within that kitchen which is like his control room, the center of his self-made Tower of Babel. All day long, the place fills up with different characters, all with different sets of problems. One could be the mayor with an eighteen-year-old whom he hopes Iolas will help with a job at the local bank, another one is escorting his sister who's fallen madly in love with the baker's son, another wants to discuss an Iolas donation for a museum up North.

Iolas sits there, like King Solomon, the ultimate arbitrator, and treats prince and pauper with equal amused benevolence.

There are also painters and plumbers "and that genius," Iolas offers, "is doing my library upstairs." The library is white marble and the shelves will be held by odd Roman statues' feet, "for what else can you do with Roman statues' feet?" Iolas asks.

Want a tour of the house? "*Chér-rie,* it would take at least three weeks. But let's try." The house is full of contrasts, much like Iolas' life and career. But, for short, let's say that the downstairs, with the more classic, conventional art, could be called today and yesterday; while upstairs, with its avant-garde, futuristic art and electronic music, is tomorrow. The link, exquisitely fragile, is a white marble stairway, with a wrought-iron flowered railing by Claude Lalanne.

The gold front doors are by Pikionis, the architect who built the house, finished eight years ago. All over the doors are warriors and centaurs. "It's in popular style without being folklore," the master explains. Iolas, you quickly gather, is not big on arts and crafts.

The columns outside, with heavy rams at their feet, all come from Ravenna. No, Iolas is not afraid they'll deteriorate. "They were made to be outside," he says. Then he goes on and shows me a fifth century B.C. Greek statue of a young god. "Feel it," he says, gently stroking its cheek. "It's like silk. That's because the Greeks used tiny instruments, unlike the Romans who went at it with heavy fists."

The white marble terraces go on for miles outside the house with, here and there, an olive tree growing out of them. "You know damn well lawn doesn't grow in Greece. This is not England," Iolas explains.

As he goes through one salon after another, Iolas picks up a favorite object here and there. In the small dining room, on top of the silver-filled armoire, "Look at those gold and silver sculptures," he says, pointing at two arm reliquarys facing, in an odd and typically Iolas combination, two huge Fontanas. "It's pure baroque, *chér-rie;* they come from a Princess Colonna's palace, and those three chandeliers, pure Louis XVI, solid silver." The same dining room also counts two Thonire-signed vases, "Pure Empire," Iolas offers. Whatever everything else is, it must be pure something or other. "To me, the only thing that matters is quality," he says.

In the main gallery, flanked with more Roman columns, Iolas points out a black cabinet, "standing on eight blackamoors, which is very rare," he notes, "usually, you have only four," then farther on a fourteenth-century Christ, French, on red velvet and, "Look, those curtains are made of Fountainebleau tapestry, with the usual angels, animals, and satyrs; while on the floor, the rug, from Tibet, is declared "sublime" by the master, who adds, "Look, all done and dyed by hand—when they ran out of blue, they used yellow."

The Byzantine salon, with its sad-eyed Fayoums, also holds a French medieval cross in a baroque setting while a Louis XIII candlestick, its ivory shape as simple as a necklace,

"Like finding a new Picasso under the bed"

"gives me the strongest emotion," Iolas says.

"And here," he says, "You have to press the right emerald." With a grin, Iolas now hands out a life-size frog, its body solid with emeralds, rubies, and with diamond eyes. Under the belly, there is a tiny sapphire-studded drawer, that can be opened, provided you know which emerald to push.

Upstairs, past an early and unusual Bérard, Iolas enters into another world with the same happy, confident, and all-this-is-forever stance. The highly erotic worlds of Harold Stevenson and Takis explode in your face as does the electronic music, while Nikki de Saint Phalle's primary-colored "Nanas" dance an absurd and endless dance in front of what looks like piles of concrete books on the floor.

Of the latter, Iolas says: "That's culture, dear, mummified culture."

Later on, the Magrittes, including his last painting, which he did two months before he died. "He was the painter of premonition," Iolas says. Which indeed Magritte was, judging from his last painting—a tiny, tightly closed suitcase sitting on top of an oval mirror. It gives you gooseflesh.

But why, why does Iolas have to sleep in what is known as the Matta room instead of his own grandiose Empire gold-satin room, with its solid white-marble bathroom (including the ceiling) and fourteenth-century Florentine baptismal font in lieu of basin? The Matta room, its walls covered with bizarre and violent frescoes—"He was a political painter," Iolas says "and that was his way of fighting the Nazis,"—is another treasure trove, with Dali's gold flower candelabra, giant icons, Venetian chandeliers, and Louis XIV commodes.

The wavy couches were also designed by Matta who surely never meant them to be beds. But that is where Iolas sleeps, or rather reclines, with such total comfort you would think he were in a canopied four-poster bed. "It's near the kitchen, dear, and that is where the telephone is."

But surely, having built that splendid palace, it should be possible to put in something as pedestrian as an intercom?

"Oh!" Iolas says, waving his hands in that familiar, terribly vague gesture, "This is Greece, dear, and everything is so complicated." Then he adds, "Besides, you don't see me pushing all those little buttons that say: Pink Room, Yellow Room, etc. now, do you?"

God forbid! As the great Iolas says with a magnificent shrug: "That, *chér-rie,* would be just too bloody bourgeois." ▽

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POLLOCK/EL GRECO

(Continued from page 237)

Toledan master. These drawings are preserved in the sketchbooks Pollock filled after he left Benton's classes. The existence of Pollock's sketchbooks, which became widely known only in 1978, when Francis V. O'Connor, Ph.D., and Eugene V. Thaw published the full catalogue of Pollock's works, came as a surprise. Suddenly the myth invented by the mass media that Pollock was the mindless "Jack the Dripper" who threw paint randomly at canvases which broke with art historical tradition was open to critical revision.

In fact, Pollock did not break with tradition although he reinterpreted it with originality. The rhythms that Pollock used even in his most radical "drip" paintings are in fact based on the contrapuntal patterns and the flickering surfaces of the Old Masters and, in particular, of El Greco.

Pollock was only nineteen when he first became interested in El Greco. He had dropped out of high school in California in 1929 to come to New York with his brothers Frank and Charles, a painter who now lives in Paris. Like El Greco, Pollock was secretive about his interests. Thomas Hart Benton, for example, wrote in his autobiography that he could not understand how a boy as obviously intelligent as "Jack" did not read. Actually, Pollock avidly collected art books and magazine clippings, which he hid in drawers in his studio. One of the articles he clipped was titled "Drama in Painting." The author, Samuel A. Lewisohn, described El Greco's "fusion of drama and abstract design" which causes the eyes "to swerve delightfully to and fro as if one were on a swing or visual see-saw."

In words that apply as well to Pollock's mature paintings, the author described El Greco's "swirling moves," which created the effect of figures floating in space: "One feels," he wrote, "that air has been pumped from somewhere into these pictures. There is a flickering eerie quality that is created by the plastic means used." The author suggests that El Greco's painting of the "Purification of the Temple" should be viewed as a ballet: "All the figures are balanced against each other in a combination of swirls. The 'movements' of the design bring out the mood much more effectively than any literal picture could." "Balletic" and "swirling" are exactly the terms critics have applied to Pollock's paintings.

El Greco's extremely free and painterly technique, which allowed him to draw contours directly rather than filling in drawn shapes, must also have influenced young Jackson, since the fusion of line and color was his own goal. The unearthly luminosity which critics believe was inspired by moonlight or candlelight in El Greco's paintings is analogous to the glinting silver and white skeins of Pollock's drip paintings and the phosphorescent quality of his color in general. Like El Greco, Pollock was fascinated by the moon. He gave a number of paintings titles connected with the moon. Apparently, he subscribed to the popular belief that the moon was linked to divine madness that inspired poets and painters as well as lunatics.

In many of Pollock's works of the 'thirties, we see figures with arms outstretched toward heaven which echo figures in El Greco's compositions. Pollock drew these so often he apparently committed their agitated design to memory. Both El Greco and Pollock were visionary, perhaps hallucinatory, artists; and one is led to conclude that the intensity of the religious feeling in El Greco's works must have been a primary factor in Pollock's attraction to El Greco. We know that Pollock was deeply involved in mysticism from the moment he met the theosophical guru Krishnamurti while a teenager in California.

Pollock's mystical streak worried Thomas Hart Benton, a straightforward and practical man, whose explanation for Pollock's attraction to the supernatural was that "his Western boyhood had given him a penchant for all the spooky mythology of the West with its visions of wild stallions, white wolves, lost gold mines, and mysterious unattended campfires." When as a young man Pollock talked at all, Benton recalled, "it was about such things."

Benton mused that Pollock might "have injected a mystic strain into the more generally prosaic characteristics of Regionalism." One shudders to imagine what such a mystical Regionalist style might have been like, since Regionalism was not a vehicle for any profound spiritual content, lacking as it was in both poetry and drama. An intense artist with Pollock's need for religious and spiritual fulfillment could never have been satisfied with the mundane blandness of a naturalistic style, any more than El Greco could have painted otherworldly miracles in a style that would have pleased the court but betrayed his own inner vision.

In the entire history of Western art, which at least since the Renaissance has been the product of the conscious, rational mind, only a handful of artists can be described as truly visionary. These artists reject the world of external appearance for mysterious apparitions only they see, which only they can make visible to the world at large. It is not surprising that Spanish art has produced three of the most important visionary artists: El Greco, Goya, and Miró; they all influenced Pollock.

The reality, the concreteness of the vision to Spanish artists is rooted in the Spanish mystical tradition: El Greco's contemporaries, St. Teresa of Ávila and St. John of the Cross, experienced revealed truth as physical fact. The novelty of the *Spiritual Exercises* of the Spanish priest St. Ignatius Loyola, who founded the Jesuit order, is the insistence that the individual *relive* the bodily sensations of the saints and martyrs through imagination. It was not enough for the Spanish mystics to read the lives of the saints, they had to experience them directly as bodily sensations.

It was this total projection of the physical self into a mystical vision of cosmic grandeur that Jackson Pollock, the great admirer and appreciator of El Greco, finally achieved in American art. It was in this total identification of the body with the spiritual epiphany that Pollock finally went beyond even the profound visionary art of Albert Pinkham Ryder, the only American artist to influence his work. In creating a truly visionary art in a thoroughly materialistic culture, Pollock was able, like El Greco, to transcend his time. The transformation of specific subject matter into general, universal images that have no verbal equivalents is, of course, what great art is about. It says something about the depth of religious feeling in America that we have had a number of artists who have devoted themselves to such an exalted goal as transmitting the visionary experience to the public. ▽

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

(Continued from page 248)

had her hair done," one of Deborah's friends whispers to another. "She likes *bad* perms." She likes, I suppose, that semi-demented look you get from a bad perm. "Demented" is one of her words, a schoolgirl's word.

Interviewer: How do you feel about getting older?
Deborah: It's hard for me, because I really am very childlike. I have to deal with it twenty-four hours a day. I am childlike in my mind, in the way I photograph, in the way I confront an image and snap—it's very straightforward, an instinctive approach. Even my way of working with ripped pictures is childlike.

I remember doing some posters in chalk when I was in grade school. They were supposed to be about America, or Christmas . . . I don't know what I did but the teacher called my mother and said she didn't like the tone of them—that they were really kind of weird—and I was asked to stay out of school for a few weeks. I sometimes think of myself now as that same kid who was doing those posters, quietly going ahead and doing something people don't like and would later tell me not to do.

In 1975, Vogue asked Deborah to photograph some bathing suits. It was thought that Peru would make a nice background, but the Peruvian government chose that moment to fall. What to do? A few months later, the famous "bath-house" pictures appeared in Vogue. A lot of people thought the tone was really weird. The five models in the tiled New York Public Bath House—Peru's stand-in—broke every rule of how women in bathing suits are supposed to look: tantalizing, succulent, either vampish or fun-loving or vampishly fun-loving . . . in short, *there* for men.

Deborah's models, *au contraire,* were withdrawn, lost in their own thoughts (none manifestly cheerful). They draped themselves weakly against walls or stretched in quiet, static exercise. If sex was on anybody's mind, it would be only as a memory of loss or futility. A few women were bone-thin, not trim for a man's eye but verging on anorexia, a refusal of adult womanhood and men.

What a lot of talk those pictures caused. "People started talking about Auschwitz and lesbians and drugs," Deborah remembers, "and all I was doing was trying to design five figures in space. Sometimes the best things you do, the most controversial, are done in complete innocence." The timing was terrific. "It was just the moment when fashion photography was beginning to be collected." Deborah became an overnight collectible.

Her success shocks her. "I always just took pictures the way I saw things and it shocked me when people were able to use my work, when it became controversial, when I got into galleries. It's been one shock after another," she laughs. "I've never done big commercial jobs, and I never will. What I do is always stylized. I just do what I want to do, and either that pays off for you or it doesn't. I think that's the high and the low of that."

She was thinking about why she was such a maverick. "It's because of will. It takes will, for anyone who's exploratory, inventive, to oppose the conventions, the norms. In the beginning, I went a little away from tradition and people said, 'Her pictures are rather pretty, nostalgic.' I didn't want that—I had to force it further, I wanted them to be timeless, to throw them into a time warp. It takes a certain amount of energy, determination, to push them that much further. . . ."

Pushing her own question further, you find she is the product of an education in opposition. (Doesn't there have to be someone around who is *not* made anxious by the really weird posters, who says, 'You're right, keep going, ignore the outside voices'?) Deborah was raised by people who were proud of being different. They did not belong where they were—that's the first thing she says about her family. Her Texan father and her Bostonian mother were both exiles in a small town outside of Boston, prisoners of circumstances.

"My grandfather left my grandmother with seven children and went to Paris. He thought he was Paul Gauguin and started painting. My grandmother sold the house in Boston and they all moved to this big house in this small town. My mother just hated mediocrity, and that's what such towns meant to her. We were always going into Boston for ballet, film. . . . Whatever my parents did, I went along with them. If it ever seemed that I was becoming committed to a group at school, they'd lure me away from that dangerous area with theater tickets. . . .

"I grew up in that little world of my parents, my aunts, and grandmother, where they all protected me and I did what I wanted and I never conformed to what the other kids did and I never looked like them. My mother always wanted me to be special. She loved clothes and had she been an emancipated woman she'd probably have worked on a magazine. If she bought me a bright red plaid suit, she'd put yellow chamois gloves with it."

The message was: "Never to try to look like everyone else, always try to look like yourself, be *personal.* And I learned to live with what goes with that—people who think there's something wrong with you. It didn't bother me . . . it did bother me, it still bothers me, but the reward was, I could be a different person."

"I had a thought. . ." she will call to say, a few hours before she's to return to Paris for a job. "One has weak points, insecurities, and you try to rid yourself of them. But one that's never left me, that falls back into my work, is that I am terribly self-conscious. I am afraid, often, of people. That is in the pictures I take—a sense almost of humiliation and embarrassment. The women look down, or away—they can't face the camera. . . . And I can't push the girls to look in the camera, or look like everything is great and isn't it all terrific. I felt the same with Versailles, seeing it when it was being renovated, its grandeur lost. . . I was almost embarrassed to see it in that condition."

The Versailles project began with a call from Jacqueline Onassis, an editor at Doubleday. "She said she'd been to Versailles and seen the old rooms, those strange little rooms nobody ever sees, with squeaking floorboards and cobwebs—so mysterious—and, she said, you can see the life that must have gone on, the people slipping away down back stairs, the maid listening at the keyhole, the steaming water in the wash stand . . . all the intrigue and gossip and secret letters. She said she immediately thought of me and that it could be a wonderful book and was I interested?"

In Deborah's Versailles photographs, you see time hanging in the air like dust. The face of a building looks erazed, as though with one tap the whole thing would cave in. Another building seems to be consumed by frills of heat, a raging fire. There are photographs of fragments of stone—the head of *(Continued on page 336)*

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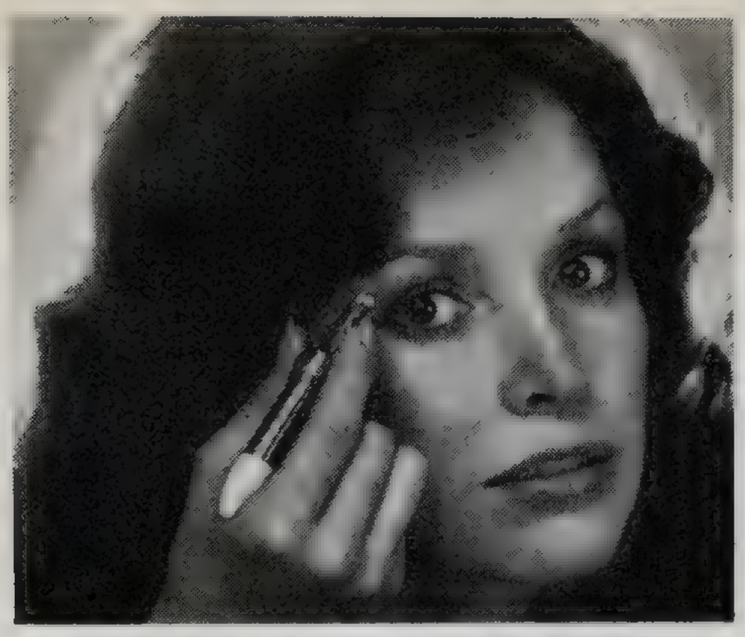

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DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

(Continued from page 335)

a statue, an arm, dislocated. She'll "fragment a picture up," rip it, distress the edges: "The first thing an art student is ever supposed to know is what the *edge* is going to be like. And in my work, the edge would be *shaky.*"

The aim of her techniques is to make a statement stronger than nostalgia. "You're always photographing your time." Fragmentation, ripping, dislocation, forms blurring, shaky edges, monuments caving in, statues of gods stuck away in unvisited rooms: this is our time.

"I think the plastic-wrapped heads of statues are the epitome of the times we are living in. . . . The statues say more about Versailles than anything else, because they're so terribly human. All those people whose lives went on there—the overambitiousness, pettiness, and grandeur—you can see it all in the statues."

She worked at Versailles over one winter, commuting from Paris. The weather was perfect—bleak, grey, rainy, murky, eerie. If the sun ever shone in a Turbeville photograph, it would be to hurt the eyes of her girls.

The statues of Versailles are blood relatives of her girls and the plastic torsos she photographed in a dummy factory some years ago. "I always have this thing about people being locked up inside of themselves"—the self "buried alive" in an impervious shell of one kind or another, layered away so deeply it can't come to the surface. "Even in ourselves we have that. An analyst will say you're blocked, and you can't get whatever it is out. That's the most obvious thing. But certain of my blocks I want to keep. Maybe they make my life a little more inconvenient, but they also give me something to bury in my photographs."

She once had an idea to paint her bedroom in Paris with layers of writing, old letters, and then paint over them so just fragments came through. The past is hovering constantly if obscurely in the present.

As Deborah visualizes the Versailles statues as "alive and full of consciousness," she turns her girls into statues. "Other people give the models life, and I sort of push them back from reality. I say, 'Don't move—just stand there,' and after a while they go into a kind of trance, and it's almost as if they're buried alive in the environment, or frozen in space. They just stand there and the whole thing becomes *fate.*

"I've read that Sarah Moon does the same thing. We don't photograph alike at all, but people sometimes confuse us. We both do very feminine photographs, and I think it has to do with the sense of waiting. It must be something instinctive in being a woman, that you always feel your life's a little on hold, that you're waiting to have something happen. The biggest emotional statement in my pictures, I think, is the waiting."

It is true, as she says, that women no longer have to wait—in a sense she is photographing the past; except that her ghostly women, who were taught to wait, don't vanish. They fade, but like the old letters on the wall, they hover.

Today she is wearing an indigo silk dirndl skirt and a black wool sweater pulled way down—the silhouette of a schoolgirl uniform in fall. "I always say I like to look like an out-of-season resort." The image she dresses from is part dance (she was heading for a choreographer's life before she left college), part literary (Bloomsbury, Colette, Isak Dinesen), and part comfort (the ease she says she learned from Miss McCardell).

Whether she is pulling together herself, her models, a Versailles room, or a gallery show, she is fascinated with layering, the slight sculpture of texture on texture, the seeming haphazardness of a heap, the mysteriousness of shadows and folds. For as long as she's been working, she's wrapped heads with yards or bits of fabric to suggest tribal head-gear, sweating dancers, Marat-Sade, lobotomies, nuns, cocoons. For the Sonnabend show, she tacked photographs onto ripped manila paper. She layered tracing paper over the photograph of Louise de la Vallière and crayoned on it: "Fragile—do not touch." Which is fragile—the photo or poor fallen Louise? It's not clear. "I really like the obscure," she says.

She's always put faces behind glass, fixing the image like a specimen under a microscope, not to be touched directly. Does everyone have a sense of: I am in here, I can't be reached, I am not what I seem out there? Deborah says, "Where was I reading about a woman who always had to run to the mirror to see if she was still here? I understood that perfectly. I've done that all my life. I'm terribly narcissistic. I suppose that's why so many of my pictures are women looking in mirrors."

Someone who knows Deborah only tangentially judges her to be a woman of happy appetite, great resources—her mind is "well-furnished" in the phrase of a friend of mine—greatly excited by the images in her mind, or a book, or a movie. She is always telling stories about something "amazing" she's seen, like the ancient woman on the bridge in Paris who was holding in front of her face the mask of a young girl . . . or the French movie that climaxed in a thrilling scene where "the husband walks in, in broad daylight, and

"Good taste means more than money"

Roger Horchow

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HORCHOW

there's an *eye* on the stairs, and then an *arm*. . . ." She talks during these visions in a floating hypnotic voice, like a trail of smoke. If she's interrupted by a telephone or a question, she poises like a needle over a record and returns precisely to the groove where she left off. This is fierce concentration, eagerness . . . is it not?

She's surprised by the vigor of the impression she's made. She describes herself as being like her girls—"a bit of a moth. The work is maybe my strongest lively point. It's all downhill from there. I have a terrible time focusing on what other people say. I can't stay *out there* very long. In my day-to-day life, I am always going into trances. My mother did the same thing. I always used to come in, late afternoons, and find my mother sitting in the dark, smoking cigarettes. I'd see this big haze of smoke in the room and that would be my mother looking out of a window. And I've done that all my life. In my school yearbook, in that section where the other kids characterize you, under 'Place Found,' for me they wrote, 'In a daze.' I have that same strange Jean Rhys quality the girls do, that inability to move. I've had to learn to *take* my life, or otherwise I wouldn't walk down the street."

Deborah's women are dream girls, wandering through aristocratic ruins, unable or unwilling to get out, too tender for the roughness of the outer world, or maybe too self-absorbed to remember there is an out. They're princesses in the tower. "They can no more leave than the statues can leave Versailles. They stay in those rooms," Deborah says, "and live out their fantasies."

The seduction of these women is that they seem to have succumbed. They're romantic figures, not afraid of the ordinary demons—convention, and its discontents. They're blatantly eccentric, self-ordained, strange, right at the edge. ("Madness is the wrong word," Deborah says. "Madness requires more energy than those girls have.") They have a deep fury or stubborn sadness, a relentless attachment to the past. They refuse to give up the past, some disappointment . . . is that it?

"They need support, a thrust from some strong hand—from a father," Deborah says. They can't lean on men—there are no men here to count on. They seem beyond sex. "Yes, that's probably it, I'm not beyond sex," Deborah laughs, "but they are." And still they wait, "quaveringly." Deborah's word. "I think that's part of what is in me, transplanted on to them—this kind of anxiety of being on their own. It's what I am—a strong woman on her own, who can do all of it, and then all of a sudden I become this kind of quavering female who can't do it, and can't get moving." She sees an impossible conflict between the demands of being the boss—the strong central figure—and "what I want to be—womanly."

Her life is, in a way, a living-out of her mother's fantasies. "Not marrying, being independent. . . . That's what my mother preached all my life. Independence! Paying your own bills! She always wanted to buy pretty things and she'd hide them under the bed. She'd say, 'Deb' [a finger crooks, beckons in conspiracy]—and we'd go upstairs to see what she'd bought. I like the protection of a man but I don't like to be trapped. I like to be trapped but I don't like it."

She is fascinated by what people do and don't do to keep themselves young. It's the more subtle—obscure—measures she studies. "Certain people are doing something . . . not to make themselves look younger but to make themselves look more *emphatic:* it turns them from an aging woman into a *presence* that gives off something that replaces being younger. You give up something—your girlhood and young womanhood—and so you have to figure out what you can get in return. I think that's one of the driving forces in my work—finding that. If I didn't have the replenishment in my work, I'd probably be in trouble. But as I grow older, I grow more forceful because that gives me a strength to grow older. That's what my gift to myself has to be—force."

Interviewer: Can you really give yourself force?
Deborah: I think I have. I came to New York feeling like a dishrag, this sort of wobbly duckling, a very tall girl, kind of pretty, kind of different looking, little bit of style, but needed to learn a lot more, and needed more than anything to be a blotter, to soak up as much as I could to make my work—to make me, my whole being—a presence . . . to *produce* me eventually. I'm just a slow bloomer, and slowly it evolved.

It would be a dream for her to take time off, return to Paris, and "do the kind of work that someone like Atget did. You live modestly and just go out every day and take the pictures you want, and assemble them for some book or project, without the pressure, the competition, and all the other things that go on in New York.

"I can only do so much. My material is so specialized, I can't just run out and find it. That's why I get a little nervous when people say, 'Oh, you should do this and that'—I can't. Because I don't have a huge vocabulary. It's a small world that I record. I don't want to confuse it. If I incorporate something, whether it's in the print quality or in the vision, I do it very slowly. It's more a question of editing out what you don't want in your life than what you pull in."

"Feeling surreal and dislocated—it's my favorite way to feel"

"What's really strange about photography—the exciting thing about it—is that it instantly reveals the photographer, what the thing is that jars him: the trigger finger hits and that is the truth, my truth, my reality. It's amazing what you'll snap or why you'll snap it. My work always begins with a maximum amount of control, but I've recognized over the years that after you make all the decisions and assemble the props, and put in all the theater, then you just have to let play what plays and record what your eyes see. You have to pretend you never saw anything before and just snap. The layers fall away from the thing and you get to the essence of what it is, the simplest thing of what it is. And that's generally more interesting than anything you could have planned, and more real—if you're ever going to call anything I do real." ▽

VERSAILLES

(Continued from page 246)

chology that interests her. Compressing into a single frame the drama of an epic novel, she creates a whole costumed history film in a single shot.

In their dense concentration of associations—What happened at Versailles? What did it mean to them? What does it mean to us?—Turbeville's loaded images leave a stronger impression than hours and hours of lugubrious historical melodrama, pages and pages of tedious descriptive text. Her sharp eye selects and arranges the detail that will evoke a range of contradictory associations: of glamour and decay, of glory and decadence—of the past as an empty shell, dead without the living culture that inspired it, but also as a still fascinating relic, like the aging film star whose charisma remains after time has brought ruin to her beauty.

Versailles a ruin! A thought inconceivable even to the Parisian mobs who stormed the great château and brought down its rulers. Yet this is how Turbeville has chosen to see Versailles—as an aging crone in *déshabillé*, undusted, unkempt, gone to seed, perhaps even going to bed with the rough peasants who leave their dirty trousers on the beds, replacing the gowns of the absent owners, who have left the furniture covered as if some day they might return.

Ruins, of course, are the stock subject of romantic art: they evoke nostalgia for the past as well as alluding to the truth that finally, everything—including the greatest civilizations—is doomed to die and to decay. In Turbeville's photographs, Versailles is treated not so much as a building, but as a *grande dame* in funerary splendor. They are about the history of fashion photography as an art.

Early art photographs like those of Steichen and his contemporaries were intimately related to the world of fashion. They were posed, staged, and arranged in formal terms like a fashion "sitting." This has essentially been Turbeville's approach to Versailles: she has stripped the famous site of its normal garb of glamorous finery; she has "recostumed" her subject to play a new role. The surprise is that these spectral corridors, reflecting an unreal glow, are those of the Galerie des Glaces. The irony is that while Turbeville has reseen the familiar in images that are torn and tattered around the edges, dingy and deprived of their normal gilt and royal color, in reality Versailles itself has just been restored to impeccable splendor, its halls and ballrooms jammed with ever greater masses of tourists from every part of the globe. It is as alive in reality as a tourists' curiosity as it is dead and deserted in Turbeville's photographs.

Another splendid irony is the contrast between the decadence of Turbeville's images and the liveliness of her artistic ambition. Manipulating and altering her photographs in a manner defying any dicta of purity of medium, she scratches and scours their surfaces, introducing values of surface differentiation, spatial complexity and discontinuity (no one has used the mirror trick with as much sophistication as she), and artificial coloring, which introduce a new kind of painterliness into photography that is a dimension of freshness: A jolt of energy is paradoxically expressed in the perfumed images of a romantic decadence. Out of the image of fashion—which is the prevailing canon of our age as much as it was that of the *ancien régime*—Deborah Turbeville has extracted an astonishing poetic metaphor of our taste and time viewed through the mirror of history, which she has silvered to reflect disturbing ghosts. ▽

WORLD'S BEST SPAS

(Continued from page 273)

ters. More details, call (713) 680-1601.

At Maine Chance, created by Elizabeth Arden in Phoenix, Arizona, and at the Greenhouse, outside Dallas, Texas, there is a strict women-only policy; and all major decisions are made by the staff, not the guest, during her week-long stay.

The original Maine Chance was Elizabeth Arden's own private retreat in Mt. Vernon, Maine, which she turned into America's first "beauty spa" in the 'thirties. The staff-to-client ratio was never permitted to drop below two to one, and that policy remains in force today at the Arizona spa, built at the foot of the Camelback Mountains. Many of the Maine Chance staff members are specialists in various skills from aquapressure to yoga to skin care. Maine Chance closes at the end of May for the hot Arizona summer months, opens again the last Sunday in September. More details, call (602) 947-6365.

The Greenhouse in Texas is just that, a great glass house covering a Shangri-La of exotic gardens, patios, pools, and gymnasiums. Beauty sessions are just as important as exercise classes at The Greenhouse, and the strict program even includes special scalp and nail treatments. Open year-round for thirty-eight guests maximum. More details, call (817) 640-4000. (For more on The Greenhouse, turn to page 171.)

The antithesis of luxurious but just as nonpermissive is Anne-Marie Bennstrom's Ashram, near Los Angeles, where a raw-food diet is backed up by demanding exercise workouts, all under strict supervision. The Ashram is for the fit who want to be fitter! Restricted to six to eight guests, the Ashram costs $1100 for one week. More details, call (213) 888-0232.

QUESTION *Is there an exception to the rule? A spa neither totally rule-bound nor rule-free?*

ANSWER Yes. Rancho La Puerta, Tecate, Baja California, Mexico, was Deborah Szekely's first spa and is less strict than The Golden Door, although all its programs concentrate on improving fitness and the diet is strictly vegetarian and organic. You can consume as many calories as you like, but every dish is listed with its exact caloric count. Because the daily routine can be vigorous, there are many carbohydrate dishes to bolster energy levels. More details, call (714) 478-5341.

QUESTION *Where can I go to get a program "personalized" totally for me . . . to reshape my body, my thinking, and to bolster my motivation to continue when I return home?*

ANSWER The Spa at Sonoma Mission Inn, an hour's drive from San Francisco, in the heart of the California wine country, sets out to provide the most "personalized" programs in the country. A team of well-qualified experts delivers individual attention to help guests (thirty maximum) achieve their objectives. Even diet can be "personalized" by nutrition director Toni Christensen (previously with The Golden Door). There are hydrotherapy treatments and a variety of equipment that has received rave reviews: the Pneumatic Air Resistance machines in which compressed air provides the resistance you work against (said to be less noisy and much more "encouraging" than pulleys and weights) . . . the Dynavit Exercise Cycles equipped with biofeedback computers, which constantly monitor pulse rate, calorie expenditure, and overall cardiovascular fitness. Five-day spa plan, $1500 inclusive. More details, call (707) 996-8137.

QUESTION *How do spas overseas compare with American spas? Is it worth making a trip to "find fitness"?*

ANSWER More often than not, overseas spas exist on the site of a mineral spring, where both drinking and bathing in the waters under medical supervision are the main reasons for going. Once you have sipped the requisite number of glasses and have taken the advised number of baths, you are "on your own" . . . to visit art galleries, ancient ruins, and . . . the best restaurants. Nowhere in the world, with the exception of England, do spas compare to the American "beauty" spas in terms of modern equipment, facilities, *and*—perhaps most important of all—individual "programming."

In England, spas are usually called health farms, health hydros, or naturopathic clinics . . . and at Champney's Health Resort in Tring, Herts; Forest Mere, Liphook, Hampshire; Grayshott Hall Health Center, Hindhead, Surrey; Shrubland Hall Health Clinic, Coddenham, Suffolk; mornings are generally "programmed" and fasting is often encouraged for a few days under medical supervision.

In "thermal" spas like Weisbaden and Baden Baden in Germany; Vichy and Eugenie Le Bain in France; Abano and Montecatini in Italy, and others in Hungary and Romania, although some exercise classes are available, they are in no way compulsory and no one is checking your caloric consumption either.

You could say there is more of a "clinical" medical aspect to the majority of spas overseas; and, indeed, spa visitors often arrive seeking cures for any number of ailments.

For instance, many spa-goers believe that the "Entschlackungskur," Baden Baden's two-thousand-year-old therapy utilizing the area's hot, bubbling, radioactive, ionized mineral-spring water helps many cardiovascular and circulatory ailments; while, over the centuries, the radioactive waters and mud of Abano and Ischia, Italy, have been believed to have therapeutic effect on rheumatism, arthritis, diabetes, neuralgia, sciatica, and neuritis.

In Japan, there are hundreds of hot springs located in old villages, where inns—usually spartan with few modern amenities—offer massage and acupuncture as well as relief from various ailments through bathing in and drinking of the spring water.

QUESTION *What about thalassotherapy? How do the treatments differ from those given at a mineral spring?*

ANSWER The best-known spas in France today are those known as "thalassotherapy spas," created by Tour de France cycling champion Louison Bobet in Quiberon, Brittany, and in Biarritz. Thalassotherapy is an ancient Greek word used by Bobet to describe seawater (warmed to body temperature) treatments which, aided by modern technology, he feels help sufferers of gastroenteritis, rheumatism, arthritis, sinus, and asthma. Bobet found that when seawater is collected fresh from the sea, it contains gases which, when inhaled in an aerosol room, seem to help the asthmatic and those suffering from headaches and other "city/stress-related" ailments. He also believes in the benefits of the iodine and high vitamin A and D content of sea algae in his treatments . . . and uses seaweed baths, seawater showers of various pressures, and underwater massage chambers where water jets of different strengths "massage" far more energetically than human hands could do.

Early next year, the Louison Bobet products will arrive in the United States. Based on thalassotherapy principles, they include a special sea algae non-foaming soap, body lotion, and massage cream. (More on the Louison Bobet Institute in Biarritz, see page 254.)

QUESTION *For a vacation with a "difference," where are the spas with a "difference"?*

ANSWER In Finland, there's Haikko Manor on the Gulf of Finland, former playground of the Russian Czars. Here, a year-round spa offers a large variety of treatments from clay/paraffin packs to underwater massage. In summer, there's tennis, jogging, running . . . in winter, ice fishing, sleighing, skating . . . and always year-round saunas in the spa and down by the sea, where birch-beating is part of the treatment, leaving skin smooth and supple.

At the Bircher-Benner Clinic, sixteen hundred feet above sea level, near Zurich, Switzerland, where the Bircher Müsli was created, diet—not surprisingly—is of prime importance, based on raw vegetables, fruit and Müsli, an oatmeal/dried fruit/nuts mixture, said to contain the right amount of "all the nutrients." No meat, fish, fowl, coffee, sugar, or alcohol is allowed at the Bircher-Benner.

The Beppu Spas on the island of Kyushu, Japan, are famous for their hot-water pools which spout from four thousand openings. . . . Then there are Kyushu's Suna Mushi hot sand baths where "guests" are buried up to their neck in the hot sand so their bodies can be "treated" by underground springs below. ▽

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GRETA GARBO

(Continued from page 252)

Harold Rosenberg wrote that in America life is what goes on behind the billboard, and Garbo's face was—is—the greatest billboard ever erected. In these photos, which show Garbo taking pleasure in the common day, we're given a rare glimpse of the life lived in the shadow of that billboard. From Garbo, tantalizing glimpses are all we are ever given.

Not only has Garbo managed to shroud her past in mist and legend, but she's fended off all attempts to nose into her post-Hollywood life in Manhattan. She resists all invitations for interviews and photo sessions, which brings out wolfish instincts in some. A few years ago, a camera crew stalked Garbo through East Side streets, shooting footage that had the graininess of a *60 Minutes* stakeout of a reputed underworld figure: you almost expected to see a black strip appear across Garbo's eyes.

What *are* the rules on pestering celebrities who vant to be alone? It's a tricky borderline business. In a recent issue of *The Paris Review* is a rather dippy account by journalist Betty Eppes of her brief—and strained—encounter with J. D. Salinger, whom she managed to persuade to meet her near a covered bridge in Windsor, Vermont. Salinger, antsy and ungiving throughout the interview, snorts clouds of indignant steam when all the attention stirred by Eppes's visit causes a stranger to come up and actually *talk* to him. "Because of you, this man I don't know, have never even met, has spoken to me. . . . Walked up and put his hand on my arm and *spoke to me.*"

Touchy, touchy, touchy.

Even discounting Salinger's almost melodramatic squeamishness, Eppes did, I think, go too far. But her pestering stubbornness did result in a coup: she was able to take a shot of Salinger as he walked back to the bridge, hands tucked in pockets; a shot which (eerily, comically) reminds one of those pictures purporting to show Big Foot crashing through the forest, retreating from human company. Lonesomeness hangs on Salinger like a yoke.

In these photographs (which, we're assured by the photographer, were not snapped under such trying circumstances), Garbo too cuts a solitary path—but her stride is brisk and spirited, her posture still athletically erect. Rather than intrusions upon her privacy, these photographs seem like emblems of her isolation—they reveal that even in the most commonplace moments, Garbo is beyond our reach, an arrow forever pursuing its own true line of flight. Strolling beneath a row of rippling flags, crossing the street in a treacherous flare of light, Garbo seems to be traveling through a city in which all the other residents have been banished briefly to help clear a space for her peregrinations. The purity of her solitude has stripped the street of other traffic.

One of the unhappy truths of our times is that it's nearly impossible for the famous to hold on to their secrets: husbands and wives write memoirs, friends and co-workers write memoirs, even those who change the linen write memoirs (both Elvis' and Marilyn Monroe's soiled sheets have been given airings in recent books written by former employees). But I suspect that no memoirs written about Garbo will dispel her mysteriousness, will reduce her to mundane measure. Her life and legend are free of fingerprints and smudges, chaste in a way almost no career in our time has been. Of her inner life no curtains have parted, perhaps none will ever part. She is as she is here, a retired immortal, a walker in the city, a crisp blur of movement on a Manhattan afternoon. ▽

WILLIAM HURT

(Continued from page 276)

for neutral ground. He looks less like a star than like an Off-Broadway actor between jobs—scruffy, a shadowy growth of beard. A star in disguise. We are drinking red wine from ten-cent-store highball glasses, mutually wary at first, gradually relaxing. He talks, in violent bursts of words, about his craft. But as he insists on the importance of specific moments, smells, feelings, his conversation becomes abstract. He is the actor-metaphysician now, his dialogue a composite of Off-Broadway and Tufts University, where he studied theology in the late 'sixties.

His searching after Great Truths may also be the habit of one who has led a nomad's life. The child of divorced parents, he lived for a while in the South Pacific while his father was stationed there. He was in and out of schools, living in relative poverty one minute, in upper-middle-class luxury the next. His twenties, during which he was married to and later divorced from actress Mary Beth Hurt, were a period of trial and error. Even now, when he would seem to have "arrived," you still feel the unease, the groping, the honest attempt to come to terms with life without having to dominate it. He wards off notions like "success" or "achievement" or the way a performance "works" as if they were bad luck.

"You can't approach it that way, from the outside," he says. "The minute you try to make it 'look' a certain way, like a painting, you begin to adopt a pose. You become frightened. And then, instead of allowing yourself into the work, hearing it and breathing it, you begin to throw up talent. It's a sort of defense. You've seen actors do what I call 'baroque their work.' You lose simplicity, directness."

Hurt himself is a walking contradiction. Defensive, feverish, and intense, he talks about serenity. There is in him that conflict I've observed often in sensitive American men, and particularly actors, between the urge to master life according to the approved male ethic and the desire to let it happen, by flow and intuition. Male versus Female, the man of action versus the poet, fighting off and embracing stardom. If in Hurt's life there is a tension between the two, his screen presence is a seamless fusion of strength and vulnerability.

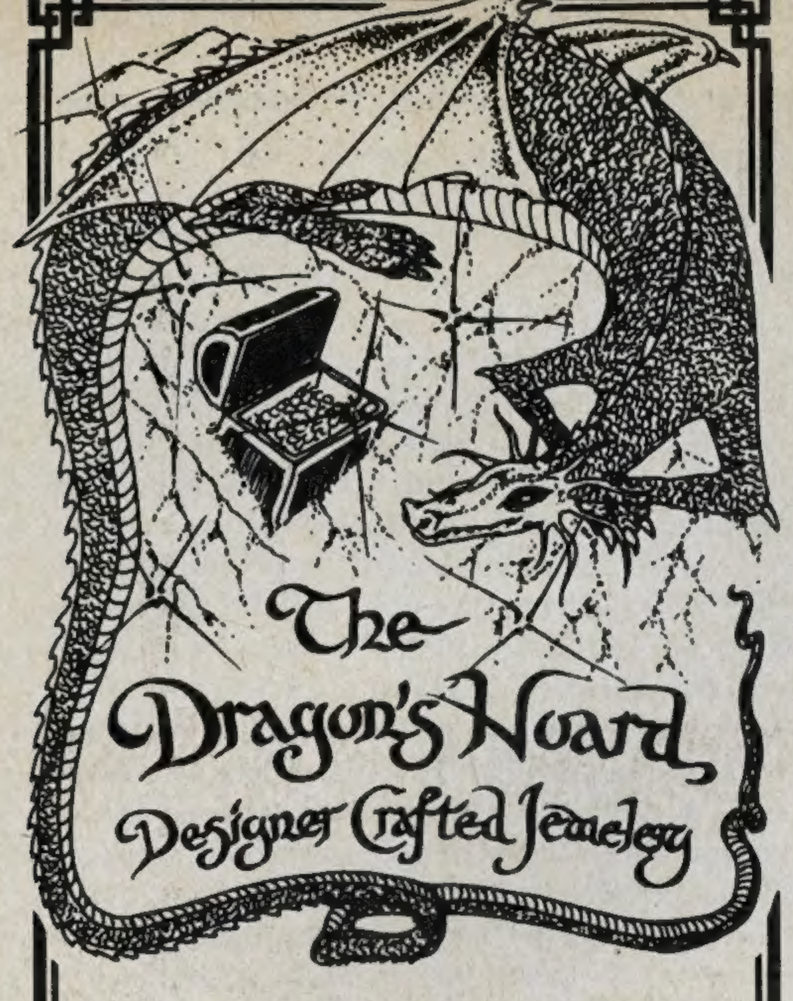
After a decade of punks and little boys on the screen, Hurt may bring back that endangered species, the *grown-up* as movie idol. He suggests somebody you can depend on because he's already who he is, well done and complete, not half baked and frazzled, waiting for his analyst to help him with his next move. He's the first movie star in recent memory who seems to be able to handle, even to enjoy and to listen to, a grown-up woman. If in real life he is tortured by Woody Allen-type doubts, on the screen he seems to possess an implicit inner direction. He seems to *like* strong women—Blair Brown as a fellow intellectual in *Altered States,* Kathleen Turner as a woman who likes dumb men—while remaining strong himself. If he can be both strong and vulnerable, it follows that we can, too. Hence, there's an implied reconciliation for women: they, too, can be both dependent and independent, romantic and sexy. That's what makes Hurt's presence, and promise, so exciting.

By the end of our interview, it isn't an interview any longer but a conversation between two people who share a great many interests. He talks less in generalities. He is shrewd and funny, though never unkind, in his analysis of movies, people, mutual friends. The word star now seems as alien to me as it did to him. The man I am talking to is not a Hollywood luminary, a sex object, a fantasy but a flesh and blood man, difficult, passionate, real. An actor committed to his craft. A possible friend.

Right? Right. Then why do I dream about him at night in a fashion that has nothing to do with craft and only marginally with friendship? I'll defend to the death Hurt's right to play character parts, but can't he play leading men too? Star, artist, craftsman—can't he, and we, have it all? ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 91: Dress, OMO Norma Kamali. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel. Bracelet, see information page 264–265. **Page 104:** Earrings, Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Little Lanes, Ontario. **Page 110:** *Photo above:* Oscar de la Renta pyjama. Ken Begun earrings. Henri Bendel. **Page 220:** *Above, clockwise from top:* Flights of Fancy. Reminiscence, NYC; Goods Department Store, Boston. . . . Timex. Available wherever Timex is sold. . . . Ilas Accents. Bonnie & Toni, NYC; The Margaret Diamond Shop, Grosse Pointe MI; Featherstone, Dallas. . . . Saldarini & Saldarini. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . Hue. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Ruza Creations. Henri Bendel; Marilyn Rodman, Mamaroneck NY; Ultimo, Chicago. . . . Rafael Sanchez hair comb. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Claire Pearone; Ultimo, Chicago. . . . *Below, clockwise from top:* British Khaki. Jenny B. Goode, NYC and Beverly Hills; Nan Duskin; Tricia Woo, St. Louis MO. . . . Valerie Robertson available at Artwear, NYC. . . . Rafael Sanchez cuff. Burch's of Carolina, Raleigh NC; Hall's, Kansas City MO. . . . Achille Pinto. To order at Bloomingdale's. . . . Bottega Veneta at Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. . . . Timex. Available wherever Timex is sold. . . . Rafael Sanchez hair comb, see above. . . . Karen Reed for Bergére. Jordan Marsh, Florida. . . . *Right:* Perry Ellis wool blazer (about $290), wool sweater (about $170), and cotton corduroy pants (about $110). Bonwit Teller, NYC (blazer and sweater only); Saks-Jandel; Rich's. Muffler, British Khaki by Robert Lighton, see above. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **Page 240:** Silk/metallic pyjama. Turnout at Neiman-Marcus. To order at Martha; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Earrings, DeBare Saunders for Laguna. Saks Fifth Avenue. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Walter Steiger. Walter Steiger Boutique at Henri Bendel. **Page 241:** Gold crinkle silk taffeta top, skirt, and sash. Turnout at Martha. To order at Marshall Field's. Diana Ross's own pants. **Page 242:** Yves Saint Laurent silk organza suit. Embroidery by Lesage. Jewelry, Yves Saint Laurent. Hanes Hoisery. Shoes, Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, NYC. **Page 243:** Antron/Lycra maillot. Available with white lining. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Cadoro Jewels. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Bullocks Wilshire. Evan-Picone Hosiery. Lord & Taylor. Roller skates (painted gold), The Goodskates. **Pages 254–255:** Natural white Saga mink coat available at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rosendorf/Evans, Washington DC; Evans, Chicago; Macy's, San Francisco. Silk raincoat, Geoffrey Beene. Sunglasses, I Ski. A division of Tropic-Cal, at specialty stores and ski shops. Earrings, Eagle & Fox. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Cosmetic case under model's arm available at T. Anthony, NYC. Tan leather shopping bag, Tumi. Saks Fifth Avenue. All luggage, Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. Man's clothes, Giorgio Armani. **Pages 256–257:** *Above:* Earrings, Eagle & Fox. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Neiman-Marcus; Bullocks Wilshire. Suitcase, Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. Leather tote, Tumi. ***(Continued on page 340)***



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FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 339)

Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . *Below:* Cotton/polyester robe. Socks by Hue. **Page 258:** Ralph Lauren antique muffler. Goggles, Pollet-Schefer for Gruen Optika, NYC. Cosmetic case, T. Anthony, NYC. Shoes, Ralph Lauren. Man's suit, Giorgio Armani. Man's white robe, Trylon. **Page 259:** Bracelets, wrist to cuff. Harry Neufeld available at Valentina Boutique, Milwaukee WI. . . . Jacques Carcanagues available at Jacques Carcanagues, NYC. **Pages 260–261:** *Left:* Cotton/polyester bikini. . . . *Right:* Bernardo shoes. Cosmetic case, T. Anthony, NYC. Man's clothes, Giorgio Armani. Bloomingdale's. Man's shoes, Paul Stuart, NYC. **Page 262:** Silk gaufre dress. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Christian Dior Legwear. Available at all fine department and specialty stores. Shoes, Walter Steiger. Walter Steiger Boutique at Henri Bendel. **Page 264–265:** *Large photo:* Sunglasses, I Ski. A division of Tropic-Cal, at specialty stores and ski shops. Bracelet, Cara Croninger available at Artwear, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Cosmetic case, T. Anthony, NYC. Shoes, Anne Klein for Schwartz & Benjamin. Man's suit, Giorgio Armani. Bloomingdale's. *Inset:* Blouse, Geoffrey Beene. Silk fabric by Marcel Banzinger. Arthur Koby one-of-a-kind necklace. Arthur Koby collection at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Sakowitz; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. **Pages 266–267:** *Left:* Cotton/polyester/Lycra maillot. Cotton/acrylic sweatshirt. Man's clothes, Giorgio Armani. Bloomingdale's. . . . *Right:* Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, Ken Begun. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Giorgio Armani. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. Man's clothes, Giorgio Armani. Bloomingdale's. **Pages 268–269:** *Left:* Shoes, Joan and David. Ann Taylor. . . . . *Right:* Halston Originals jacket, beads and sequins on silk organza. Acetate/rayon halter and pants. Evans Collection natural white Saga mink topper. Yves Saint Laurent shoes. I. Magnin. **Page 270:** Man's clothes, Giorgio Armani. Bloomingdale's. **Page 271:** Cosmetic case from T. Anthony, NYC. **Page 282:** Earrings, Ugo Coreani. Soup cup from Richard-Ginori, NYC. **Page 283:** Earrings, Ugo Coreani. Bangles, available at Henri Bendel; Hattie. Plate from Richard-Ginori, NYC. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; I. Magnin. **Page 284:** Earrings, Pellini Bijoux. Hanes Hosiery. **Page 285:** Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Pancaldi. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. **Page 286:** Natural alpaca throw, Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings, Alex & Lee. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Obiko, San Francisco. Bracelet, available at Martha. Shoes, La Marca. **Page 287:** Nylon dressing gown. Polyester lace teddy available at Hechts, Washington DC. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. French rabbit throw, Seymour Winik. Antique pen and inkwell, Fortunoff. Available at Fortunoff, NYC. **Page 288:** New Zealand opossum throw lined in rayon velveteen by Seymour Winik. **Page 289:** Earrings at Henri Bendel. Arthur Koby necklace. Arthur Koby collection at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Sakowitz. Christian Dior Legwear. Available at all fine department and specialty stores. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; I. Magnin. **Page 298:** Pants, about $600. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **Page 300:** Jacket, blouse, and skirt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings, Chanel. Ring, Boris. Boris, NYC; Boris-Le Beau, Palm Beach. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Bullock's. Shoes, Halston for Garolini. Bloomingdale's. **Page 301:** Jacket, blouse, and skirt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings, Chanel. Ring, Boris. Boris, NYC; Boris-Le Beau, Palm Beach. Christian Dior Legwear. Available at all fine department and specialty stores. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent: Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 302:** Arthur Chapnik wool trousers. La Cabine, NYC. Hat, Jay Lord Hatters. Charivari for Men, NYC. Chanel pin. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Socks, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland. **Page 303:** Perry Ellis silk/wool sweater. Arthur Chapnik wool trousers at La Cabine, NYC. Watch, Baume & Mercier. Socks, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland. **Page 304:** Turtleneck sweater, Fernando Sanchez. Hat, Jay Lord Hatters. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Belt at Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Gloves, Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. **Page 305:** John Anthony's wool jacket and skirt, about $955 (includes blouse not shown). Bonwit Teller, NYC; John Baldwin; Balliet's; Frost Bros. Earrings, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Ring, Boris. Boris, NYC; Boris-Le Beau, Palm Beach. Panty stockings, Evan-Picone, available at major department stores. Shoes, Pancaldi. Sandilar, Southfield MI. **Page 306:** Earrings, Ted Muehling. Christian Dior Legwear. Available at major department stores nationwide. Shoes, Halston for Garolini. Bloomingdale's. **Page 307:** Wool coat and tunic by Agnona. Silk pants by Lafitte. **Page 308:** Nylon/lurex blouse. Undershirt, Bemberg fabric. Earrings, Elizabeth Brzezinski for Whodunnit. Bloomingdale's. Bracelet, Ken Goldstein. Gindi, NYC. Belt, Fendi. Boots, Fendi for Garolini. **Page 309:** Bracelet, Ken Goldstein. Gindi, NYC Belt, Fendi. Boots, see information page 308. **Page 310:** Earrings, Elizabeth Brzezinski for Whodunnit. Bloomingdale's. Panty stockings, Danskin. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Bonwit Teller, NYC and Bal Harbour; I. Magnin. **Page 311:** Silk by Mayar. Earrings, Sylvia Sims for Oberon Designs. **Page 312:** Earrings, Sylvia Sims for Oberon Designs. Filene's, Boston. Belt, Lisandro Sarasola. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. **Page 313:** Cotton poplin, Ascher Studios. Earrings, Thousand Flowers Jewelry. Helaine Schlar's Orient Expressions, NYC. Shoes, Walter Steiger. Walter Steiger Boutique at Henri Bendel. **Page 314:** Lycra/nylon bikini. Rolex watch. Available at Tourneau, NYC. **Page 315:** Cotton jersey/Lurex maillot. **Page 316:** *Inset above:* Earrings, Vernon Read for Detail, NYC. Bracelets, Cara Croninger available at Artwear, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . *Inset below:* Turnout also available at Joseph Magnin. Calvin Klein belt. Bracelet, Patricia von Musulin. Gindi, NYC. Men's clothes, Calvin Klein. **Page 317:** Necklaces top to bottom: Turquoise nugget and turquoise heishi necklace, (first two) Eagle & Fox. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. 20 inch turquoise nugget necklace, Les Bernard. Altman's. Indian amulet necklace, Jacques Carcanagues available at Jacques Carcanagues, NYC. Multi-strand coral heishi necklace, Kenneth Jay Lane. Lord & Taylor. Bracelet, Celia Siberi. Bag, Carlos Falchi. Bergdorf Goodman. Man's clothes are his own. **Page 318:** Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. **Page 319:** Large photo: Earrings, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. Men's shorts, Merona Sport. **Pages 320–321:** *Left:* Earrings and thin cuff, Bonwillum Designs. Bergdorf Goodman. Other bracelets, Boutique Fabrice de Paris. Altman's; Saks-Jandel. Belt by Calvin Klein. Ann Taylor, NYC and Beverly Hills; Garfinckel's. . . . *Right:* Belt by Colony Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue. Beene Bag shoes. Saks Fifth Avenue; Robinson's, California. **Page 327:** La Movenza hand-finished wool/acrylic unitard. Macy's, Herald Square; Stevi Brooks, Beverly Hills. Adrienne Vittadini silk/cotton cardigan. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Robinson's, California.

VOGUE PATTERNS

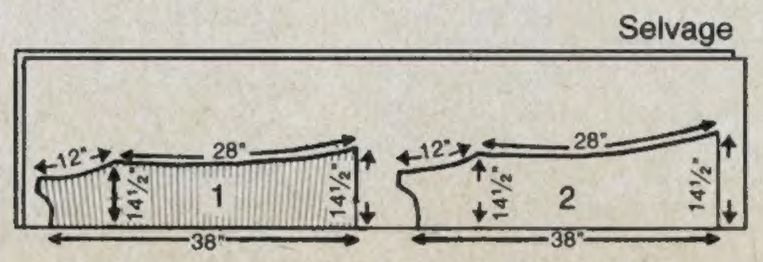
Back views, yardages, details of pp. 320-1

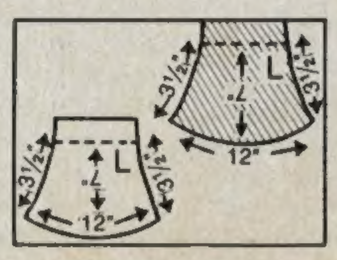
7899

2737

Boat-neck dress, Very Easy Vogue 7899. Sizes 6-14. Size 10: 3 yds. of 60" fabric. $4.50. Turtleneck dress, Vogue International Designers Pattern—Chloé 2737. Sizes 6-14. Size 10: 4-1/8 yds. of 30/32" fabric. $7. Canada, $8.50.
7899
2737

#7899 *Very Easy Vogue* cotton Lisle dress, white with black stripes. Cut and size pattern pieces according to the illustration. Edge stitch all final seams.





#2737 *Vogue International Designers Chloé,* Grey sweatshirt dress. Do not use detachable collar piece. Top stitch all final seams.

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